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PHOTOPLAY

R.

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Barefoot Boy with Cheek?

KIM NOVAK:
Star of the Year

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NOVAK

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PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

APRIL, 1957

VOL. 51, NO. 4

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COVER: Color portrait of Kim Novak by Peter Basch. Kim is starred in Columbia's "Jeanne Eagels" and "Pal Joey."

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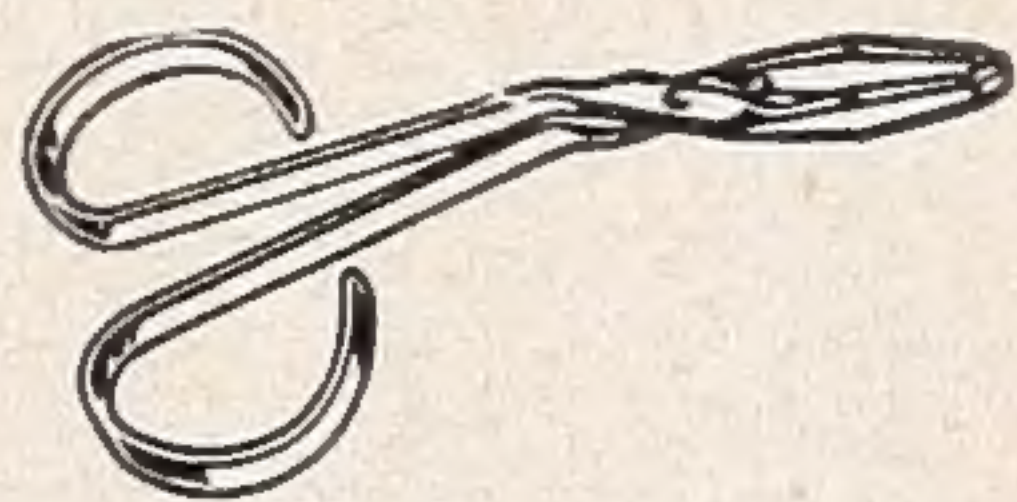
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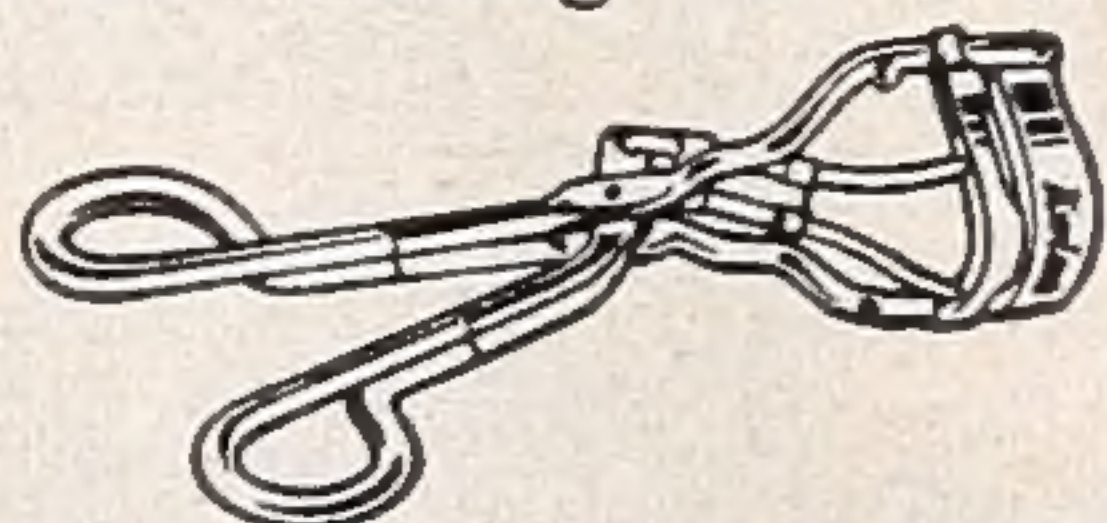
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THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



Tony Curtis thinks a columnist's job is glamorous and Sidney Skolsky thinks the same thing about Tony's wife Janet

I wish Marlon Brando would return to playing Brando. As much as I'm opposed to an actor being typed, I miss Marlon in this role and don't willingly accept substitutes. . . . Privately, Elvis Presley plays records of singers who make the lyrics clear and intelligible. . . . Wonder why José Ferrer overacts when someone directs him in a movie and underplays when he directs himself? . . . I'd like to know which picture Arthur Godfrey likes better: "The Great Man" or "A Face in the Crowd." . . . Tony Curtis told me if he hadn't become an actor he might be a press agent, or even a columnist. . . . Archibald Alexander Leach is a marquee name, but you see it as Cary Grant. . . . The best female singer in pictures is Doris Day. The best male singer in pictures is Frank Sinatra. It's about time they teamed to make another picture together. . . . I'm of the opinion that "Baby Doll" could have been as big, if not bigger, without the ban. . . .

Showing her true colors, Carroll Baker is a brunette. This might be why several movie producers who wouldn't give her a role in the past don't recognize her now. . . . Beverly Hills is fifty square miles located in the midst of the 454 square miles of Los Angeles. . . . Anyway, Tab Hunter believed he could sing! . . . Diana Dors once said she owed everything to three dimensions: 35 bust, 23 waist, 35 hip. . . . Anita Ekberg told me she dislikes people who sit and stare at her. "Just because I've been put together well is no reason for people to stare at me. It's still impolite."

Yul Brynner is going to change his performance in his next movie by wearing a toupee. . . . How long can the Marilyn Monroe type crash through? With king-size Jayne Mansfield, I'd say, as Oscar Hammerstein wrote it in a lyric: "They've gone about as far as they can go." . . . "No matter what anyone might comment about me," declares

Continued

Audrey's Hep!!!

She's letting
her hair down
all the way
rockin' and rollin'
with Fred Astaire
in her first
big musical!

Audrey Hepburn

Fred Astaire

Actually filmed
in France—
on a spree
Paris will
never forget!

Funny Face

EMPATHY!

Words can't
describe it—but
wait till Audrey
demonstrates it!

Great Gershwin Tunes!

"S Wonderful"

"Clap Yo' Hands"

"How Long Has This
Been Going On?"

and 8 more—including
the brilliant "Bon Jou
Paris" number tha
makes all Paris a stage

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MOTION PICTURE HIGH-FIDELITY

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with MICHEL AUCLAIR
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BY GEORGE AND IRA
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THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU *Continued*

Jayne, "the fact is that I grew my own figure." . . . I'll wager that Joan Blackman is going to be one of next year's movie stars! . . . When asked what was her greatest struggle, Joan Collins told the interviewer: "Getting into my tight evening dress."

I'm waiting to see Kirk Douglas play a modest, naive fellow, such as Tony Perkins portrays offscreen. . . . Jane Russell in "The Fuzzy Pink Nightgown" (alluring for a marquee) plays a movie actress who is mysteriously lured and kidnapped. While making the picture Jane never realized the same role would make a star out of Marie McDonald. . . . I've grown accustomed to Natalie Wood, and am becoming fonder and fonder of her. . . . But what's with Nick Adams? He hasn't ever met a friend who doesn't happen to be a celebrity—and without the celebrity becoming subject of a gushy magazine article. . . . When Rossano Brazzi was last visiting here, he told me he doesn't object to a touch of feminine temperament. "I love the beauty in a woman's face when she flares up as much as I admire her look of regret after it has happened." . . . June Allyson could get to be known as the retread actress. June played the lead in "You Can't Run Away from It" (originally "It Happened One Night") and now she's doing the remake of "My Man Godfrey." . . . If the marquee advertised Luis Antonio Damaso de Alonso, you'd be seeing your old friend Gilbert Roland. . . . Two Western stars who ride horses best are John Wayne and Joel McCrea, both of whom were raised and attended school in Hollywood. . . . I'd like to see Janet Leigh get the glamour treatment and

sex build-up. She has the natural equipment to be a prominent movie star. . . . I watched Mike Todd eating popcorn at the movies. . . . Kim Novak's stardom continues to shine brighter. Yet Kim will admit she's no smartie-pants. "Somehow I managed to graduate from high school, but I think the fact I had a lot of male teachers helped."

Shirley MacLaine has yet to do anything in a movie as good as her screen test. When Shirley does, it'll be a riot. . . . At a party, I always enjoy sitting at the same table with Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher. . . . The first man to build a home in Beverly Hills (year, 1907) was Burton E. Green, who named the community after a place called Beverly Farms in Massachusetts. . . . Mamie Van Doren would like you to know she has no secret formula to make her hair the shade it is. "Zsa Zsa once



Tab Hunter believed he could sing, has proved it. Jan Chaney's happy for him



June Allyson and husband Dick Powell seem quite content with her "retreads"

tried to get it from my hairdresser." . . . Meanwhile Miss Gabor advises the gals: "A man prefers his girl friend to be just bright enough to realize what a bright person he is."

I wonder if Rock Hudson still acts like a movie fan about Lana Turner. . . . Incidentally, U-I has them both signed and could co-star them in a picture, which would be smart! . . . The United States of America celebrates Eva Marie Saint's birthday with her. Because she's a regular Yankee Doodle Dandy, born on the Fourth of July. . . . Two boys outside the Rodeo School on the sidewalks of Beverly Hills: "How's your father?" "Why do you ask?" "Because last year he was my father."

That's Hollywood for you.



HAT BY SALLY VICTOR

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Aren't you glad you're a girl? Isn't it a *fabulous* feeling... to know he'd rather be close to *you* than anyone else in the wide, wide world? Don't let anything mar this moment. Double check your charm every day with VETO...the deodorant that drives away odor...dries away perspiration worries. (Remember, if you're nice-to-be-next to... next to *nothing* is impossible!)



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in more ways than one



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One touch of VETO
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LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT
✓✓ GOOD

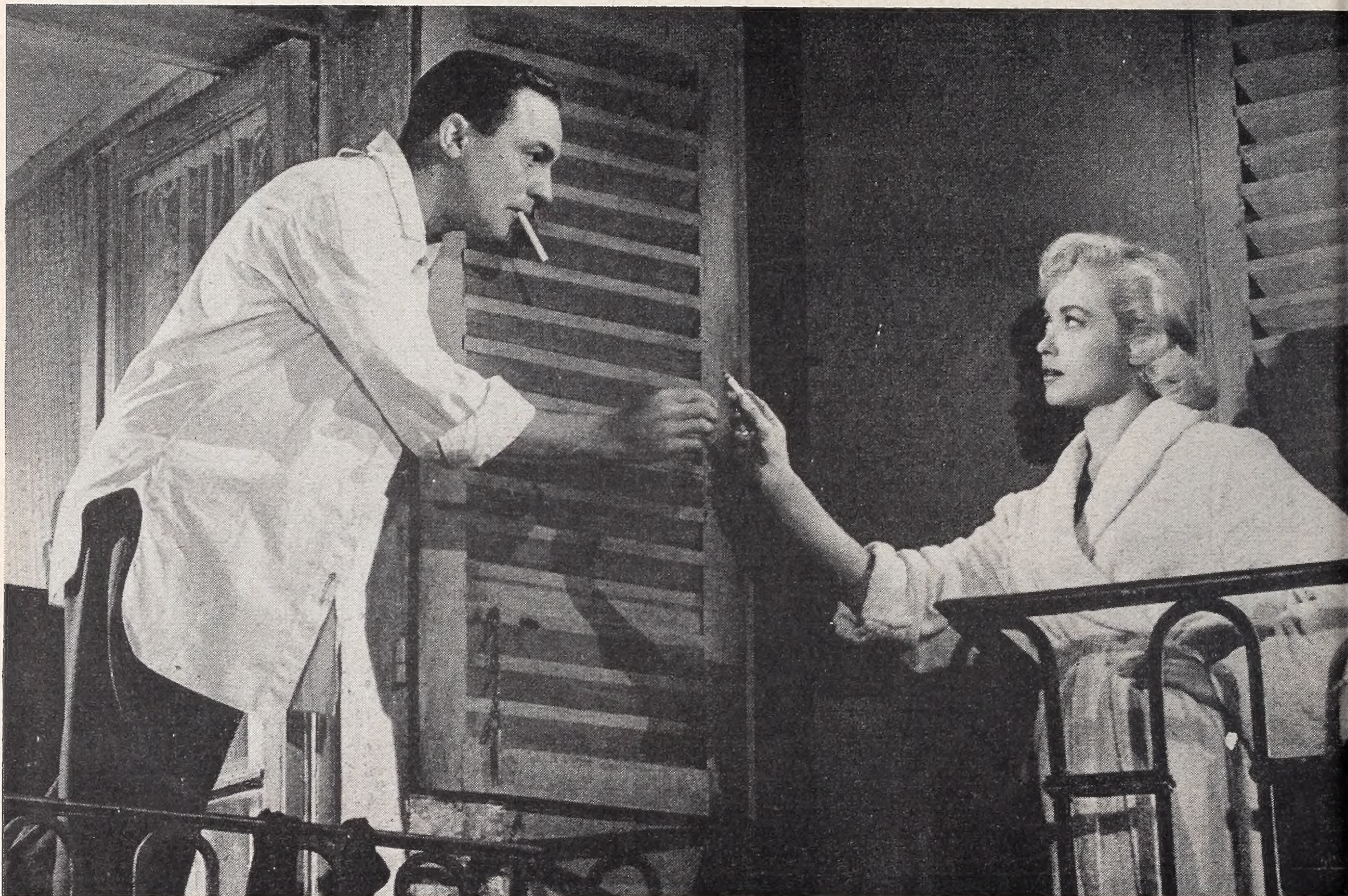
✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
✓ FAIR

The Happy Road

M-G-M

✓✓✓✓ Back from France comes producer-director-star Gene Kelly, with a honey of a movie that combines heart, hilarity and good sense. As a brisk American businessman in Paris, a widower, Gene has put son Bobby Clark in a Swiss boarding school, but the kid makes a getaway, intent on joining his father. Along with him goes Brigitte Fossey, whose divorcée mother, too, is in Paris. While Gene and Barbara Laage team up to find their children, the runaways breeze across country, aided by French youngsters. In a choice sequence, they're chased by an entire NATO force, under the command of stuffy Britisher Michael Redgrave. Both children are charmers, entirely natural.

FAMILY



Gene thinks the French are inefficient; Barbara Laage calls Americans unfeeling; but at this moment they declare a truce



As Swiss greetings show, the music of Louis Armstrong speaks an international language

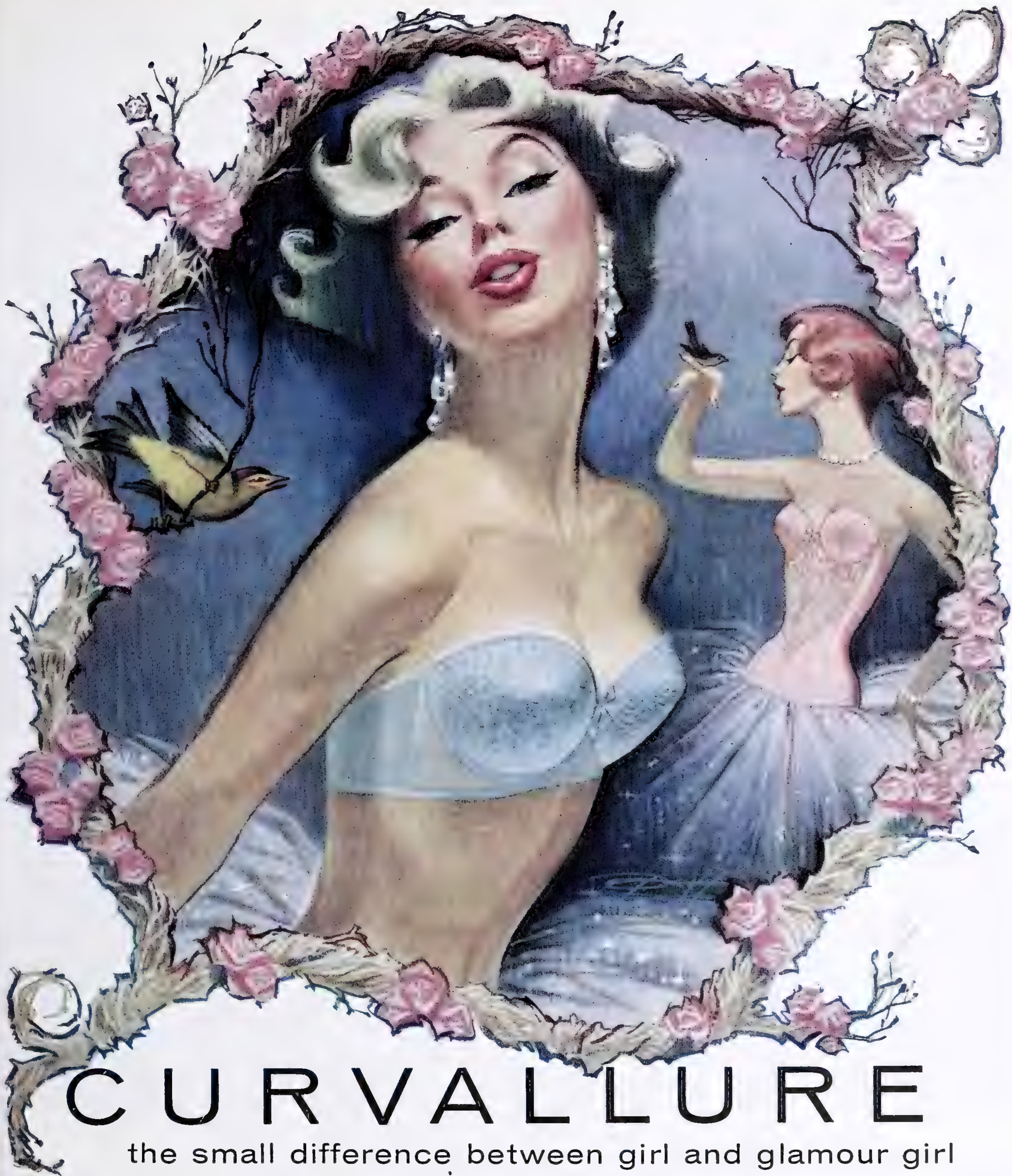
The Saga of Satchmo

U.A.

✓✓✓✓ More than just a record of Louis Armstrong's triumphant travels, this is also a close-up of a vital personality and an exciting concert, alive with the rhythms of classic Dixieland jazz. The music of Armstrong and his men is welcomed by the Swiss, the French, the English, with foot-tapping enthusiasm or solemn concentration. There are extra thrills on Africa's Gold Coast, where Louis believes his ancestors lived. In every action, in all the facts about himself that he gives to producer Edward R. Murrow, "Satchmo" comes across as a happy man, widely respected and enormously successful in work that he deeply loves.

FAMILY

Continued



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the small difference between girl and glamour girl

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does it!

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✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT

✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

✓✓ GOOD

✓ FAIR

BEST ACTING: ROBERT RYAN, ALDO RAY



Rock, a combat pilot, helps Anna Kashfi with a pleasant chore

Battle Hymn

U.I.; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Though war is the dominant background, here's a tender, warm-hearted film, centering on the havoc among innocent bystanders. Rock Hudson has the deeply sympathetic role of Colonel Dean Hess, who lived this remarkable story. As Hess, Rock is a World War II flyer who accidentally bombs a German orphanage. A preacher in civilian life, he can't go back to his vocation with a clear conscience, even with the encouragement of wife Martha Hyer. Recalled to active duty in Korea, he becomes involved in the fate of orphans, victims of the fighting. The lovely Indian actress Anna Kashfi (seen in "The Mountain") plays a Korean girl who has the aid of ancient Philip Ahn in caring for the children. Dan Duryea and Don DeFore are "tough" Americans.

FAMILY



In a tough spot, Bob and Aldo forget differences they've had

Men in War

U.A.

✓✓✓✓ Any woman whose man has ever gone off to war feels that he has had an experience she can never share or even understand. Direct, honest, full of tension, this picture gives her a chance at least to imagine what might have happened to him. In the bitter days of 1950, during the UN retreat in Korea, Lieutenant Robert Ryan's infantry patrol is cut off. He is America's typical "civilian soldier," thoughtfully trying to do his duty. As a sergeant the patrol comes upon, Aldo Ray is the traditional fighting man, operating surely on instinct. No characters are obvious, yet not one has to be explained. You know them by their actions and words. As Aldo's beloved colonel, speechless and almost helpless from battle shock, Robert Keith is impressive.

FAMILY



Using feminine wiles, Susan plans to do a hatchet job on Kirk

Top Secret Affair

WARNERS

✓✓✓ In a knockabout romantic comedy, Susan Hayward and Kirk Douglas are a handsome pair. Susan's a news-magazine big shot, annoyed because her choice for a top atomic-energy post got the government go-by. So she's out to ruin Kirk, though this Army general has an outstanding record. Little dictators in their separate fields, Susan and Kirk become the conventional warring lovers, as she tries to trap the general into undignified poses, to be shot by her candid photographer. There's expert support by Paul Stewart, as Susan's too-perceptive second-in-command, and Jim Backus, as Kirk's befuddled public-relations officer. But the two stars, accomplished in dramatic roles, seem ill at ease when they're asked to clown, going at their antics with the determination of good sports.

FAMILY



Not bad guys, but two small boys have Alan and Edmond covered

The Big Land

WARNERS, WARNERCOLOR

✓✓✓ Alan Ladd makes a fine, dependable hero in a Western that follows a sensible course through post-Civil War history. Leading a cattle drive to Missouri, Alan, along with fellow Texans, gets gypped by dealer Anthony Caruso on the sale price. But, in partnership with ex-drunkard Edmond O'Brien, Alan develops a counter-scheme. He will bring the Texas cattle to the rich grasslands of Kansas, where a new spur of the railroad may pick them up at a new town. Buyers gather to bid for the herd at fair prices—only to be terrorized by Anthony and his henchmen. The romantic angle is handled in a properly subdued manner, as Virginia Mayo turns from railroad tycoon Don Castle to the dashing Texan. Little David Ladd does an appealing debut in his dad's picture.

FAMILY



Unretouched photo of the hands of Mrs. Michyl Veach, St. Louis, Mo. Only right hand was given Jergens care.

PROOF: A few drops stop "detergent hands"

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Exquisite Form
brassieres give you X APPEAL
(X = glamour plus comfort)

MOVIES *Continued*

Albert Schweitzer

HILL-ANDERSON

✓✓✓ In terms of selflessness and service to humanity, the subject of this movie biography may be the greatest man of our times. Ranging from Europe to the heart of Africa, this straightforward documentary is done with great feeling. A little boy (the only "actor" in the cast) shows how the young Albert may have reacted to the infinite possibilities of life. Touching family photos re-create his background, but the splendidly alive face of the venerable Dr. Schweitzer himself dominates most of the picture. The daily routine of his hospital deep in French Equatorial Africa is shown in sharp detail, with all its hardships and brave improvisations. As an astonishing accompaniment, there is the doctor's profound devotion to music, philosophy and religion.

FAMILY

Gun for a Coward

U-I; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ Without stinting on action, here's a Western that also plays up character, contrasting three brothers. In effect, steady Fred MacMurray is father to the two younger boys: Jeffrey Hunter, sensitive, cautious, therefore accused of cowardice; Dean Stockwell, rash and thoughtless. A range war between cattlemen and farmer squatters tests the mettle of all three. Romance also divides the brothers, as Janice Rule tires of waiting for Fred and turns to Jeff. The acting is generally earnest, though Josephine Hutchinson doesn't look quite old enough to be Fred's mother, and Stockwell, once an excellent child actor, seems here to be doing a distasteful impersonation of the late James Dean. FAMILY

Drango

U.A.

✓✓✓ Bitterness and threatened violence seething in the South just after the Civil War keep suspense high. For personal reasons, Jeff Chandler feels a sense of dedication when he takes over as "occupation officer" in a hill town once ravaged by Sherman's men. Joanne Dru hates him because his conciliation policy leads to the lynching of her pro-Union father. As Jeff's young aide, John Lupton also urges that he get tough. In his desperate campaign to rebuild the wrecked, starving town, Jeff is secretly opposed by Ronald Howard, as a fanatic who won't admit that the Confederate cause is lost. Brilliant photography points up the drama.

FAMILY

Hot Summer Night

M-G-M

✓✓ Supposedly set in the present day, this suspense movie actually harks back to the early Thirties, when Dillinger-style bandits hogged the headlines. On his honeymoon with Colleen Miller, unemployed reporter Leslie Nielsen decides to get his job back through an exclusive interview with bandit Robert Wilke. The enterprising newsman winds up as captive in the gang's Ozarks hide-out, dominated by crazed gunman Paul Richards.

FAMILY

Continued

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Campana's

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up" to a new kind of dewy freshness and youthful glow. Day by day, your complexion grows lovelier... minor imperfections and tired lines seem to disappear.

Like college beauty queens, give yourself this chance for a glamorous new look. Soon, get Solita**ir**, the young make-up, so perfect for skin of any age.

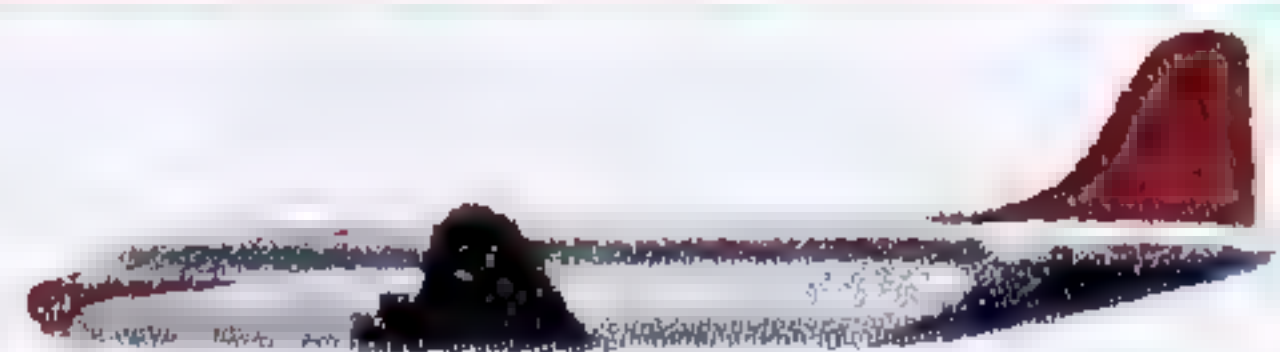
Sold at better drug and all variety stores.



VOTE
FOR YOUR FAVORITE!

Mail a postcard or letter to Campana, Batavia, Illinois. A Solita**ir** label enclosed will count as 10 extra votes. Voting ends July 1, 1957.

WINNER
WILL WIN A TRIP
TO HAWAII



NORTHWEST *Orient* AIRLINES will fly her and the companion of her choice to a fabulous 10-day stay at the luxurious ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL and home again. Northwest's "Aloha Flight" on a super-smooth DC6-B takes them on the smart new approach to Hawaii, via the magnificent Pacific Northwest.

The ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, with its coral-tinted walls and lovely surrounding palms, is as much a part of Hawaii as the famous Diamond Head seen from the Royal's grounds. Dining service that is world-renowned...nightly entertainment and dancing...sunning and swimming on Royal's private beach.

Truly a dream vacation in the "land-where-dreams-come-true."



Now! Only the **NEW** *Lady Sunbeam*®

CONTROLLED HEAT HAIR DRYER

gives you all
these advantages

- Greater convenience
- More freedom
- Faster drying action
- More comfortable
- Scientific heat control



Now you can enjoy the full beauty of
lovely, radiant hair more often.

New, scientifically designed vinyl cap fits easily over your hair and concentrates drying air where hair is heaviest. Drying air comes from heat-control unit through durable, flexible hose. No more head turning or tiring arm raising as with an ordinary hand-type dryer. No more hot air on neck and shoulders as with a professional-type dryer. And the Lady Sunbeam is so simple to use—just set the dial for any temperature you want—hot, warm, medium or cool. *Cap has no electric wires.*

An inner pocket concentrates drying air where hair is heaviest.

Air flows from heat control unit through durable hose.

Easy-to-set heat control unit.

YOUR CHOICE
OF COLORS



HANDS ARE FREE
Do nails, write letters, etc.



MORE COMFORTABLE
No heat on neck, shoulders



FASTER
You are finished in minutes

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Look for the
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THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE

FAMOUS FOR: Lady Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER,
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MOVIES *Continued*

Above Us the Waves

RANK, REPUBLIC

✓✓ With some of their top stars, the British present a matter-of-fact, often suspenseful account of a mad World War II venture. Officer in the submarine service, John Mills promotes a daring scheme for destroying the German battleship *Tirpitz*, which has been preying on Atlantic shipping. Human torpedoes, each driven by two men, will be launched into Germany's inland waters. Bad weather defeats this plan, whereupon Mills puts through another: midget subs, from which frogmen can emerge to attach explosives to the *Tirpitz*' keel. He commands one; jaunty John Gregson and earnest Donald Sinden take the others. As simple physical action, it's an exciting yarn, but even good acting can't individualize its people.

FAMILY

Mister Cory

U-I; CINEMA-SCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓ Tony Curtis draws a doubtful role here, as the social-climber "hero." In flight from Chicago's slums, he gets a job as bus-boy in a swank western resort. His deceitful romance with icy heiress Martha Hyer is obviously headed for disaster. Oddly, Tony slights Martha's impish kid sister, who knows all about his lowly



Pretending to watch Kathryn Grant prove her skill, Tony has a few tricks ready

status and still likes him. In this part, Kathryn Grant provides the movie's brightest moments, with her hoyden charm. Still determined, Tony turns gambler with notable success and gets into the big time when he teams up with a smooth old pro, shrewdly portrayed by Charles Bickford. Though Tony also accepts the backing of a notorious racketeer, he's awfully slow in realizing the illegal nature of his business. While Tony isn't actually presented as a heel, you feel that this is really not the kind of role that he can play most convincingly.

ADULT

Continued on page 30

**New 3-in-1
Basecoat-Lacquer-
Sealer Formula**

**now Dura-Gloss wears
longer, yet is
far easier to apply**

Now! No other nail polish tested, regardless of price, wears so long, yet is so easy to apply as new 3-in-1 Dura-Gloss, with its sensational, chip-resistant Flex-Film formula that bonds itself to your nails for super adherence. Here's super covering quality, too . . . that flows on bubble-free, to brush without streaking.

dura-gloss® nails

look lovelier longer



Here, in one application, is basecoat-lacquer-sealer, a 3-in-1 formula that's super-resistant to chip, crack, scuff and peel. Here's glow-with-glamour gloss, in 21 jewel colors, Regular or Iridescent, in 15¢ and 29¢ sizes, plus tax.

**Exclusive Color Cap
Shade Selector lets
you compare nail
for nail**



Hair with the
fresh young **HALO** look
is softer, brighter
Whistle Clean

—for clear, liquid Halo, unlike most shampoos, contains no greasy oils or soap. Nothing to interfere with cleaning action or dull your hair with heavy, dirt-catching film. Mild, gentle Halo leaves hair softer, brighter . . . whistle clean!



BRIEF

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for the months indicated. For reviews this month see contents page.

✓✓✓✓ **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—**U.A.; Todd-AO, Eastman Color: Colossal! Yet it's light and entrancing. Stuffy Britisher David Niven does the globe-circling jaunt on a bet in 1872, with Mexico's great Cantinflas as his valet, big stars in bit parts. (F) January

✓✓✓ **BABY DOLL—**Warners: A dazzling title-role job by Carroll Baker speeds up a leisurely, sex-loaded study of Southern eccentrics. As the backward bride of Karl Malden, she's wooed by Eli Wallach, Karl's enemy. (A) February

✓✓✓✓ **BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET, THE—**M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: In one of the world's great love stories, Jennifer Jones is Elizabeth Barrett; Bill Travers, fellow poet Browning. John Gielgud's impressive as her fearsome Victorian father. (A) March

✓✓✓ **BUNDLE OF JOY—**RKO, Technicolor: Cheerful, disarming comedy with music casts Debbie Reynolds as a department-store employee, assumed to be the mother of a foundling, and Eddie Fisher as the supposed father. (F) March

✓✓ **DON'T KNOCK THE ROCK—**Columbia: Bill Haley and other big names of modern music provide the chief entertainment, while singer Alan Dale's involved in a slight plot about a movement to ban rock 'n' roll. (F) March

✓✓✓✓ **EDGE OF THE CITY—**M-G-M: Understanding, unpretentious drama of ordinary people. John Cassavetes is an unhappy drifter who finds healing in the friendship of Sidney Poitier, Negro who works with him handling freight. (F) March

✓✓✓ **FOUR GIRLS IN TOWN—**U-I; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Hollywood takes a quietly realistic, slyly amused look at itself. Would-be director George Nader has a personal interest in Julie Adams and three other unknowns competing for a top role. (A) March

✓✓✓✓ **FULL OF LIFE—**Columbia: A warm, tender portrait of a family gives Judy Holliday an off-beat role, as expectant mother. Dick Conte's her writer husband, who can't get along with his dad, Salvatore Baccaloni. (F) March

✓✓✓✓ **GIRL CAN'T HELP IT, THE—**20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Wacky fun throughout, to rock 'n' roll rhythms. Ex-racketeer Edmond O'Brien hires press agent Tom Ewell to make an overnight song star of sumptuous Jayne Mansfield, who can't sing. (A) March

✓✓✓✓ **GREAT MAN, THE—**U-I: TV people get a going-over in a glittering comedy-drama. For a memorial program, commentator José Ferrer interviews those who knew a folksy star, just killed. Seems our late hero was a heel. Fine acting all around. (A) March

✓✓✓ **HOLLYWOOD OR BUST—**Wallis, Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: A pleasantly daffy Martin-Lewis comedy, sending film fan Jerry and gambler Dean on a California junket to meet Anita Ekberg, Pat Crowley. (F) March

✓✓ **ISTANBUL—**U-I; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Eye-filling melodrama shot in the Turkish capital. Errol Flynn's an adventurer; lovely Cornell Borchers, a mystery woman. (A) March

✓✓ **KING AND FOUR QUEENS, THE—**U.A.; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: A mild Western, in which Clark Gable spars with the women of an outlaw family, including Eleanor Parker, to latch onto some well-hidden loot. (F) March

REVIEWS

✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

✓✓ PUBLIC PIGEON NO. 1—RKO, Technicolor: Red Skelton's showmanship lifts a creaky farce about a timid soul taken in by con-men. Janet Blair's his loyal sweetie. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ RAINMAKER, THE—Wallis, Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Funny, touching, fanciful tale of a farm family has Katharine Hepburn as a lovable spinster, Burt Lancaster as a dashing showman, Wendell Corey as his rival, Earl Holliman as kid brother. (F) March

✓✓✓ ROCK, PRETTY BABY—U-I: Lots of rock 'n' roll, attractive young players give interest to a story of teenagers' problems. John Saxon, encouraged by Luana Patten and Sal Mineo, struggles to put his band across. (F) February

✓✓✓ SILKEN AFFAIR, THE—RKO: In a gentle worm-that-turns story, accountant David Niven creates havoc by juggling the books, led on by French model Genevieve Page. (A) January

✓✓ SLANDER—M-G-M: Furious attack on the scandal magazines. Steve Cochran, an evil-hearted publisher, tries to blackmail puppeteer Van Johnson into dishing dirt on another celebrity. Ann Blyth is Van's wife. (A) March

✓✓✓✓ TEN COMMANDMENTS, THE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Overwhelming DeMille epic of Biblical times, forcefully acted by Charlton Heston as Moses, Yul Brynner as Pharaoh, many other stars. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ THREE BRAVE MEN—20th, CinemaScope: Arresting, realistic drama casts Ernest Borgnine as a long-time Navy Department employee suddenly suspended as a "security risk." Ray Milland's his lawyer. Borgnine's wife and children are also affected. (F) February

✓✓ THREE VIOLENT PEOPLE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Feminine-type Western. Concealing her past, Anne Baxter ensnares rancher Charlton Heston. His embittered brother (Tom Tryon) creates more problems. (A) March

✓✓✓ WINGS OF EAGLES, THE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Strange movie, mixing slapstick and tragedy. John Wayne plays flyer-writer Frank Wead, fighting Navy brass, paralysis and finally Japs. Maureen O'Hara's his wife; Dan Dailey, a noncom pal. (F) March

✓✓✓✓ WRITTEN ON THE WIND—U-I, Technicolor: Flamboyant close-up of a wealthy Texas family. Bob Stack's excellent as the irresponsible heir, who marries Lauren Bacall. Rock Hudson plays the steady friend; Dorothy Malone, Bob's reckless sister. (A) February

✓✓✓ WRONG MAN, THE—Warners: Alfred Hitchcock tones down his usual style to present Henry Fonda in the true story of a Stork Club musician accused of robbery. As Fonda's wife, Vera Miles cracks up under stress. (F) March

✓✓✓✓ YOUNG STRANGER, THE—RKO: Teen-aged James MacArthur scores in a thoughtful study of family relationships. Kim Hunter's his mother; James Daly, his movie-producer dad who fails the boy in a crisis. (F) March

✓✓ ZARAK—Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Eastern Western, with Spanish Morocco doubling handsomely for 19th century India. Out-law Vic Mature is pursued by officer Mike Wilding and dancing girl Anita Ekberg. (F) March



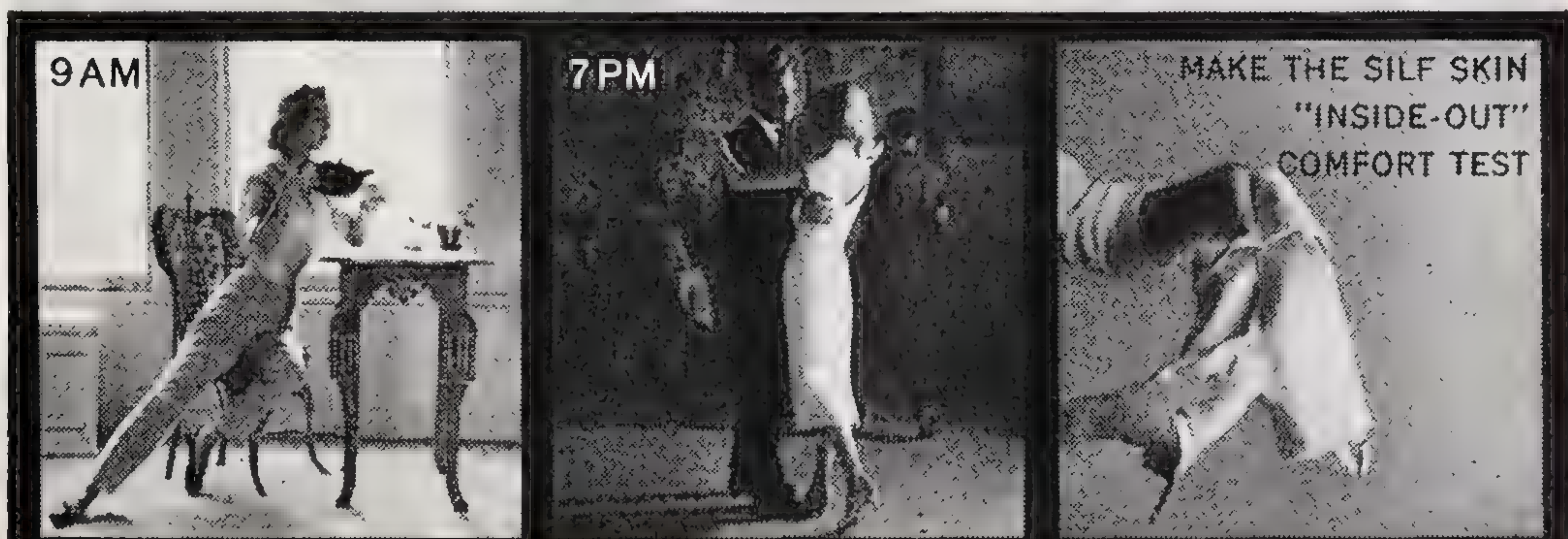
not a seam to cut you anywhere!

Silf Skin Pantie Girdle is so firm . . . so friendly . . . has no crotch seams to cut and bother, yet moulds and controls beautifully! Make the "*inside-out test*" and discover that only Silf Skin exclusive seamless knit is just as velvety smooth on the inside as it is on the outside—feels so good next to you. Full-fashioned . . . preshrunk in white, also in black. Nylon elastic, \$5.95. Silk elastic, \$10.95. As shown, \$5

NOW AVAILABLE IN SILF SKIN'S SUPER CONTROL

An extra-firm knit that combines amazing support and spring-back with comfort! \$5.95

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Now in new modern
handy-grip bottle



So much
surer
than ordinary
douches...

Try gentler, milder "Lysol" brand disinfectant—now in it's handsome handy-grip bottle, so much nicer on your bathroom shelf!



Just a teaspoonful of "Lysol" added to the douche water spreads into folds and crevices with a thorough antiseptic cleansing action — de-

odorizing as it cleanses! How fresh-all-over you'll feel—so sure of yourself, so sure you're completely clean and nice.

10¢ OFF! Limited Time Only!
Look for special introductory package in stores.

(Write for medically-approved methods of douching, sent in plain envelope. Send name and address to "Lysol," Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. PP-574

Lysol

BRAND DISINFECTANT

A Lehn & Fink Product • Also available in Canada



Susan Strasberg must feel like the luckiest girl to be awarded such meaty roles as the heroine in "Stage Struck" and to have suave Herbert Marshall as her leading man

INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

False Rumor: The report that Natalie Wood had spent the afternoon and evening at the Santa Inez Inn in Santa Monica with still-to-be-divorced John Ireland was completely erroneous. What actually happened was Natalie and some friends attended a luncheon party at the Inn. John also was a guest and was captivated by the vivacious Natalie. Incidentally, Natalie seems to be going her own sweet way these days and ignores friends' advice to slow down. But while she seems to be on a whirl of dates, it's Nicky Hilton she turns to most often. When she became ill on the "Bomber B-52" set Nicky was at the Warners lot in a jiffy; and when he left for New York recently it was Natalie who drove him to the airport. They even quarrel publicly.

Lucky Girl: When Susan Strasberg makes her second film, "Stage Struck" she will enjoy the kind of "protection" which few young players get these days



Is Natalie Wood dating too much? Some say yes. Rad Fulton is one of many escorts

Continued

Which is your hair problem?



Hair dull...no shine?

Even the dullest hair really sparkles with new SUAVE! Try it. See your hair glitter with twinkling highlights. And oh how silky, how soft and lovely! SUAVE gives hair that "healthy-looking glow," *not* oily shine . . . because it's greaseless.



Hair too dry?

The instant you apply SUAVE Hair-dressing with its amazing *greaseless* lanolin, dryness is gone! SUAVE puts life back into your hair. Makes it silky soft; bursting with highlights, eager to wave . . . and so manageable, so *exciting to feel!*



Unruly after shampoo?

Never shampoo your hair without putting back the beauty-oils that shampooing takes out. Use SUAVE every time to restore beauty instantly! Makes hair silky . . . manageable, eager to wave. *Keeps* hair in place without oily film.

Hair abused...brittle?

After home permanents or too much sun, your hair will drink up SUAVE. Apply liberally every day—and see satin-softness, life and sparkle return. You'll be amazed how pretty, *how caressable* your hair can look!



Teen Tangles?

Your hair does so much for your popularity! Don't be a "tangle mop." A kiss of SUAVE daily makes your hair behave without a struggle. *Keeps* it perfect! Gives it that "sparkly" look!



HELENE CURTIS
Suave[®]
HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONER

Contains amazing greaseless lanolin

59¢ and \$1 (plus tax)



NEW! for extra dry hair

Special Suave Creme



"Who'd believe I was ever embarrassed by Pimples!"

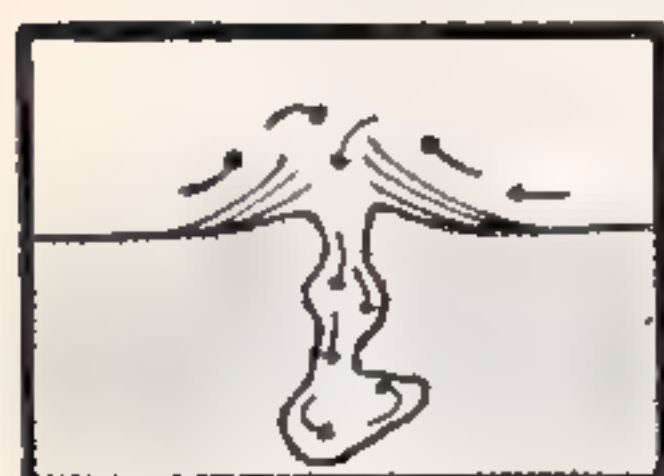


New! Clearasil Medication 'STARVES' PIMPLES

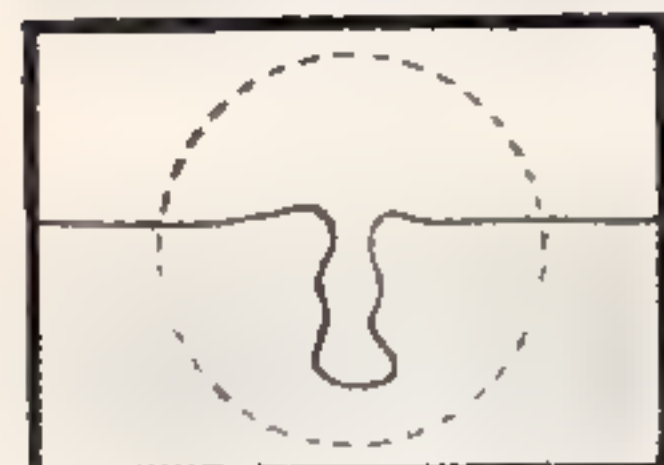
SKIN-COLORED . . . hides pimples while it works.

At last! Science discovers a new-type medication especially for pimples, *that really works*. In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were *completely cleared up* or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

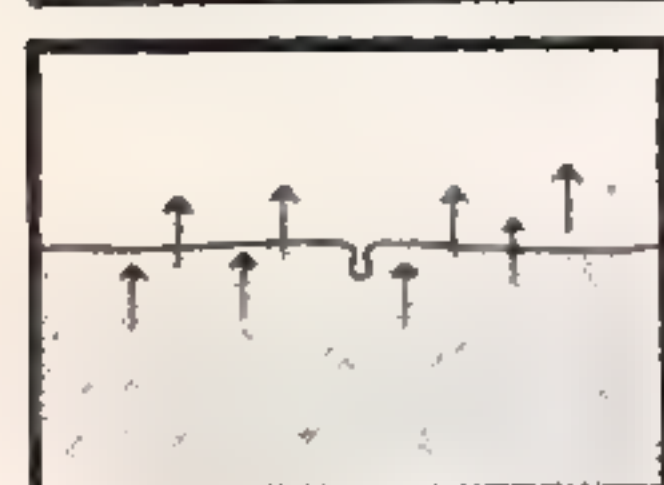
CLEARASIL WORKS FAST TO MAKE PIMPLES DISAPPEAR



1. PENETRATES PIMPLES . . . kera-tolytic action softens and dissolves affected skin tissue . . . permits medication to penetrate down into any infected area.



2. ISOLATES PIMPLES . . . antiseptic action of this new type medication stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.



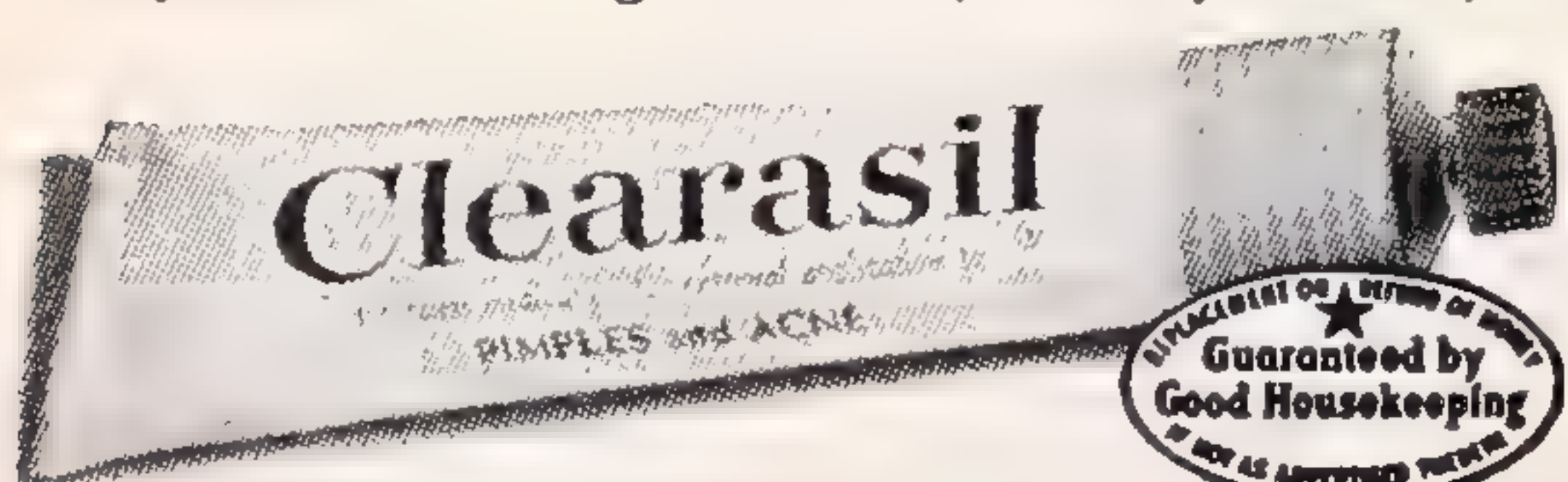
3. 'STARVES' PIMPLES . . . CLEARASIL's famous dry-up action 'starves' pimples because it helps to remove the oils that pimples 'feed' on.

SKIN CREAMS CAN 'FEED' PIMPLES CLEARASIL 'STARVES' THEM

Oil in pores helps pimples grow and thrive. So oily skin creams can actually 'feed' pimples. Only an oil-absorbing medication . . . CLEARASIL, helps dry up this oil, 'starves' pimples.

'FLOATS OUT' BLACKHEADS

CLEARASIL's penetrating medical action softens and loosens blackheads from underneath, so they 'float out' with normal washing. So why suffer the misery of pimples or blackheads! CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you, as in doctors' tests, or money back. **Only 69¢** at all drug counters (economy size 98¢).



**Largest-Selling Pimple
Medication in America (including Canada)**

INSIDE STUFF *Continued*



Frank never seems to stop going and fans often wonder what he's trying to prove. But meeting him is exciting to Joan Blackman



When an actor's career is at stake marriage sometimes sits it out on the sidelines. Russ and Venetia Tamblin are fighting to save theirs



Harry Belafonte displays talent entertaining Dorothy Dandridge and John Justin with a calypso on "Island in the Sun" location

and which every one of them needs. Susie not only has Henry Fonda as one co-star but the smooth and charming Herbert Marshall as the other. Even if Susie weren't the superb young actress she is, those two would guarantee no scenes could go wrong.

Incidentally, there was a completely false rumor going the rounds of Hollywood some time back that Marshall was quite ill. There never was a word of

truth in it. As evidence, look at Bart's work schedule in recent months. He no sooner got back from making an English picture with Arlene Dahl than he was starring in the Loretta Young TV show opposite Viveca Lindfors, did a Lux video as "Now Voyager" and the George Gobel show, as well as working on "Stage Struck" in New York, and looking incredibly handsome in all.

Continued

But how long
will it last?

Years from now, passers-by will note their initials in the birch tree's bark. And it looks as if this love affair would last even longer. Young as they are, both Pat and Andy have learned that unpleasant breath is a barrier to romance. When they whisper "sweet nothings," you may be sure they'll *stay* sweet, thanks to the security that gargling with Listerine Antiseptic brings.

The most common cause of bad breath is germs . . . Listerine kills germs by millions

The most common cause of bad breath *by far* is germs that ferment the protein always present in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic kills germs instantly . . . by millions.

Tooth paste can't kill germs the way Listerine does

Tooth paste can't kill germs the way Listerine does, because no tooth paste is antiseptic. Listerine **IS** antiseptic. That's why Listerine stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Gargle Listerine full-strength, morning and night.

LISTERINE
the most widely
used antiseptic
in the world.



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste

When you're close enough to kiss...



Pond's Cold Cream makes a lovely difference

No other cream cleanses more deeply!

Feel it! A fresh new cleanness that starts deep down in your skin. Pond's Cold Cream clears out embedded dirt, stale make-up that other cleansings just skim over.

Nothing leaves your skin softer and smoother!

See it! Your skin looks velvet smooth, softly glowing with new life, new lustre. Pond's Cold Cream actually brings back to your skin the precious moisture that fatigue and tension drain away.

Nothing else gives your face this Pond's-fresh feeling!

Enjoy the pleasure of using Pond's. Cool as snowflakes against your face as it relaxes tired skin, smooths away fatigue lines. So much more than a cleanser, Pond's Cold Cream is a complete refresher course in beauty!



Sheer non-greasy powder base
—Pond's Vanishing Cream

Pond's Cold Cream

INSIDE STUFF

Continued

His Brother's Keeper: Some people are beginning to ask, "What is he trying to prove?" when Frank Sinatra's name is mentioned. Ever since Frank and Ava parted, Frank has been busy enough for three men—making one picture after another, night club engagements, TV appearances and keeping up a busy social life. And on top of that, Frank always finds time to participate in more charitable work than most stars with far more time on their hands. One of the big beefs Ava had with Frank when they lived together was he didn't spend enough time with her—yet, during that period Frank's public appearances were comparatively curtailed. We remember one incident that took place in a Chicago hotel when Frank was there on a personal appearance tour. Ava was with him. He'd promised to fly on to Washington for a benefit performance, but Ava, bored with the whole thing, insisted they return to California. If it had been just another night-club engagement Frank might have given in to her wishes, because at the time he was so in love with her she could twist him around her little finger. But Frank wouldn't go back on a promise. He and Ava had a big scene and she returned to Hollywood alone. Though this took place a long time before they finally separated, we've always thought it was the beginning of the end for them. When a woman comes between a man and his ideals, the "lady" rarely wins.

Tamblyn's Troubles: If the rumored split-up with his lovely wife Venetia Stevenson isn't enough to make him unhappy, Russ is also upset over the way his career is going and he doesn't care who knows it. M-G-M has had very little for him to do and when he was offered a part on TV in "Jack and the Beanstalk" the studio wouldn't let him play it. Now Russ has a chance to get some of his (Continued on page 102)



Dates with pretty girls like Felicia Farr are helping Jack Lemmon forget his woes



BOBBI'S "Heroine" adapts fashion's new wide and wonderful look for you—thanks to new "Casual Pin-Curlers." Only BOBBI has "Casual Pin-Curlers"... new easy way to make pin-curls behave.

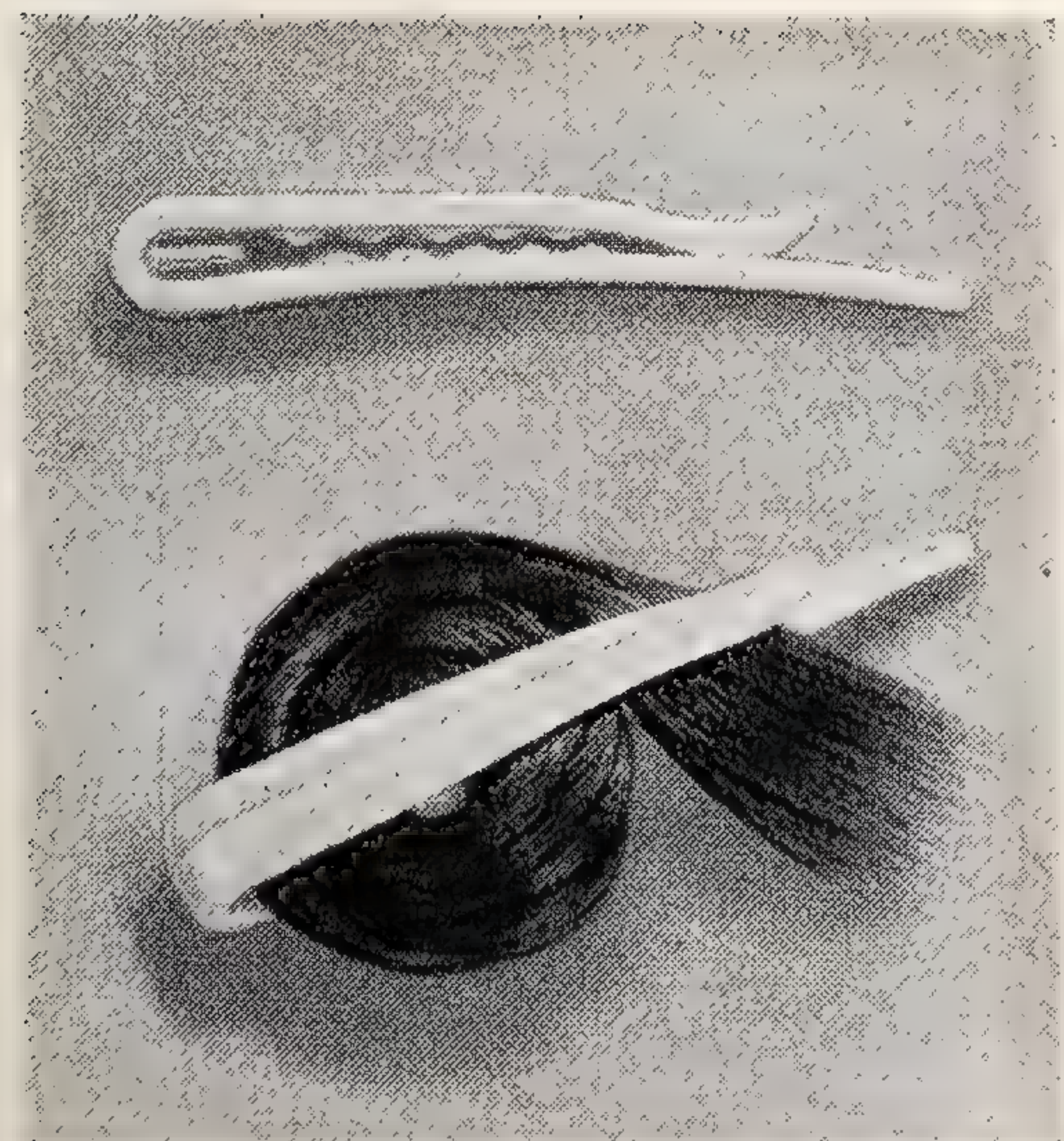
Try **"Spindrift,"** BOBBI's new "do" for that very special date. Soft waves sweep forward over ears. Bangs feather out from a new pinwheel curl. Lastingly yours... with "Casual Pin-Curlers."

"First Love" depends on BOBBI—the special permanent for casual styles—for those wide, natural-looking waves. Never tight, never fussy—BOBBI always gives you softly feminine curls.

Casual 'n carefree! These new
softer-than-ever hairstyles call for BOBBI...

only BOBBI has special "Casual Pin-Curlers"

The new soft 'n pretty look in hairdos begins with BOBBI—the one pin-curl permanent specially created for casual hairstyles. BOBBI always gives you softly feminine curls from the very first day, and with new special "Casual Pin-Curlers" your BOBBI curls are firmer... your BOBBI wave is easier to set than ever. Pin-curl your hair just once and apply BOBBI lotion. That's all. No separate neutralizer needed—no resetting.



See how smooth a pin-curl looks made with BOBBI's new "Casual Pin-Curlers!" They can't slip, can't crimp, rust or discolor hair. Takes only one per curl. Perfect for setting after shampoos.



See how easy a BOBBI can be! Just "Casual Pin-Curlers" and BOBBI lotion. That's all you need for today's newest casual hairstyles. No separate neutralizer—no resetting needed.



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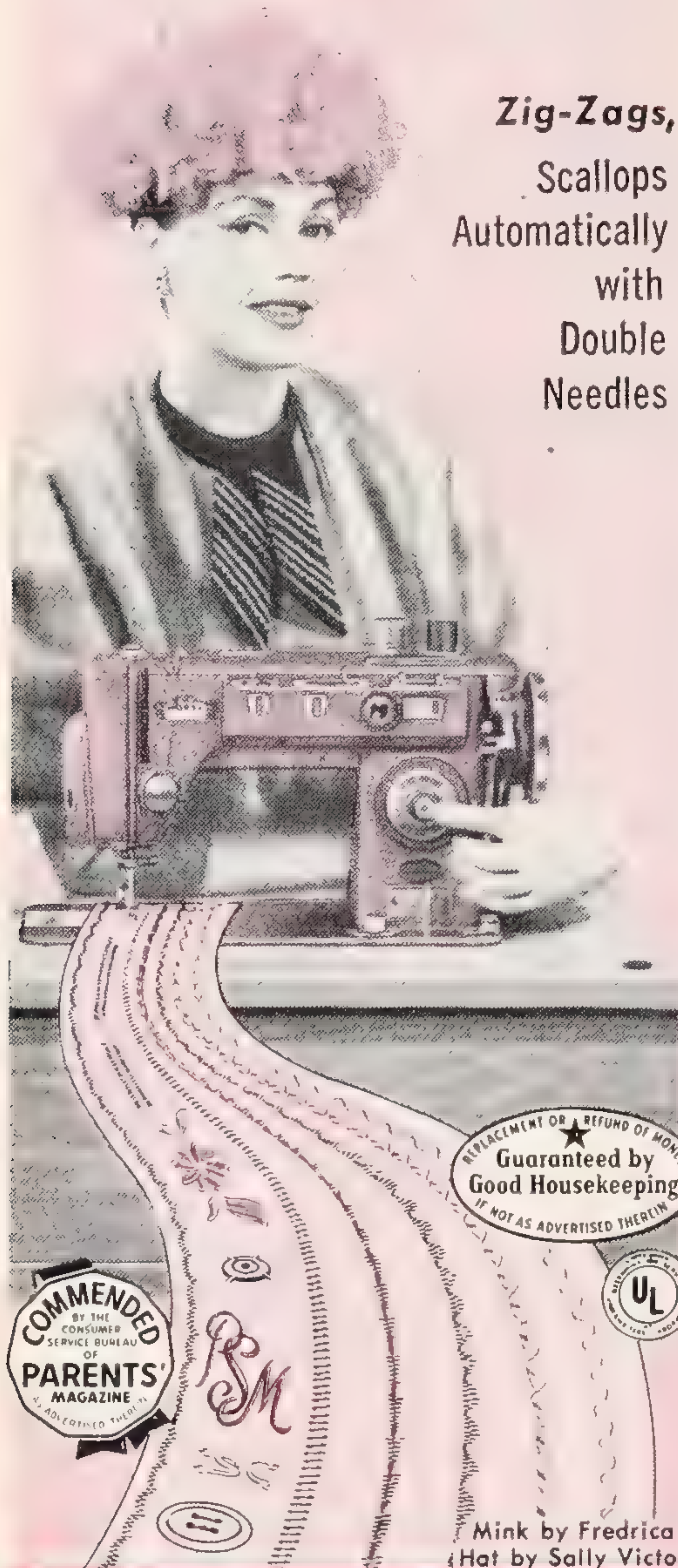
Look for BOBBI in this new package—the only pin-curl kit complete with 55 new "Casual Pin-Curlers" and 6 neckline curlers... all in pink plastic... new BOBBI lotion, easy directions.

Be smart...be elegant...

with the PUSH BUTTON

MORSE
DUOMATIC

Zig-Zags,
Scallops
Automatically
with
Double
Needles



REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
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IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

COMMENDED
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PARENTS'
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Mink by Fredrica
Hat by Sally Victor

WIN ONE

**FREE 40 MORSE
DUOMATICS**

Win one of TEN Morse Duomatic Zig-Zag Sewing Machine to be GIVEN AWAY FREE EACH MONTH in this Morse Contest!

HOW TO WIN: Get entry blank from your nearest Morse Dealer or fill in coupon below in a few words. Paste on postcard and mail to:



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"I'd love to own a completely automatic Morse Push Button Duomatic Zig-Zag Sewing Machine

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4 Monthly Contests, starting March, 1957
This Month's Contest Closes April 30, 1957

MORSE SEWING MACHINE
and SUPPLY CORP.

over the Editor's shoulder

A friend pays his tribute to
a unique and beloved man

● Everyone in the movie industry and many, many others, in recent weeks, have paid tribute to the brilliant, irascible and lovable Humphrey Bogart. On page 50 of this issue, PHOTOPLAY tells the moving and wonderful story of his wife, Lauren Bacall. But among all the newspaper stories and magazine pieces, no one, we think, has told of Bogie's rich and unforgettable life better than his friend and co-worker John Huston, on the occasion of the funeral services. So that our readers may have the heart-warming experience of reading his moving words, we are presenting John Huston's tribute here, just as he uttered it:

"Humphrey Bogart died early Monday morning [January 14, 1957]. His wife was at his bedside, and his children were nearby. He had been unconscious for a day. He was not in any pain. It was a peaceful death. At no time during the months of his illness did he believe



John Huston



Humphrey Bogart

he was going to die, not that he refused to consider the thought—it simply never occurred to him. He loved life. Life meant his family, his friends, his work, his boat. He could not imagine leaving any of them, and so until the very last he planned what he would do when he got well. His boat was being repainted. Stephen, his son, was getting of an age when he could be taught to sail, and to learn his father's love of the sea. A few weeks sailing and Bogie would be all ready to go to work again. He was going to make fine pictures—only fine pictures from here on in.

"With the years he had become increasingly aware of the dignity of his profession—Actor, not Star: Actor. Himself, he never took too seriously—his work most seriously. He regarded the somewhat gaudy figure of Bogart, the star, with an amused cynicism; Bogart, the actor, he held in deep respect. Those who did not know him well,

who never worked with him, were not one of the small circle of his close friends, had another completely different idea of the man than the few who were so privileged. I suppose the ones who knew him but slightly were at the greatest disadvantage, particularly if they were the least bit solemn about their own importance in the motion picture community. Bigwigs have been known to stay away from brilliant Hollywood occasions rather than expose their swelling neck muscles to Bogart's banderillos.

"In each of the fountains at Versailles there is a pike which keeps all the carp active, otherwise they would grow over-fat and die. Bogie took rare delight in performing a similar duty in the fountains of Hollywood. Yet his victims seldom bore him any malice, and when they did, not for long. His shafts were fashioned only to prick the outer layer of complacency, and not to penetrate through to the regions of the spirit where real injuries are done.

"The great houses of Beverly Hills, and, for that matter, of the world were so many shooting galleries so far as Bogie was concerned, but his own house was a sanctuary. Within those walls anyone, no matter how elevated his position, could breathe easy. Bogie's hospitality went far beyond food and drink. He fed a guest's spirit as well as his body, plied him with good will until he became drunk in the heart as well as in the legs.

"This tradition of wonderful hospitality continued on to the last hour he was able to sit upright. Let me tell you at what effort it was extended through the last days. On his couch upstairs at five o'clock he would be shaved and groomed in grey flannels and scarlet smoking jacket. Then, as he was no longer able to walk, his emaciated body would be lifted into a wheelchair and pushed to a dumbwaiter on the second floor landing. The top of the dumbwaiter had been removed to give him head room. His nurses would help him in and, sitting on a little stool, he would be lowered down to the kitchen where another transfer would be made, and again by wheelchair he'd be transported through the house into the library and his chair. And there he would be, sherry glass in one hand and cigarette in the other at five-thirty when the guests would start to arrive. They were limited now to those who had known him best

Continued



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1. Rub Arrid in — and you rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you're safe. And approachable any hour of the day or night. Tropical heat-wave weather included!

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Editor's shoulder

Continued

and longest; and they stayed, two and three at a time, for a half hour or so until about eight o'clock which was the time for him to go back upstairs by the same route he had descended.

"No one who sat in his presence during the final weeks would ever forget. It was a unique display of sheer animal courage. After the first visit—it took that to get over the initial shock of his appearance—one quickened to the grandeur of it, expanded, felt strangely elated, proud to be there, proud to be his friend, friend of such a brave man.

"As Bogart was brave, his wife was gallant. He gave no thought to death; she knew it was there, every hour of the day and night—a dreadful shape slowly materializing. A guest who would not leave after half an hour. But never once did she betray her awareness. Betty knew, from the time he was operated on, that at best it was a question of a year or two. And out of the power of her love she was able to hide her grief and to go on being her own familiar self for Bogie. She could not even afford to let others know what she knew because in that way the knowledge might get back to him. So, she had not only to play a role for Bogie, but for the world. It was a flawless performance. She attended to his every single want most often before he, himself, knew what his want was. She never missed a trick. From the day of her marriage to him till the hour that death parted them she was true—truly true. It can only be put down to class—class and love.

"Once years ago Bogie and a couple of others and I were shooting the breeze, rather tipsily I'm afraid, about life and its meanings, and the question arose as to whether there was any time of our lives we'd like to live over again. All of us except Bogie came out with pat answers. Somebody said, "God forbid." Somebody else said he'd only like to cancel out a couple of times. Then Bogie spoke, 'Yes,' he said. 'There's a time I'd like to relive—the years that I have had with Betty.'

"Bogie was lucky at love and he was lucky at dice. To begin with he was endowed with the greatest gift a man can have—talent. The whole world came to recognize it. Through it he was able to live in comfort and to provide well for his wife and children.

"His life, though not a long one measured in years, was a rich, full life. Over all the other blessings were the two children, Stephen and Leslie, who gave a final lasting meaning to his life. Yes, Bogie wanted for nothing. He got all that he asked for out of life and more. We have no reason to feel any sorrow for him—only for ourselves for having lost him. He is quite irreplaceable. There will never be another like him."

*"...takes to water
like a duck"*



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Rod Steiger is a new man

LIGHTHEARTED HEAVY

*Goodbye glower, farewell to the
sinister croak—Rod Steiger has
music in his heart from now on!*

● Move over, Crosby and Como! You may be getting sweet-style singing competition where you least expect it. Expert actor Rod Steiger, who has made the hero's life miserable in hits like "Oklahoma!" and "Jubal," confides that he has ambitions in the crooning department! And, with one stage musical (as well as the "Pore Jud" number in "Oklahoma!") to his credit, he has the voice to back them up. Beyond that, Rod has tried his hand at composing, writing both words and music for a ballad called either "I Heard a Robin" or "Fly Away Free."

(Take the second title, Rod.) It's right up Nat "King" Cole's alley, he says, and he obligingly illustrates by doing a perfect take-off on the lyric Cole delivery.

While he's talking about this switch, Rod has already pulled off another, moving from nasty roles to his first sympathetic stint, in RKO's "Back from Eternity." And he tops that off by going romantic in "Run of the Arrow," as a frontiersman who is the beloved of Indian maiden Sarita Montiel.

On the personal side, Rod puts a disclaimer on romance rumors linking him with Elaine Aiken. Doing the "just good friends" bit, he recalls meeting Elaine at the Actors Studio in New York, when she joined him in presenting a "truly adult" love scene that he had written himself. In Hollywood, he remembered her when he heard that Paramount was seeking a leading lady for "The Lonely Man." He recommended Elaine, saying, "She's not just an actress. She's a *talent*." Rod took her to the studio personally, and the pretty newcomer wound up with a term contract at more than \$500 a week. Hearing this, an agent friend of Rod's told him, "You're in the wrong business! You could make a fortune as a ten-percenter!"

Seems there are plenty of strings to the Steiger bow. Bad guy, good guy, crooner, lover, agent—Rod has a wide choice of personalities, now that he's managed to break out of the man-you-love-to-hate classification.

Rod is in RKO's "Run of the Arrow"



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— and why did
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DIRECTED BY JACK ARNOLD • WRITTEN BY GEORGE ZUCKERMAN • PRODUCED BY ALBERT ZUGSMITH

SEE IT SOON...FOR AN EXCITING NIGHT OUT AT YOUR MOVIE THEATRE

MOVIES *Continued from page 14*

Utah Blaine

COLUMBIA

✓✓ Here's a good, fast Western, with no nonsense about it, with no fancy pretensions, but with plenty of shooting and galloping. Gunslinger Rory Calhoun, feeling a belated urge to settle down, accepts an offer to manage a ranch that is practically under siege. Ruthless Ray Teal wants to take over and break up both the big ranches in this section, promising his henchmen parts of the land. With pals Paul Langton and Max Baer, Rory defends the ranch where Susan Cummings lives, also the neighboring property. **FAMILY**

Wicked as They Come

COLUMBIA

✓✓ Told dead-pan, this is the story of a *femme fatale*. Arlene Dahl schemes her way out of New York's slums by winning a beauty contest, with a trip to England as the prize. While TV producer Phil Carey looks on sardonically, she lines up as victims photographer Michael Goodliffe, then tycoon Herbert Marshall, then his boss, Ralph Truman. When she's in mortal danger, Phil comes to her rescue, understanding that a teen-age experience has twisted her outlook. **ADULT**

The Living Idol

M-G-M; CINEMA-SCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓ Spectacular backgrounds, from Aztec ruins to the magnificent campus of the University of Mexico, keep the eye pleased throughout a supernatural-style thriller. Reporter Steve Forrest, covering an archeological expedition headed by James Robertson-Justice, is skeptical when the scientist suggests that the Aztecs' panther god may still wield power. But any mention of sacrifices to the god terrifies Liliane Montecvecchi, descended from its worshippers. Suitably scary at times, the picture is slow and wordy at others. **FAMILY**



With Steve Forrest, Liliane Montecvecchi forgets the mysterious evil pursuing her

HERE THEY ARE...

Announcing the lucky winners
of PHOTOPLAY's Cut-Out
Picture Puzzle Contest

To Mrs. Tillie L. Grzymkowski, Terryville, Connecticut, goes the Grand Prize of \$2,000. Each of the following will also receive a wonderful prize.

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MICHAEL T. ROBINSON, Dallas, Texas
MRS. FRANK MUTZ, JR., Pueblo, Colo.
CLAIRE L. GUILLORY, Lafayette, La.
MRS. WILLIAM E. SPROWLS, Dallas, Texas
INEZ BERRY, Dallas, Texas
MRS. JOYCE SWADELL, Petaluma, Calif.
MRS. ANN RUTH BURKE, South Braintree, Mass.
CECELIA FRANCKOWIAK, Chicago, Ill.
MRS. BEVERLY J. RUSSELL, San Gabriel, Calif.
RICHARD J. CHIARA, Cleveland, Ohio
MRS. DOROTHY GRUBER, Westport, Conn.
MRS. ANGELO J. FRANCO, Columbus, Ga.
LORRAINE SOMMERFIELD, Eden, S.D.
BARBARA ANN WATTS, New York, N.Y.
MRS. JOSEPH TORISKIE, Parma, Ohio
SANDRA NOWACKI, Philadelphia, Pa.
ROSEMARY L. HOOVER, Salisbury, Md.
BOBBY EDWARD SLEDGE, Atlanta, Ga.
MITZI EVELYN REESE, Manhasset, N.Y.
GAIL DAVIES, Murray, Utah
PAUL MORGAN, Dallas, Texas
BLANCHE BENSINGER, Lawrence, N.Y.
NICHOLAS SIMCO, Detroit, Mich.
MIKE KOCHER, Balboa, Canal Zone
MRS. DOROTHY SWENSON, Brooklyn, N.Y.
HILDEGARDE WALWORTH, New York, N.Y.
MRS. ERMA M. HALL, San Francisco, Calif.
MARIE HELEN TRAINER, New York, N.Y.
PFC. AND MRS. FRANK CONTI, Midway Park, N.C.
MRS. GILBERT P. MUR SINNA, San Diego, Calif.
EUNICE MAE BRIGHT, Decatur, Ill.
ELEANOR M. GILKEY JARISH, East Hartford, Conn.
SONDRA RAY, Birmingham, Ala.
JESSE H. AZZIS, Las Vegas, Nev.
CAROLE RUTH KLEIN, Flushing, N.Y.
LYNN BRISKEN, Chicago, Ill.
MARIE DE LOS ANGELES FERNANDEZ, Nogales, Ariz.
AVA MARIE POE, San Jose, Costa Rica
MRS. JOE PHILLIP KLINNER, Prattville, Ala.
LENA S. WOLF, Niagara Falls, N.Y.
MRS. TONI THURLING, Walnut Creek, Calif.
DOROTHY SEEGER, Salem, Ore.
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by Richard Hudnut
NEW BEAUTY FOR YOUR HAIR

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205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We
regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters
not published in this column. If you want to start a fan
club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.
For list of studio addresses, see page 100.—Ed.

READERS INC...

ELVIS VS. SEMI-CLAD GALS

In February PHOTOPLAY, Harriet Horodeck of New Jersey wanted to know what teenagers thought about the half-nude pictures of movie stars, whom nobody seems to criticize, as compared with fully dressed Elvis, whom everybody seems to criticize. Well, I am a teenager and I agree with Harriet—these women, like Ekberg, Mans-



John Saxon's true story

field and Dors, are shameful. They show more of their bodies than their clothes.

P. G.
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Why must their waistlines also be their necklines?

WANDA RICHARDS
Mansfield, Illinois

I wonder why they wear anything at all.

MRS. ROY SMITH
Salem, Oregon

At least Elvis has enough sense to cover his hip when he sings.

DONNA RIES
Cincinnati, Ohio

I have just finished reading an article on Elvis Presley in your magazine and had to laugh when it said that Elvis appeals to girls of all ages. This is certainly true. When I turn on Elvis' records, our year-old daughter, otherwise a very quiet little girl, begins to move with the music. She wiggles and shakes, stamps her feet and waves her hands. When I turn on Perry Como, she goes to sleep!

MRS. RICHARD WIEDMAIER
Germany

INFORMATION, PLEASE

I heard that John Saxon came to Hollywood after someone saw his picture in a magazine. Is this true?

MARY BETH JONES
Houston, Texas

It happened this way: John was attending drama classes in New York three years ago, and helped pay his way as a photographer's model. One of his assignments was

posing for True Story magazine. When the magazine reached the newsstands, letters bombarded the publisher asking for the name of the young man in the picture. The publisher was so impressed that he sent the photographs to Hollywood agent Henry Willson. Sight unseen, Willson sent John a contract. A few months later Saxon (then Carmen Orrico) was on the Coast, headed for Universal Studios.—Ed.

Robert Stack is a fine dramatic actor, but I have heard that he has other artistic talents—music, for one. True?

DOROTHY BREWER
Bennington, Vermont

True. Thirty-eight-year-old Bob sings and plays the clarinet and saxophone. He has won particular distinction, however, in athletics. In 1937 Bob was one of a five-man team (National Telegraphic) which established an unbeaten world record in skeet-shooting. Another world record was won by Bob the same year for long-run shooting; he made 364 consecutive hits.—Ed.

Is it true that a street is named after Elvis Presley somewhere in England?

JANE BOWMAN
Silver Spring, Md.

True. Brighthouse in Yorkshire now has a Presley Drive.—Ed.

What's this I hear about trouble in Ottawa over the showing of "Don't Knock the Rock" at a local theatre?

MARILYN MCVAIN
Vancouver, British Columbia

Jacques Rousay, a teenager of Hull, Quebec, received a five-month sentence for heaving an empty bottle through the screen



Bob Stack has many talents

of the Rideau Theatre in Ottawa during a showing of "Don't Knock the Rock."—Ed.

Can you tell me the screen names of Issur Danielovitch, Tula Finklea, Alfred Coccoza and Hugh Hipple? Also, what is José Ferrer's real name?

SAM ROSENFINKLE
New York, N. Y.

Issur is Kirk Douglas, Tula is Cyd Charisse, Alfred is Mario Lanza and Hugh is

Hugh Marlowe. José's real name is José Vicente Ferrer Otero y Cintron.—Ed.

ROSSANO BRAZZI—TOO FRANK?

In February 1957, PHOTOPLAY printed an article entitled "How to Have a Love Affair," as told by Rossano Brazzi. Our purpose was simply to let you know what one of Hollywood's most popular stars thinks about romance and marriage. Since then we have received an overwhelming number of letters in response to the article. Many of you strongly disagree with Rossano; others admired his happy family life and his deep concern in preserving his marriage in divorce-torn Hollywood. PHOTOPLAY here presents four letters, typical of the many received on this difficult and highly controversial subject.—Ed.

I have never read such a shocking article. Since when are ten easy lessons given in how to indulge in immorality, as the title implies? I must say that Mr. Brazzi is lacking in good taste to speak his mind so freely. When a married man finds the need to take a fascinating woman to dinner—being considerate enough to call his wife and say he's having a script conference!—then some-



Who is Tula Finklea?

thing is very wrong in his marriage. And, I might add, in his character, as well.

MILLCENT BELLER
Clifton, New Jersey

I am a loyal reader of PHOTOPLAY, but really! That Rossano Brazzi! "What the wife doesn't know won't hurt her," says he? I shudder to think what kind of a world we'd have if all families lived by these standards—the men and the women.

MRS. B.J.E.
Kendallville, Indiana

Perhaps European marriages work out with this sort of arrangement, but I don't think the American woman can accept the role that Mr. Brazzi assigns the wife. It seems to be, with him, a question of give and take—Rossano taking and Lidia giving.

PHYLLIS CARTER
Santa Monica, California

I am sure that a great many people will
Continued



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find fault with what Rossano Brazzi said about love and marriage in your February issue. May I come to his defense? One of the most important things he and his wife have found with each other is a happy home life. Despite their shortcomings, the Brazzis have achieved what many other couples long for yet never realize. They have tolerance and consideration for each other, perhaps the secret of successful marriages. I should like to mention, incidentally, that Mr. Brazzi did *not* advocate the double standard. He simply said that *if* a husband flirts, he should not hurt his wife by it. "Lidia," he said, "is not the kind of wife to whom one is unfaithful."

RENZO CARLUCCI
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

JAMES DEAN FANS WANT MORE

I am really shocked at the Editor's note in your January issue concerning James Dean. You say you will print nothing more about him. But I keep thinking about the thousands of Dean fans who *want* to hear more. We reread our old issues and look for new material in the current magazines. I realize that it is easier to write about live people who are doing things, and whose activity can be discussed, whereas with Jimmy there is only the story of his life, which has been retold many times. Still, Jimmy's fans have not forgotten him. Is there any possibility that we may read more about him in PHOTOPLAY?

MARY ANNE CONDON
Chicago, Illinois

In deciding that we would say our final farewell to James Dean, PHOTOPLAY was responding to numerous letters requesting us to do so. Since reading our decision, however, many of you who had remained silent before have voiced opinions. You want more about Jimmy and you told us so. PHOTOPLAY takes its lead from its readers; there will be more about James Dean, beginning right here in Readers Inc.—Ed.

"Crazy" may be what James Dean appeared to some people, but these people were not actors. Every actor seems a little off his rocker. I have read a story about someone who went up to Jimmy between scenes for "Rebel" and started talking to him as James Dean. Dean blew up and said not to disturb him while he was "in character." This person therefore formed an opinion about Jimmy that was untrue. All I can say is, Jimmy had every right to become angry with this person. If an actor loses character, he is no longer "the other person," and therefore cannot perform. Staying in character requires a great deal of patience and concentration. Dean was a perfectionist.

Jimmy had a great talent besides his acting—the talent which many actors never have: Creating a devoted following. But with Jim, this lasted beyond the grave. Would he have wanted it that way? He may have. But I do not think he would have wanted a certain type which is following him now.

This type is the one now most widely publicized. This type talks about reincarnation. This type believes Jimmy was reckless, fickle, and in love with every girl he ever met. This type believes he hated his father and almost died with grief when his mother passed away with cancer. This type follows him as a saint and disregards the fact that he was a human being like you and me. Most of the boys in this type thought he was a rebel against life, and they ape him as he was in "Rebel." They

never seem to realize that they are aping *Jim Stark* of "Rebel" and not Jim Dean of real life.

The girls in this type generally claim to have loved him, and some say they still do. This is unreal and unnecessary. I am all for keeping Jim's memory alive because I admired him as an actor and as a person. But let's keep that memory the way Jim really was, not the morbid, crazed way it is now.

BETTY NELSON
Hoopeston, Illinois

SHOULD INGRID COME BACK?

Everyone is talking about whether Ingrid Bergman should come back to this country as a citizen and as an actress. Here's what I think: It would be an insult to decency. Miss Bergman disgraced her family deliberately. She was an adult at the time and certainly knew what she was doing. There were other ways out of her dilemma, but Miss Bergman chose the brazen way. Why bring such a woman back?

PETE K.
West Palm Beach, Florida

Bring her back! She is a great actress, and none of us is in a position to condemn her for what she has done. I remember, at the time when Ingrid first joined Rossellini, that her husband would not give her a divorce. She pleaded with him, offered him a handsome settlement, but he refused. Only after she bore Rossellini's child was he embarrassed into complying with her request. To those who ask what right Ingrid had to leave Dr. Lindstrom for Rossellini, I ask what right her husband had to forcibly bind her to him when she loved another. Ingrid was never a run-around. But a man or a woman, wisely or not, may deeply and sincerely fall in love with someone else after marriage. It happened to Ingrid. I honestly believe that she did the best she could, with honor or dishonor, depending on your principles.

MRS. JOSEPH MACPHERSON
Durham, North Carolina

I LIKE—

Here in Okinawa we have just seen "The Teahouse of the August Moon," and I would like to say that it is a wonderful picture. I brought our maid, Masako, with me. Masako is a native Okinawan and she thought that Marlon Brando was perfect as *Sakini*.

VIOLET TACLAN
Okinawa

I would like to express how much I enjoyed Rory Calhoun's article, "Look, Kid, How Stupid Can You Be?" which you ran a while back. Every word that Rory said made me feel that I had finally found a truly understanding adult. I am seventeen and can't discuss anything with my mother or stepfather. Rory's article, I hope, will open the eyes of my parents.

BETSY HAISTEN
Raleigh, North Carolina

I read your article on Yul Brynner in the February issue. I disagree with something that Yvonne de Carlo said about him: "He has that unknown quality that makes you want to run away from him." I think Yvonne is a little mixed up. I wouldn't run away.

MRS. B. BODNAR
Toronto, Canada

Last August Anthony Dexter played in our Music Circus, which is produced here

Continued



Washed
with another
leading
shampoo!

Washed with
"curl-keeping"
NEW
WOODBURY!

Unretouched photo of Lois Gunas, Red Bank, N. J. (See her pretty face below.)



GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE proved in its famous testing laboratory: New Woodbury Shampoo holds curl better, keeps set longer! Example shown above: The left side of Lois Gunas' hair, washed with her usual shampoo, got limp, straggly. Right side, washed with Woodbury, is springy, curly, beautifully manageable.

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READERS INC.

each year. He did "The King and I" opposite Sarah Churchill. Even though the movie, starring Yul Brynner, had played just prior to this for four full weeks, Mr. Dexter filled the house to standing room every night of his performance. The critics raved. One of the things they said was, "How does Hollywood manage to hide talent like this?" Well, how does it?

PATRICIA LENZ
Sacramento, California

I DON'T LIKE—

I have been to Hollywood and was never more disappointed in my life. If you go on a tour, you have to leave your camera behind. And you can't get out of the bus. Is this the way Hollywood shows its glamour? It's extremely difficult to meet movie stars there, and I have met more in Montreal.

BARBARA DAVIES
Montreal, Quebec

Last September you ran a photo of Natalie Wood sitting cross-legged, wearing slacks, high heels and earrings. Not in good taste for Natalie.

BARB ANGLE
Dowagiac, Michigan

I read in PHOTOPLAY and all the other movie magazines that Liz Taylor's mother forced her to have a film career, that she didn't really want to be in pictures. Well, Liz is now over twenty-one. She has a mind of her own. If she doesn't like movies she should quit instead of blaming her mother for throwing her into that kind of life. She also says that she never had any freedom as a child. But I remember pictures of Liz at seventeen going out on many dates, and I also remember her engagement at that time. Sounds like freedom to me.

ESTELLE MANN
Newark, New Jersey

In "Don't Knock the Rock" Bill Haley said, "I always thought freedom of the press meant a tailor who pressed your pants for free." I don't think the rights of American citizens should be joked about!

JOAN WILLIAMS
Texarkana, Texas

NOBODY ASKED ME, BUT . . .

It's my opinion that Natalie Wood is a publicity fiend . . . Tab Hunter is a better singer than an actor . . . Fernando Lamas should come back to Hollywood . . . Luana Patten is a darling.

IRENE ROBINSON
Edgewood, Rhode Island

In 1957, I would like to see Cameron Mitchell play a good guy . . . Vic Mature keep his clothes on in movies . . . a Western with an altogether new plot . . . fewer corny songs in good musicals . . . Jan Sterling do a comedy . . . stories on Virginia Leith.

R. J. S.
Longview, Texas

CATHOLICS AND DIVORCE

In your January issue, under a picture of Maureen O'Hara in the article "Religion in Hollywood," I noticed an error. You stated: "Catholics may be divorced, as Maureen was, but the Church says they may not remarry." I would like to point out that Roman Catholics, in the eyes of the Church, may *not* be divorced. Only death can dissolve a Catholic marriage.

MARILYN REILLY
Bloomington, Indiana

Thank you, Marilyn, for pointing out what may have confused some of our readers. PHOTOPLAY intended to convey but apparently did not make clear, that Roman Catholics may receive a civil divorce. This affects only their legal marital status. Catholics like Miss O'Hara, according to the Church, are still married. But from the standpoint of law and their obligations under the law, "divorced" Catholics are no longer man and wife. Miss O'Hara may not remarry with clear conscience unless her husband dies or the Church sanctions a Catholic annulment.—Ed.

HISTORY OF PHOTOPLAY

I have been a reader of PHOTOPLAY for many years and am curious about its origins. Can you tell me something of its history and the people connected with it in the early days? What kind of a magazine was it when it first began?

MRS. C. H. SILCH

Steamboat Springs, Colorado

PHOTOPLAY was born in 1911 and is the oldest screen magazine. Today it is America's largest selling movie magazine, with a circulation of over a million. In the early days PHOTOPLAY was an entertainment leaflet, and its first editor was James R. Quirk. Quirk hired some well-known writers and set about making the magazine a successful enterprise. One of the first things he did was to start a column called "Hints on Photoplay Writing." He also sent a questionnaire to 1,000 newspaper editors all over the country, asking, "Do you consider the word 'movie,' as applied to a motion picture theatre or film, a good one, and do you approve of its use in your newspaper?" National discussion in newspapers resulted. "Movie" was approved, and Quirk ran a two-page spread with the heading: "The Question Is Now Settled." Mr. Quirk also started the Cal York column, still running.

PHOTOPLAY has many other "firsts" in its history. It was the first magazine to establish awards (The PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Awards) based on popular choice, via a nationwide poll of America's moviegoers. It was the first screen magazine to have its own on-the-spot photographer, and to shoot its own photos rather than using studio pictures. It was the first to back unpublicized stars. PHOTOPLAY was the first screen magazine to put big-name Hollywood writers under contract and to use writers from other fields to talk about Hollywood.

During the course of the years the character of the magazine changed. In the beginning of its history most of the material used consisted of short condensations of the movies in story form. Gradually this gave way to fan stories on personalities.—Ed.

ARE MOVIES TOO FREE?

There is a great deal of talk now about freedom as applied to movie-making. In the name of freedom such films as "Baby Doll," "The French Line," and "The Moon Is Blue" have been shown. But I ask, where is our decency? Why should freedom of speech, which producers vigorously defend, permit us to depict immoralities on the screen? Does not freedom of speech have its limits in other areas? We are not allowed to lie, libel and slander. Why then should there be no limits in the area of morality and good taste? Our freedom of assembly does not allow us to riot, nor should it. Yet many movies depict indecencies in a glamorous light and by so doing encourage these indecencies.

BETTY HARMACEK

La Crosse, Wisconsin



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TROPIC SUN—golden red

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CORAL—bright coral

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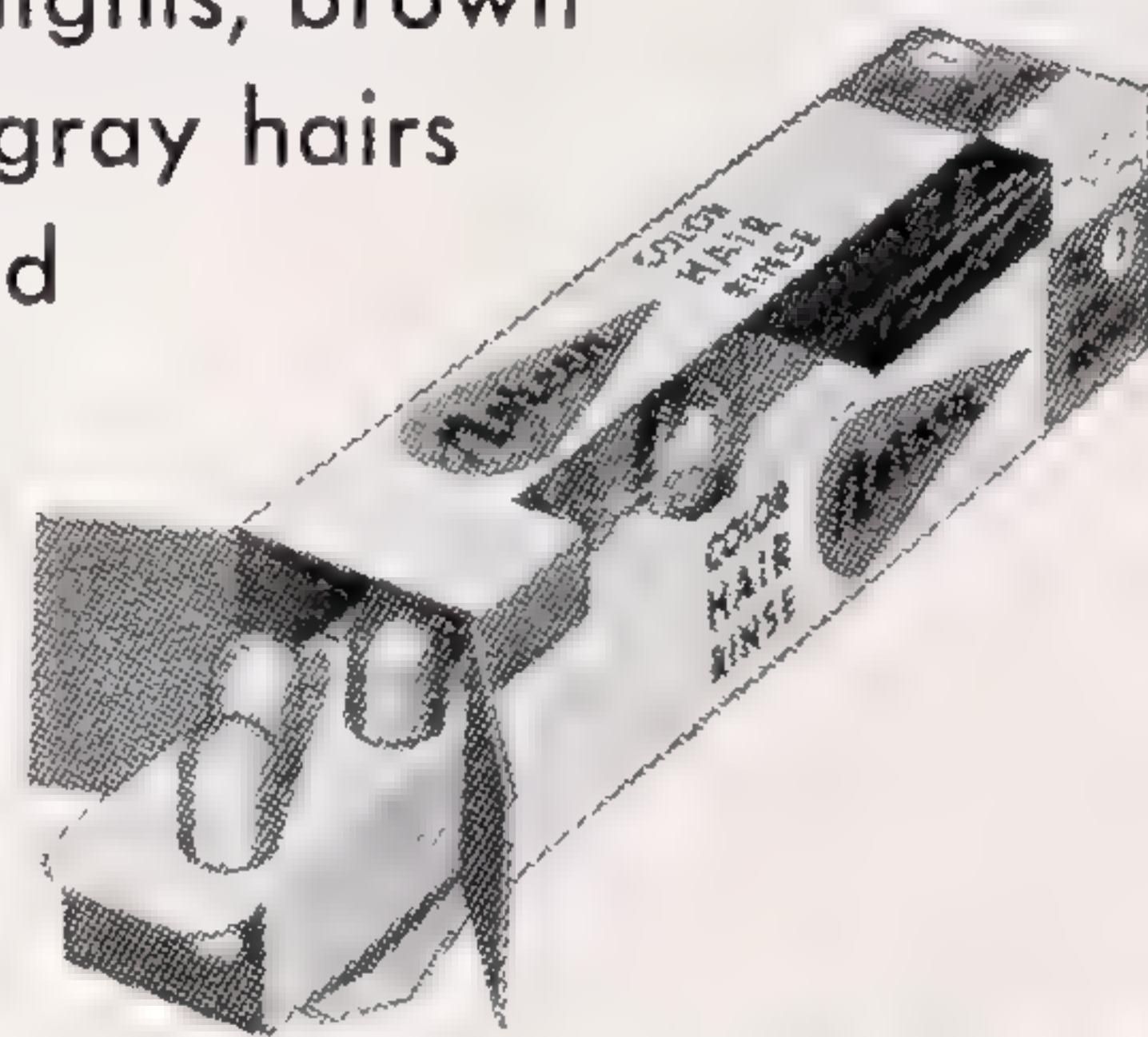
Nowadays... it's COLOR that counts

When great grandmother could sit on her long glossy tresses, people were impressed. And hair styles to show it off were fussy as a wedding cake. Today, women are far too busy to fool with elaborate hair styles or hours of grooming. They've learned that real beauty lies in a casual hair-do enhanced with sparkling natural-looking color.

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CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

ABOVE US THE WAVES—Republic. Directed by Ralph Thomas: *Frazer*, John Mills; *Duffy*, John Gregson; *Corbett*, Donald Sinden; *Admiral Ryder*, James Robertson Justice; *Smart*, Michael Medwin; *Abercrombie*, James Kenney.

ALBERT SCHWEITZER—Hill and Anderson. Directed by Jerome Hill: Documentary; commentary spoken by Fredric March and Burgess Meredith.

BATTLE HYMN—U-I. Directed by Douglas Sirk: *Dean Hess*, Rock Hudson; *En Soon Yang*, Anna Kashfi; *Sergeant Herman*, Dan Duryea; *Captain Skidmore*, Don DeFore; *Mary Hess*, Martha Hyer; *Major Moore*, Jock Mahoney; *Mess Sergeant*, Alan Hale; *Lieutenant Maples*, James Edwards; *Deacon Edwards*, Carl Benton Reid; *General Kim*, Richard Loo; *Old Man*, Philip Ahn; *Gen. Timberidge*, Bartlett Robinson; *Lt. Hollis*, Simon Scott; *Korean official*, Teru Shimada; *Major Harrison*, Carleton Young; *Chu, Jung 'Kyo Pyo*; *Capt. Reardon*, Art Millan; *Navy lieutenant*, William Hudson; *Sentry*, Paul Sorenson.

BIG LAND, THE—Warners. Directed by Gordon Douglas: *Morgan*, Alan Ladd; *Helen*, Virginia Mayo; *Jagger*, Edmond O'Brien; *Brog*, Anthony Caruso; *Kate Johnson*, Julie Bishop; *Sven Johnson*, John Qualen; *Draper*, Don Castle; *David Johnson*, David Ladd; *Olaf Johnson*, Jack Wrather, Jr.; *Dawson*, George J. Lewis.

DRANGO—U.A. Directed by Hall Bartlett and Jules Bricken: *Drango*, Jeff Chandler; *Marc*, John Lupton; *Kate*, Joanne Dru; *Calder*, Morris Ankrum; *Clay*, Ronald Howard; *Shelby*, Julie London; *Allen*, Donald Crisp; *Mrs. Allen*, Helen Wallace; *Dr. Blair*, Walter Sande.

GUN FOR A COWARD—U-I. Directed by Abner Biberman: *Will Keough*, Fred MacMurray; *Bless Keough*, Jeffrey Hunter; *Aud Niven*, Janice Rule; *Loving*, Chill Wills; *Hade (Harry) Keough*, Dean Stockwell; *Mrs. Keough*, Josephine Hutchinson; *Clair*, Betty Lynn.

HAPPY ROAD, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Gene Kelly: *Mike Andrews*, Gene Kelly; *Suzanne Duval*, Barbara Laage; *Danny Andrews*, Bobby Clark; *Janine Duval*, Brigitte Fossey; *General Medworth*, Michael Redgrave.

HOT SUMMER NIGHT—M-G-M. Directed by David Friedkin: *William Joe Partain*, Leslie Nielsen; *Irene Partain*, Colleen Miller; *Lou Follett*, Edward Andrews; *Oren Kobbie*, Jay C. Flippen; *Kermit*, James Best; *Elly Horn*, Paul Richards; *Tom Ellis*, Robert Wilke; *The truckdriver*, Claude Akins; *Ruth Childers*, Marianne Stewart.

LIVING IDOL, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Albert Lewin: *Terry Matthews*, Steve Forrest; *Juanita*, Liliane Montevecchi; *Dr. Alfred Stoner*, James Robertson-Justice; *Elena*, Sara Garcia; *Manuel*, Eduardo Noriega.

MEN IN WAR—U.A. Directed by Anthony Mann: *Lieutenant Benson*, Robert Ryan; *Montana*, Aldo Ray; *Colonel*, Robert Keith; *Riordan*, Philip Pine; *Zwickley*, Vic Morrow; *Lewis*, Nehemiah Persoff; *Killian*, James Edwards; *Haines*, Race Gentry; *Sam Davis*, Al Q. Jones; *Maslow*, Adam Kennedy; *Meredith*, Scott Marlowe; *Ackerman*, Walter Kelley; *Christensen*, Robert Normand; *Penelli*, Anthony Ray; *Lynch*, Michael Miller; *Korean sniper*, Victor Sen Yung.

MISTER CORY—U-I. Directed by Blake Edwards: *Cory*, Tony Curtis; *Abby Vollard*, Martha Hyer; *Biloxi*, Charles Bickford; *Jen Vollard*, Kathryn Grant; *Alex Wyncott*, William Reynolds; *Earnshaw*, Henry Daniell.

TOP SECRET AFFAIR—Warners. Directed by H. C. Potter: *Dottie Peale*, Susan Hayward; *Maj. Gen. Melville Goodwin*, Kirk Douglas; *Phil Bentley*, Paul Stewart; *Col. Gooch*, Jim Backus; *General Grimshaw*, John Cromwell; *Senator Burwick*, Roland Winters; *Butler*, A. E. Gould-Porter; *Lotzie*, Michael Fox; *Sgt. Kruger*, Frank Gerstle; *Bill Hadley*, Charles Lane.

UTAH BLAINE—Columbia. Directed by Fred F. Sears: *Utah Blaine*, Rory Calhoun; *Angie Kinyon*, Susan Cummings; *Mary Blake*, Angela Stevens; *Gus Ortmann*, Max Baer; *Rip Coker*, Paul Langton; *Rink Witter*, George Keymas; *Russ Nevers*, Ray Teal.

WICKED AS THEY COME—Columbia. Directed by Ken Hughes: *Kathy*, Arlene Dahl; *Tim*, Phil Carey; *Larry*, Michael Goodliffe; *Collins*, Herbert Marshall; *Mrs. Collins*, Faith Brook; *Dowling*, Ralph Truman.

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*Unmasked and unimagined,
the wonders came to pass
for Kim Novak. Now, alone,
she must fight to keep them*

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

Fame Cloaks the Lonely Heart

● The train pulled slowly into the station. It was a small town, quiet, unimportant. A few people got on, a few descended to the platform. The train paused several moments, then lumbered off. The town receded into the distance and the past.

During those few moments Kim Novak pressed her face eagerly to the window. She was watching the shabby railroad flats drift by; watching a man hawking newspapers; watching a little girl straddling a ragged picket fence and waving to the brakeman. She thought about the little girl, living in the commonplace railroad town. "I wonder if she's happy here," Kim murmured wistfully. And then she wished for the little girl a life as full and rich as her own: Happiness and all the things she ever wanted.

In Kim's world of premieres and lovely dresses and handsome escorts, it may seem odd to wonder about a strange child living in a

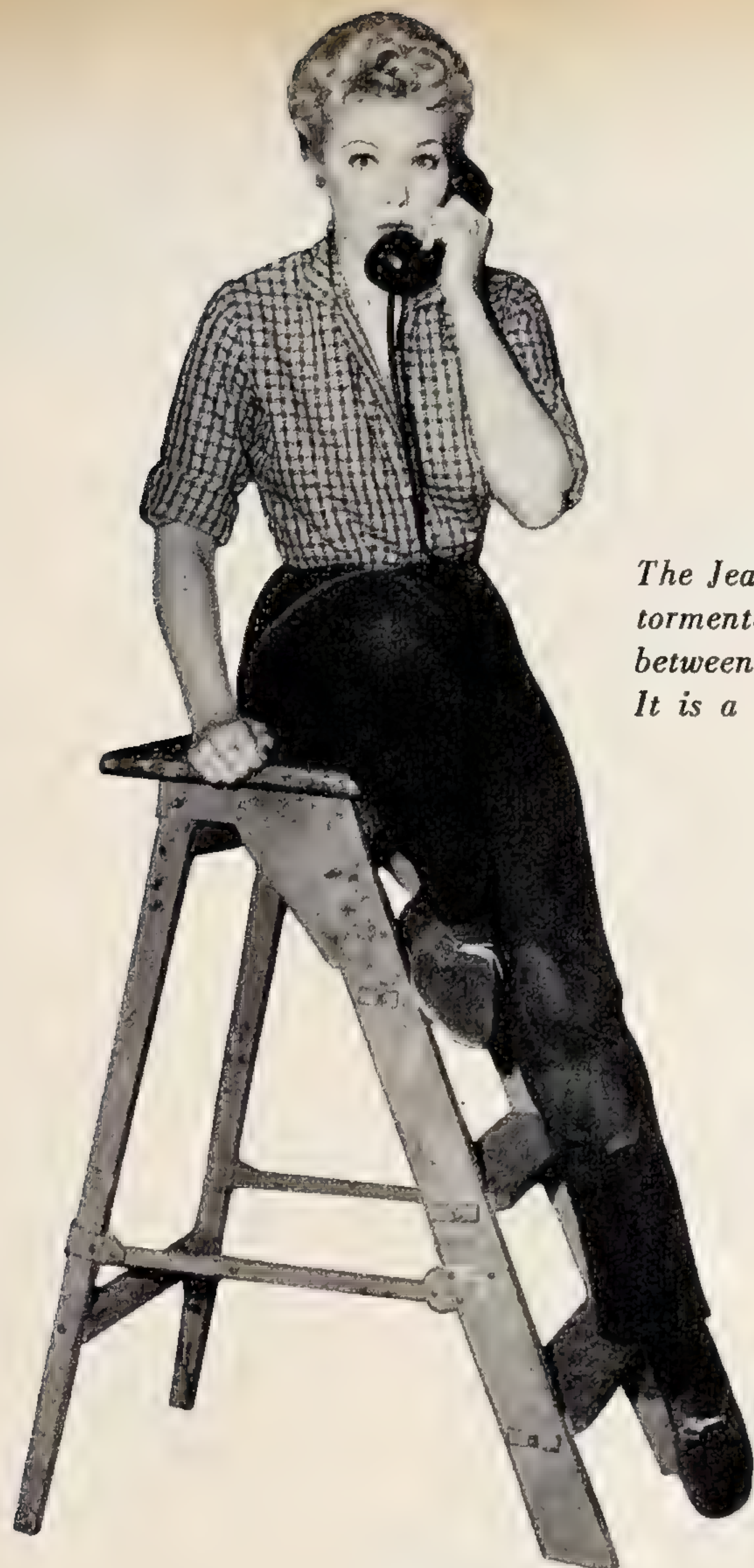
Continued



To portray Jeanne Eagels, who won fame as Somerset Maugham's Sadie Thompson, Kim must face her career's greatest challenge

Fame Cloaks the Lonely Heart

Continued



The Jeanne Eagels of real life was a tormented, often defeated misfit, torn between reality and her public life. It is a frightening portent for Kim



strange town. But Kim is different from most of us. Her imagination likes to wander—often into the far corners of other people's lives. When she was a little girl on Chicago's Sayre Street, she peopled it with make-believe inhabitants; endowed inanimate objects with souls and thoughts of their own. Shy, fearful of strangers, the real dramas of life did not touch her; only the drama of living within herself. She could pour out her heart to a rose or weep over the death of a leaf that fell from a tree. Perhaps that is why, today, she can give such sensitivity and warmth to a make-believe movie character, as she did in "Picnic" and "The Eddy Duchin Story." Or why she can wonder so poignantly about a lonely little girl on a picket fence in a railroad town.

Little Marilyn Novak had wished for a gang to belong to. She'd wished to be popular. To be beautiful. To have a pretty dress, store-bought. To marry a prince. But most of all she had wished to belong, to be accepted by the crowd.

Although she could not then know it, her wishes were to come true on a staggering scale, far beyond anything she had ever envisioned or even could humanly fulfill. And in that lies the fateful irony.

Today Kim Novak is more popular than she can believe possible of (*Continued on page 88*)



A generation ago Jeanne Eagels found her private troubles and public shame too much to be borne. Kim, too, faces problems





BAREFOOT BOY WITH CHEEK?

Moody, deliberately confusing, Tony Perkins tries hard to be a character. Maybe too hard • BY JOE HYAMS

● It was a rainy day in Boston. A young boy, tall, slim and spectacled, picked his way carefully along the slippery sidewalks. He was hunched in a trench coat buttoned high at the collar. His hands were in the coat pockets, which was not unusual—except that the right hand was caressing the butt of a revolver.

The boy was Tony Perkins, and at the time he was imagining himself a famous private eye on the trail of a criminal. The gun, purchased from a friend on installments from Tony's allowance, gave just the right touch of drama, heroism and illicit adventure to the occasion.

Now let's fade out and fade in ten years later. The same boy, taller but still hunched and boyish, on the set of "The Tin Star," at the Paramount studio in Hollywood, is wearing two guns slung from his hips. At a command he draws them both with split-second precision.

The instructor comments, "Wonderful, Tony, that's about as fast as I have seen it done." (Continued on page 96)



Tony's clothes reflect a studied casualness. Here with Elaine Aiken





Could she have saved her marriage to John Hodiak?

Can she give her child the love she never had herself?



Have personal fears threatened her career?



*For Anne Baxter
there was once a husband
and love
and a challenging career.
Where did her life
take the wrong turn?*

Between Heaven and...

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

● Late one afternoon, several years ago, Anne Baxter climbed miserably into bed in a Montreal hotel. Her skin was covered with ugly red hives. She was shivering. Already the star of some twenty-five Hollywood movies, Anne was now touring the North American continent in a stage presentation of "John Brown's Body." She was scheduled for a performance the very next evening; it was no time to be ill. She telephoned the company manager, who sent for a doctor.

When the doctor arrived, he took a seat beside Anne, while she attempted to tell him what was

wrong. She began talking and seemed not able to stop. He didn't try to interrupt. It was clear he sensed that the hives were symptomatic of a serious state of emotional unrest and that a little truth-telling might well be therapeutic. But as the doctor listened, he realized that he was getting not only an insight into the private life of an actress, but also hearing truths about Hollywood and its way of life which are seldom if ever brought to public attention.

"How can I go on before an audience tomorrow night?" she appealed. (Continued on page 92)



Alas, He's No Hero to His Cat

George Nader, who's plagued at home by smooching pups and yowling cats, sometimes wishes he were the romantic fellow he plays

BY JOHN MAYNARD

● In southern California, it is the custom for enterprising real-estate fellows to bulldoze shelves into the perpendicular hills, slap houses and sometimes swimming pools onto the shelves, build perpendicular driveways leading thereto, and then grab for the nearest movie star. It is a highly successful business.

And on one of these shelves in a section called Sherman Oaks, in a house whose architecture he characterizes as Early Nothing, lives a man who would like to be George Nader.

It is a Walter Mitty-ish situation, since this man, despite the evident advantages of being handsome, pleasant and solvent, is by his own admission a long way from his goal. As most film-goers are well aware, George Nader is a swashbuckling chap who, on the screen, always says and *(Continued on page 100)*

Escorting Dani Crayne to a party, George Nader says: "No studio alive could make me date a girl I didn't like, just for publicity"







During happy years with Lauren, Bogie became more domesticated



Lauren is facing a crisis in her career as well as her personal life

EDITOR'S NOTE: For two years, Lauren Bacall Bogart lived with the knowledge that her beloved husband was ill with cancer, and that the chances were slim of his emerging victorious from his battle with the disease. Inherent in this girl's valiant nature is the exhibition of courage which has allowed her to build into her marriage the happy memories which now must always remain memories only. This is Lauren's story—the story of her courage, her warmth, her ability to build a future for the children who were so adored by Bogie. It is also a reverent tribute to a wonderful man.

● Eleven years ago, not long after her marriage to Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall said, "I have always wanted a husband, children, and a home of my own more than I wanted a career. I made up my mind long ago that they would always come first. In future years there will probably be important choices, in terms of family versus professional life, and I hope that I have the wisdom to stand by what I have always believed. It is so easy to lose one's sense of balance."

Lauren never lost her sense of balance, as many another Hollywood wife has to her sorrow. Lauren had the wisdom to live with balance—the wisdom and the courage. True, she gave generously of her talents to a career; the film industry has been enriched by these talents. But Lauren gave (Continued on page 115)



KNOW NOT



More than ever, Lauren is drawn close to her daughter Leslie and son Stephen

This is the story of a woman

who met tragedy with strength and courage.

The woman is Lauren Bacall Bogart . . .

the tragedy is the death of her husband

THE FACE OF FEAR





A tiny feminine fist, but it was powerful enough to make Eddie punchdrunk and Debbie starry-eyed • BY DIANE SCOTT

● Eddie Fisher came back down into the waiting room of the hospital with the happy, dazed look of a man who has been told—well, that he's just become a father. In one hand he was holding a card, in the other an unlit cigar.

A group of his friends were waiting for him, and when he walked in they bombarded him with questions: "Who does the baby look like?" "What does he weigh?" and "How is Debbie?"

In the manner of a man who has just "had a baby," Eddie answered wearily, "It's *not* a he. It's a little girl and she looks like me. And Debbie is just great."

The baby came as a big surprise to her parents who weren't expecting her for at least two more weeks. As Eddie said later, the stork was "jet propelled."

Or, as many others commented, that bird just hovered over the set during the filming of "Bundle of Joy" and as soon as it was finished started flapping its wings.

Right after the picture the Fishers went to Palm Springs to spend the weekend. Debbie had a cold and they'd gone there for the hot desert sun. Her physician, Dr. Charles Levy, had told her that the rest would do her good and that he was planning (*Continued on page 108*)

LOVE AND MARRIAGE AND A BABY CARRIAGE

The Fishers' own little bundle arrived right after finishing "Bundle of Joy"





Exclusively Yours



Eva Marie enjoys dinner with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Saint, in spite of her rugged life on screen

Enchanted Evenings, Please: Are you as fed up with realistic drama and the sweat-shirt school of acting as I am? There are so many personal griefs and major disasters in real life that when I go to the movies I don't want to see the decadence of the deep South, or the cravings of a dope addict, or the sadistic cruelty of juvenile delinquents. It isn't that I want to close my eyes to the very serious emotional problems of today. I am fully aware of them. But when I go to a film, I want to enter a world of escape—where Cinderella is dressed by Helen Rose, and Prince Charming wears a white dinner jacket and carries Cinderella off in his golden Jaguar!

Unfortunately, some studios don't feel the way I do, judging by some of the recent properties they have bought. For example, 20th Century-Fox has assigned Jerry Wald to produce the best-selling novel "Peyton Place," a highly censorable story about the goings-on in a small town in New England. Darryl Zanuck recently announced that he has

commissioned Meyer Levin to write the screen adaptation of his best-seller "Compulsion," a harrowing true account of two degenerates, Leopold and Loeb, who committed one of the most revolting crimes in our generation. Just in case we haven't had enough exposure to the dope problem in "The Man with the Golden Arm," Fox has also bought "A Hatful of Rain," in which Eva Marie Saint will be the long-suffering wife of a drug addict. Won't someone please buy "My Fair Lady," quick?

Big Role Lost: Memo to you young people just getting a start in your careers: If ever you are disappointed in losing out on a role or a job, take heart from Helen Hayes. The first lady of the theatre, who returned to the screen to co-star with Ingrid Bergman and Yul Brynner in "Anastasia," read the script of Eugene O'Neill's autobiographical play, "Long Day's Journey Into Night."

Ingrid Bergman, good mother to twins Ingrid and Isabelle and young Roberto Rossellini, is winning back fans and fame



More than any part since "Victoria Regina," the tragic role of the playwright's mother appealed to Helen. But when the producers signed Fredric March to play the elder O'Neill, Helen knew that she didn't stand a chance, because Fred would understandably want his own wife, Florence Eldridge,



Visiting director Richard Sale on "Seven Waves Away" set, Helen Hayes looks back on many roles she played, one she missed

to star opposite him. So Helen not only lost out on this plum role, but she also missed the thrill of playing in her own theatre. Ironically enough, "Long Day's Journey Into Night" opened at the Helen Hayes!

March of Time: Ingrid Bergman in "Anastasia," Burgess Meredith in "Major Barbara" and Elia Kazan, director of "Baby Doll," all have their names in lights on Broadway within a radius of a few blocks from each other. Sixteen years ago, this trio appeared together in Vinton Freedley's revival of "Liliom." It was Ingrid's Broadway debut, but she didn't get star billing. Neither did Meredith, but he did get a fatter pay check than Ingrid. Kazan, who played a supporting role, drew the large sum of \$150 a week! The play ran fifty-six performances. . . . Certainly a lot of

Disappointment for Helen Hayes, victory for Ingrid Bergman, happiness for Kirk Douglas, love for Henry Fonda. It's all here! • BY RADIE HARRIS

water flows under the bridge in the march of time. Turn back the clock just a year or so to Christmas of 1955, when Linda Christian and Edmund Purdom had already broken up two homes because of their love for each other. At Christmas, 1956, Edmund couldn't even send Linda a word of greeting because he had no idea where she was. As it happened, she was in St. Moritz, looking for a millionaire to support her in the style to which she has grown accustomed, thanks to Tyrone Power—and which Edmund could never afford. . . . It was also in 1956 that Zsa Zsa Gabor announced she would marry Hal Hayes; that Kim Novak was supposed to change her name to Kim Krim; and that Lisa Ferraday and Brod Crawford's romance made every Cupid's column. I



Yul Brynner and wife Virginia Gilmore told everyone in Hollywood, including Anita Louise and Buddy Adler, of his Paris trip

don't think that anyone was really too surprised—do you?—that these duets no longer are “woosome twosomes.”

Author, Author!: My European correspondent reports that French critics were cautious, but quite kind, about Jean Pierre Aumont's play, “The Very Happy Angel,” which he authored on the French Riviera. The plot's about a

Continued



Proving what a good and loyal wife she is, Veronique Peck smiles as Greg impolitely reads at a nightclub table. He's just checking the reviews on a new film

man who awakens after having slept for thirty-eight years. After a tour of the provinces, it opened in Paris just about the time Aumont and Marisa Pavan arrived from Hollywood. Marisa and Jean Pierre are installed in his Malmaison villa, "Rochers" (where Grace Kelly spent many days during her long-ago idyll with Aumont), with Marisa knitting clothes for her expectant baby and Jean Pierre appearing on the French stage in Jean Giraudoux' "Amphitryon 38." His own play holds forth a few blocks away. . . . Yul Brynner was in absolute ecstasy during the few weeks he spent in Paris, a city he knows and loves, as he lived there during his youth. Yul admits that it was like coming home again. Yul went to see the Anatole Litvaks, with whom he spent most of his time. Since they have only a tiny apartment, Yul stayed at the exclusive Saint Regis Hotel, known only to Paris regulars. Yul attracted a lot of attention in Paris by his bald head, but he is unknown in France—"The King and I" not having been released at the time of his visit. Yul revisited the night club he used to manage, looked up old friends and haunted the picturesque little "bis-tros" that only Paris regulars know.

Ingrid Victorious: Ingrid Bergman has finished knitting the dark gray sweater she is making for husband Roberto; it was done entirely on stage in "Tea and Sympathy." In the play she

Judy Garland doesn't like diamonds, Radie says, but she obviously likes the jokes of old friend Bing Crosby at the Stork Club



By a quirk of fate, Kirk Douglas found his great "Lust for Life" role after it had gathered dust for years. Lucky man, he found happiness with Anne only recently, too

has a five-minute scene when she has to knit while *Tom* sings. Ingrid had said at the play's opening, "Oh, if it only lasts long enough for me to finish the sweater." Ingrid is looking around Paris for an apartment to buy, as she and Rossellini would like to live six months of the year in Paris, dividing their time between the French capital and Rome. Ingrid's love for the city (she appreciates especially the freedom of movement she has here—she can stroll around without anyone bothering her) is returned by the French. Next to Lollobrigida, she is their favorite foreign

actress. Ingrid has never been known to refuse a request for a charity appearance since her arrival in Paris. For an appearance at a charity gala for unemployed actors, she had to learn all about magic, as she had to put on a magic act. She prepared herself thoroughly for it by taking lessons from French magician Jean Weber. Ingrid further endeared herself to the French by putting her tremendous Italian car in the garage and using a tiny-horsepower French utilitarian car during these days of the gas shortage. As Hollywood's Oscar time approached a friend of hers said to



One thing Swedish beauty Mai Zetterling has done for Ty Power is get him outdoors, skiing and sledding in her land

her, "If you should get the Oscar, what a beautiful revenge you'd have." "Revenge?" asked Ingrid, absolutely astonished. "One seeks revenge after a defeat. I've had no defeats; I have won." And Ingrid listed her victories: her husband, her adorable children, "Anastasia" and "Tea and Sympathy." Also it could be added that she doesn't know the meaning of the word "revenge."

Purely Personal: Douglas and Mary Lee Fairbanks' two youngest daughters, Victoria and Melinda, never knew that their father was once married to Joan Crawford until they read about it in a fan magazine. . . . Lauren Bacall has earned the admiration and respect of everyone in Hollywood by her amazing courage in never letting Bogie know that she was going through a thousand deaths herself, watching him suffer during his protracted and painful illness. . . . Raymond Massey is writing his autobiography, with no help from any ghost writer. I love the title: "Char-coaled on the Outside." . . . I know it's supposed to be the kiss of death to call any pair an "ideal married couple," but I'm going out on a limb because I sincerely believe that Veronique Passani and Greg Peck will prove the exception, for one very simple reason: Veronique

isn't competing with Greg in any area of his career. All she wants to be is his wife, mother to their son Anthony, and stepmother to Greg's three growing boys—and she's doing a wonderful job in every department. . . . My personal nomination for the girl most likely to succeed in Hollywood this year: Kay Kendall, the British star who will make her American film debut in "Les Girls" for M-G-M. . . . Judy Garland doesn't like diamonds, but she was thrilled when Sid Luft gifted her with a diamond bracelet because it was such a beautiful design and so simple—if diamonds can ever be simple! Incidentally, Judy confides that she has her heart set on playing Laurette Taylor in Margaret Taylor's biography of her famous stage mother. And she also is dying to do a Broadway musical. . . . Leslie Caron and Pat Neal will both have their babies in London. Pat, now married to author Roald Dahl, is hoping for a baby brother for two-year-old Olivia. Leslie, whose second groom is Peter Hall, brilliant young English stage director, is expecting her first in May. Recently she



Henry Fonda is about to take his fourth wife, Baroness Afdera Franchetti. He met her on set of "War and Peace"

hopped over to Paris from London to see her family, buy antiques and stock up maternity clothes at Givenchy's. . . . Wonder if Mike Wilding, after the front-page publicity he has received in connection with Monty Clift's auto smash-up, Liz Taylor's separation and the Marie McDonald "Body" snatching, doesn't long for the days when he was married to Kay Young. And when the only publicity he received was as England's top box-office screen hero.

Written in the Stars: I was having late after-theatre supper with Anne and Kirk Douglas at the Little Club, and we were discussing Kirk's chances of winning the Academy Award for his "best performance of the year" in "Lust for Life." "I'm not pinning my hopes too high," Kirk told me. "I did that once before with 'Detective Story.' I thought I had given my best screen per-



MM was a sight to see in her black metallic sheath at the "Baby Doll" party in New York, with husband Arthur Miller

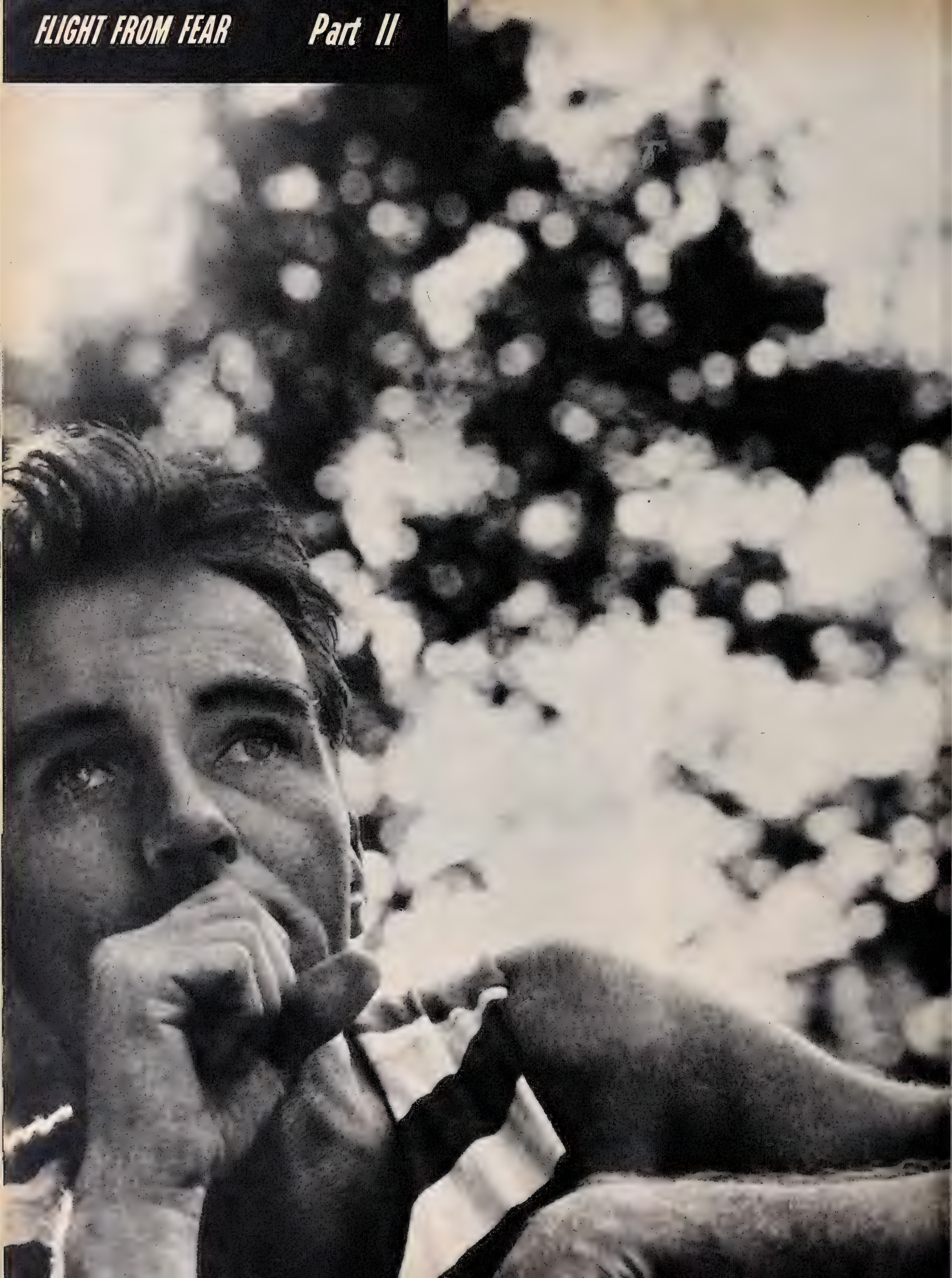
formance to date, and everyone said I was a cinch to be included in the Oscar sweepstakes. So what happened? I didn't even get a nomination!" A week following this conversation, Kirk not only was nominated but won the New York Film Critics' Award for his superb characterization of Vincent Van Gogh. Now the suspense is mounting high, awaiting the (Continued on page 110)

Cliff Robertson, telling Radie about his camera hobby, also had a bone to pick with PHOTOPLAY's Cal York column



FLIGHT FROM FEAR

Part II



Fortunately, when Monty hit a tree with his car it was not on the driver's side



Monty's Brush with Death

*From what was almost the end we go back
to the beginning: a conservative family, a love-starved childhood,
years of struggle and work* ● **BY RICHARD GEHMAN**

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: In the March issue Part I of the life story of Montgomery Clift began. A tense, confused young man, Monty is nonetheless one of the most vibrant and talented actors in Hollywood. His present troubles tend to obscure his basic warmth and decency. **PHOTOPLAY** now brings you the second part of the story.

● On the night of last May 13, 1956, Elizabeth Taylor and her husband, Michael Wilding, gave a party for a small group of friends at their home in Benedict

Canyon, West Los Angeles. Those present were Kevin McCarthy, Rock Hudson and his wife, and Montgomery Clift.

It was an evening full of tension. The Wildings were then on the verge of breaking up their marriage, and Clift seemed disturbed at this prospect. He also was severely fatigued. At the time, Monty was in the process of shooting "Raintree County," and, as usual, he was hurling himself into his work relentlessly, sparing neither himself nor his (Continued on page 84)

*Across two continents, one
of the most beautiful women
in the world pursues her
last illusion . . . happiness*



Flamencos with matador Chamanco help Ava fight boredom

Ava Gardner's Dry Tears

BY RUTH WATERBURY

● Ava Gardner, who claims she prefers everything Spanish to anything American, sat in the darkest corner of the bar of the Castellana-Hilton Hotel in Madrid. The Hilton bar is about as Spanish as the airport at Kansas City, Missouri.

It was eight o'clock and pouring rain outside. I had received a message to meet Ava at the Hilton only fifteen minutes before.

That's Ava. I had been in Madrid for three solid weeks and she knew it. A year ago, in London, Ava had given me the only personal story she's granted anyone in two years. When I planned to take a trip to Spain I wrote her from Hollywood just where I'd be, and when, and said if she wanted to talk again I'd be happy to listen. She didn't answer.

When I arrived in Madrid I sent a note around to her. You can't telephone her for the extremely simple reason that she has no phone. You can't "drop in" on her because, while every taxi driver in Madrid knows where she lives, she knows every one of them, as well, and she ducks when she sees one coming. You can't mail a note to her house, either, (Continued on page 112)



Director Mark Robson of "The Little Hut" found working with Ava as exciting as ever

*Italian comedian Walter Chiari
has been tagged as the man
most likely to succeed Sinatra*





Ann Darby

We the teenagers of St. Louis demand
Jacques Sernas in our favorite fan mag



Pete SHOAL

Read READ my friend

Lo la Blumery
Tim Holt Marge



Susan Robbs



Arallene
Gay Sham

Winer
L
WED
Winer

Phil Nolan

Goodness E. Leden

Fran McBane
H. T. Case

Joe Jan
Mike Raliby

PLEASE!!!

Jed Palmer
and others

Photoplay

Sherry Morkman

Judy Boland
Steve Kersch

Lucy Hilde
Cyrn
Stein



Jacques Sernas and wife Maria have a beautiful apartment, also homes in Rome and Paris, where his mother lives. He had a long career in films, fought in the French Resistance

(Please excuse pen - very bad)

The
Hollywood
Story

The Might of the Distant Voices

● The fans are the unseen power in Hollywood. A few of their faces are glimpsed at the premieres, some of their voices are heard rising along the routes of the personal-appearance tours. But for the most part Hollywood feels the vast unmeasured power of the nation's and the world's moviegoers only indirectly—at the box office, by their votes in such polls as PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal Awards, and by the mail they send in. The mail is the greatest of these, a babble of silently clamoring voices, a fierce flood that pours into the movie capital, to the studios, to the stars themselves and to the fan magazines. The mail can make an unknown into a success or can set a cinema king toppling on his throne. The demands of the fans and the fan clubs, written on thousands of post cards and tons of writing paper, can keep a Tab Hunter in the limelight when his employers are ready to forget him, can breathe months and years of life into the career of a person who has died, as it did for James Dean, Jean Harlow, Rudolph Valentino. As the fans insist on it in their letters, parts are awarded, shaky marriages are patched up and screen stories are rewritten. To the individual fan who writes one letter a year and sees no results this may seem an exaggeration; no one seems to pay any attention to the plaintive requests of one fan, or a small group. And yet, very often, someone does. For instance, a group of fans in St. Louis, Missouri, write in a group "demand" for the appearance of a young actor named Jacques Sernas in the pages of a magazine like PHOTOPLAY—and what happens? The wheels of a great magazine start turning, the Hollywood office is alerted, a photographer goes out to the home of the handsome young Frenchman and the pictures are taken. A month or two after the "demand" was written Jacques appears in the magazine.

JACQUES SERNAS IS IN WARNER BROTHERS' TV PRODUCTIONS



Pier, who nearly lost little Perry, now says joyously, "God wanted us to keep our baby and we kept him"

Laughter Chases the Blues



Sometimes, when the heart is rent by tragedy, a baby's laughter makes it sing again. It was this way for Pier Angeli • BY PAULINE TOWNSEND

● It has been written that sorrow shared is the anvil upon which great loves are forged.

There is heart-wringing proof of this in the love story of Pier Angeli and Vic Damone. In their brief two and a half years of marriage (they were married November 24, 1954) these two young stars have faced more problems—some of them near tragedies—than many others meet in a decade. And with every challenge they have grown more deeply in love. Just seeing them together, or with their adorable year-and-a-half-old son Perry, is enough to convince any skeptic.

The first, and worst, of the newly married Damones' trials was the freak plane accident in which Pier (Continued on page 104)

Though their work often keeps them apart, Vic and Pier find that absence only makes their hearts grow fonder



A DATE WITH SAL

Here's how the pert miss who won PHOTOPLAY'S Sal Mineo Contest spent



Sal had fun looking at Nancy's kid pictures. "You sure have changed"



"He's here, he's here," Nancy yelled, asked Sal to speak to her friend



Sal and Nancy had to go for a drive to have some time alone together



"That girl is sure sharp," Sal said of Nancy's bowling skill



At Boys Club dance Sal found Nancy to be just the "mostest" as a partner



In the lobby of the theatre Sal introduced Nancy over the air to his fans

● When sixteen-year-old Nancy Donaldson of Pontiac, Michigan, learned she was going to have a date with Sal Mineo she didn't believe it was true. Even now when it's all over she wonders if it wasn't just a dream. But, like Sal, it was for real—a whole long day of fun—starting off with introducing Sal to the folks, kidding around the house, bowling, having Cokes and meeting the gang, and then to top it all off being personally escorted by Sal to the opening of his latest picture, "Rock, Pretty Baby."

SUDDENLY IT'S YOU

DRIVING with Sal to your home

FLIRTING over a table for two

DANCING the hours away

WOWING the home where you're his date for the premiere of his latest movie

YOU CAN BE THE GIRL SAL MINEO CALLS FOR A DATE

AND THEN

all **YOU** have to have is a good idea
all **YOU** have to do is write a letter
all **YOU** have to read are a few rules

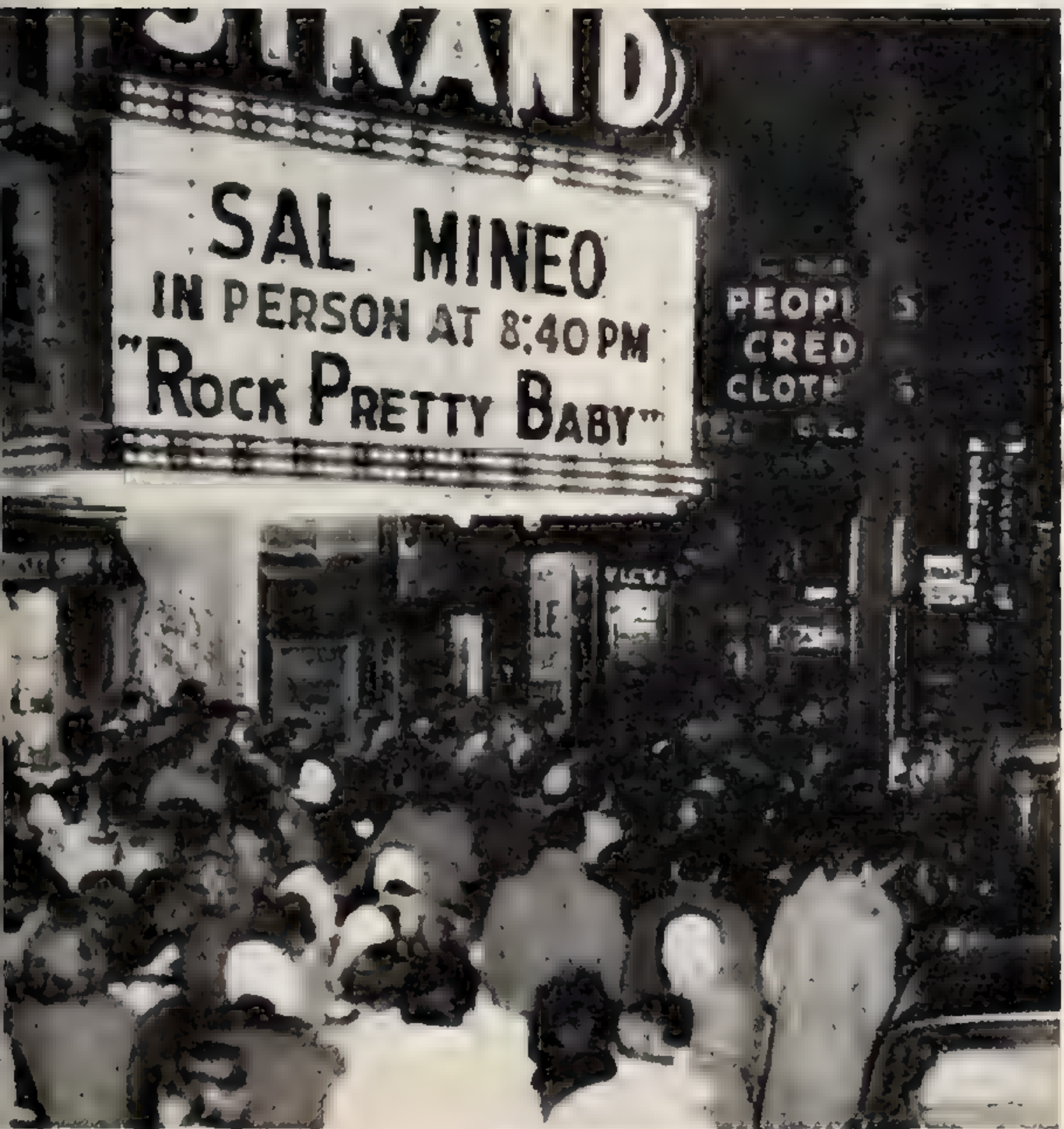
Now find out how you can "win" Sal Mineo for a day. The rules are simple—the reward is terrific.

Nancy Donaldson found her date in the December issue of PHOTOPLAY

the dreamiest day of her life



A sip or two at the fountain and they were chatting like old friends



"Sal, Sal, Sal," fans screamed, and they mobbed him when he arrived

"Nancy, you're really a doll," Sal said as he kissed his date goodbye



NEW ALBUMS AVAILABLE NOW
DORIS DAY'S
COMPLETE LIFE STORY
A PHOTOPLAY BONUS

ESCAPE TO

"What will be, will be" was Doris Day's philosophy until one fateful event changed her life • BY GEORGE SCULLIN

• This April, when Doris Day and Martin Melcher celebrate their sixth wedding anniversary, one of their brain children will be very much present to enhance the festivities. This, of course, will be "Julie," the highly successful suspense drama they made together, with Marty as the producer and Doris as the star. But for all that the film will arrive bearing gifts totaling a million dollars, the happy husband-wife team of Melcher and Day are not planning any immediate sisters or brothers for "Julie."

"We want more wedding anniversaries," says Marty with finality. "Not business partnership anniversaries."

"No more 'Julies,'" pleads Doris.

And right there you have the key to Doris Day's happiness, a happiness that had escaped her for a long, long time. Not for a dozen "Julies" offering her a dozen million dollars will she let anything interfere with her marriage. And what makes her stand a little different from most is that she has already turned down the millions. Behind it all is an incredible story, and behind the story is an even more incredible girl.

Doris Day is one of the most written about and least known of all the big stars in Hollywood. As a box-office attraction she is the leading female actress of the decade. In drama alone "Julie" established a record during its first week in New York. When she sings in a picture, the sale of her recordings from the movie will alone make more money than most of the competing films. When she dances in a picture, she breaks all previous records. And

Continued



Doris is besieged by fans everywhere she goes. On a recent visit home to Cincinnati, the police cleared a path



HAPPINESS



Author George Scullin heard her story:



"I didn't have much to do with my life"



"Things just happened. Like the song, que sera, sera, I had to follow along"



ESCAPE TO HAPPINESS

Continued

when she uses her triple-threat talents to sing, dance, and play the dramatic lead—as she will in “Pajama Game”—movie houses light up their brightest all over the world.

In the face of all this, Doris Day has succeeded in establishing herself with newspaper and magazine writers as the friendly, smiling, healthy, all-American girl from right next door. It makes a fine, satisfactory picture of Doris, and you can recognize her in it; but it has no more detail than a silhouette snipped out of black paper. If Doris weren't more complicated than that, she'd be the all-American girl from next door, all right, but she'd still be living there.

The explanation favored by many movie moguls bewildered by both Miss Day's quiet modesty and her shattering impact on the moviegoing public is that there are two Doris Days. They substantiate this remarkable theory by pointing out that Doris is shy and self-conscious in the presence of other movie stars. She's like a girl just freshly arrived from some place like Cincinnati, Ohio, which, it so happens, is where she comes from. But when this girl gets in front of the cameras a dynamic transition takes place. “Then *she's* the star,” says one producer in an awed voice, “and I mean *she's* the greatest.”

There may be some merit in this dual personality theory, but it is much too simple. For years PHOTOPLAY has been following the progress of Doris Day

Through her bright laughter and

the star and Doris Day the person. It awarded to the star its coveted PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Award as long ago as 1952. It assigned some of the best Hollywood reporters to uncover the hidden facets of the person. The stories, some thirty of them devoted to her alone, plus countless references, anecdotes, and photographs in features and columns, provide the most accurate picture of her life to be found anywhere. Recently the editors decided to add them all up to produce a full-length portrait. They enlisted the cooperation of Miss Day in sitting for the additional touches that would be necessary to round out a few details.

Thus, one recent day when New York was pretending to enjoy a chilling but meager snowfall, it was my



Doris the star and Doris the warm, friendly person are one as she sings to hospitalized kids in Cincinnati

sunny disposition Doris spreads happiness wherever she goes

great good fortune to be sitting with Doris Day on the sun-drenched terrace of the Beverly Hills Tennis Club. She was avidly licking a giant-size ice cream cone before it could drip on her freshly creased white tennis shorts. Beside her loomed her tall young son Terry, similarly engaged. Though the resemblance between mother and son is striking in photographs, in real life it is uncanny. From their dripping ice cream cones to the last one of their multitude of freckles, Doris Day and fifteen-year-old Terry were the licking images of each other, and handsome, too. (Continued on page 105)

Out of a troubled and confusing youth Doris found happiness with her husband, movie producer Marty Melcher



FREE!

Max Factor's new

hi-fi
Lipstick
75¢ size



when you buy
Max Factor's
CREME PUFF
the new instant make-up for that fresh, young look
\$2⁰⁰ value for \$1²⁵
PLUS TAX

Instant beauty is yours with this exciting offer!

Just buy a Creme Puff* make-up compact . . . get a Hi-Fi Lipstick absolutely free! Hi-Fi is Max Factor's new lipstick discovery, based on his make-up research for color TV. Hi-Fi gives you everything you ever wanted in one lipstick! New vibrant color stays on till you take it off! New glide-on moistness never dries your lips! And Hi-Fi needs no blotting or setting!

Creme Puff gives you a soft, flawless complexion instantly—anytime, anywhere. It's all in one velvety disc—sheerest powder *plus* creamiest base *plus* exquisite complexion tone. Just touch the puff to Creme Puff, touch it to *you*, and instantly . . . you're lovely! So get your FREE Hi-Fi Lipstick today—pay only for Creme Puff, \$1.25, in an ivory compact with puff.



Limited time offer. Look for this Max Factor combination at all fine cosmetic counters. You get Creme Puff and Hi-Fi Lipstick . . . both for only \$1.25, the price of Creme Puff alone!

*CREME PUFF (TRADEMARK) MEANS MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD CREAMY POWDER MAKE-UP.

LIVING WITH YOUNG IDEAS

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

To buy rainwear, see information, page 81



Elegance you won't save for a rainy day: Kathryn Grant's coat is jewel-toned silk taffeta, with push-up sleeves, a soft draped hood. White taffeta-lined; 8-16. About \$55. Print umbrella, under \$20. Both by Lawrence of London

IT'S RAINING FASHION!

IT'S RAINING FASHION!

*Don't let down your fashion guard
when the weather's wet
and gloomy. PHOTOPLAY's April
shower coats keep you star bright
. . . even when it pours*

*White cotton knit takes to the rain
in Kathy Grant's coat. It zips to
a crew neck, has bright chevron
stripes, front and back. By John
Derro for Main Street. About \$40*

*Classic favorite: Shirley Jones'
slicker is styled in vinyl plastic.
Yellow, of course, also blue or
white. S,M,L. About \$6. Sou'west-
er; \$2. Red Ball Weatherproofers*

YOU SAW SHIRLEY JONES STARRING IN
"OKLAHOMA!" AND 20TH'S "CAROUSEL"

Left: The Ready Rainboot
*See-through plastic rainboot, a
"must-have" with slip-proof sole,
easy side fastener. Low, medium,
high heels. Rain Dears. About \$2.
Shirley's coat in deep pink poplin
with a fruit-print chintz lining,
umbrella. By Milner. About \$25*

**Right, pansies bloom on a field of
white in Shirley's coat, match-
ing bonnet. Everfast cotton, taf-
feta-lined; 8-16. \$35. Rain sack,
umbrella, \$15. By Town Creations**

To buy rain fashions, see information and stores listed on page 81



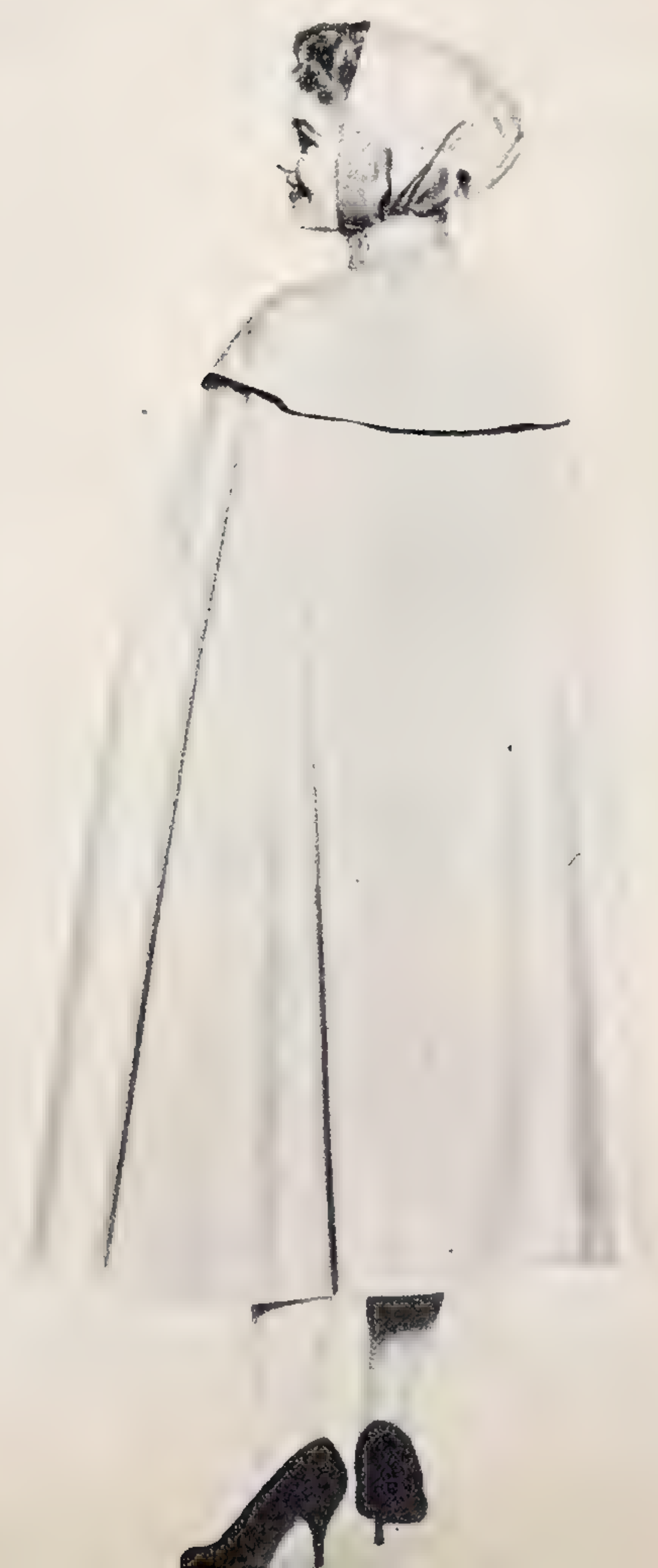
Wear this one in sun or in rain. Gray Celaperm shantung splashed with white dots, cape-collared in white piqué. Added: a white piqué pillbox. Sizes 8-18. By Sherbrooke. About \$23

Kathy stars a coat in real canvas, buttoned in brass, tabbed at pockets and cuffs. Bonus, its own beret. Natural only. Junior sizes 5-15. By Sherbrooke. About \$18

KATHRYN GRANT STARS IN COLUMBIA'S
"THE GUNS OF FORT PETTICOAT," SOON
IN "THE BROTHERS RICO" AND "THE
NIGHT THE WORLD EXPLODED"



1957 news: the cape, flowing here from a cuff encircling its yoke. Separate matching hood. Bright touch, a madras plaid lining, umbrella. S,M,L. Milner. Under \$35



BLOUSE TREATS

*Delectable new toppings selected by Virginia Gibson,
young star of Paramount's film about fashion, "Funny Face"*

VIRGINIA'S CURRENTLY FEATURED IN THE BROADWAY HIT, "HAPPY HUNTING"



TOP ROW: *Lace-ruffled shirt in striped Dacron and cotton that dries wrinkle-free. Red, black, navy on white; 10-18. A Dotti Original. About \$6.50*

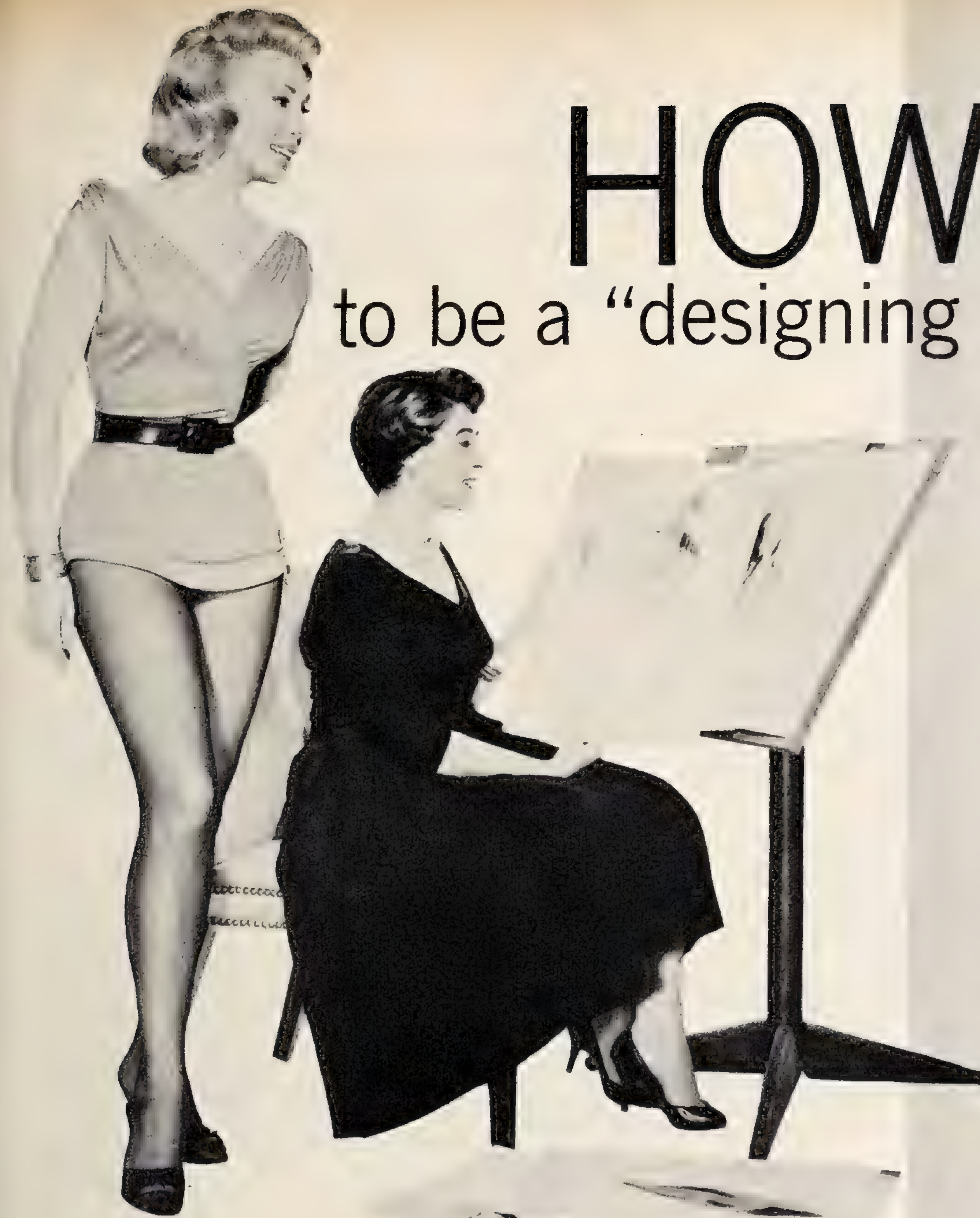
BOTTOM ROW: *Summer favorite, embroidered eyelet, shaping a ruffle-front blouse in easy drip-dry cotton. White, pink, 10-18. Dotti. Under \$8*

Blouse with a very delicate air: sheer white cotton batiste, scallop-edged and appliquéd with crisp white piqué. Sizes 30-38. Opera Blouse. About \$6

Gay spring posies rampant on a field of white cotton broadcloth. This round-collared shirt, neat and crisply tailored; 28-40. New Era. About \$3

The Ivy League shirt with button-down collar, new cuffed sleeve. White cotton with muted regimental satin stripes; 28-38. Ship 'n Shore. \$3.98

Perfect suit blouse: spanking white bird's-eye piqué sparked by two crossed tabs, a fly-front closing. Sizes 28-38. By Ship 'n Shore. About \$3.50



Helen Rose designs for Dolores Gray

HOW

to be a "designing woman"

The Ten Most Important Fashion Questions

As a designer I am often asked for fashion pointers. My most important advice has been to pay strict attention to details. Before she leaves her boudoir, a girl should be able to answer yes to the following questions.

1. **ARE YOU NEAT?** Untidy hair, loose stockings, or run-down shoes make even the most expensive clothes lose their glamour.
2. **ARE YOU SPOTLESSLY CLEAN?** Your person and your clothes should be fresh and immaculate.
3. **ARE YOU DRESSED SIMPLY?** Good taste demands simplicity, which can be sparked with gay accessories. Avoid complicated, gaudy styles.
4. **DO YOUR CLOTHES FIT PERFECTLY?** No dress should be baggy or skintight. Invest in good alterations and well-fitting undergarments.
5. **ARE YOUR CLOTHES WELL COORDINATED?** Your ensemble—dress, shoes, bag, hat and gloves—should blend, not necessarily match, in color and style.
6. **ARE YOU DRESSED APPROPRIATELY FOR THE OCCASION?** I prefer the neat, covered look by day and the moderately uncovered look by night.
7. **ARE YOU WEARING THE RIGHT JEWELRY?** Go easy on it or you'll look like a Christmas tree. Stay tailored by day with pearl or golden jewelry. You can glitter at night.
8. **WILL YOUR DRESS HOLD ITS FRESH LOOK?** For common wear, choose dresses of wrinkleproof fabrics—no limping linens.
9. **IS YOUR FIGURE AS GOOD AS IT SHOULD BE?** No girl with a sloppy, untrim figure can look well-groomed. Exercise often, and cut down on the calories.
10. **DO YOU LOOK FEMININE?** Avoid over-severe styles. You are a woman, and your clothes should enhance that role.

— HELEN ROSE

Creating fashions for the stars is a job a girl dreams about! • BY HELEN ROSE

● I work hard at being a designing woman but I love it. I work with colors, sketches, fabrics and ideas. I also work with people. I may stay long hours into the evening when the result I am trying for just doesn't "come." But when it does—when I've created a mood or a flattering effect—there is the great joy of accomplishment that nothing can equal.

Some of the best fun I've had in my career has been with M-G-M's "Designing Woman." I not only helped with the story idea (I was a natural for *that* job!) but I really let myself go in thinking up costumes for Lauren Bacall and Dolores Gray. There is, of course, a limit to what a designer is permitted to do on any production—most obviously in terms of time (*Continued on page 81*)

Hermine Cantor and Pier Angeli toast

(fashion editor of PHOTOPLAY)



Pier Angeli
co-starring in MGM's
"The Vintage"
in CinemaScope
and Color



Coordinated
embossed bag!

Party • Revealing "sling-shot" pump of ingenious design, highlighted with a polished gem.

Tippy • Slender straps weave a spell of beauty in this smart open sandal of simple elegance.

Red Hot • Dramatic bare back pump gayly crowned with a delicate cluster of bright berries.

Ula • Luxurious sling pump in a rich, new embossed leather with a look of sculptured elegance.

this new Vintage Collection by

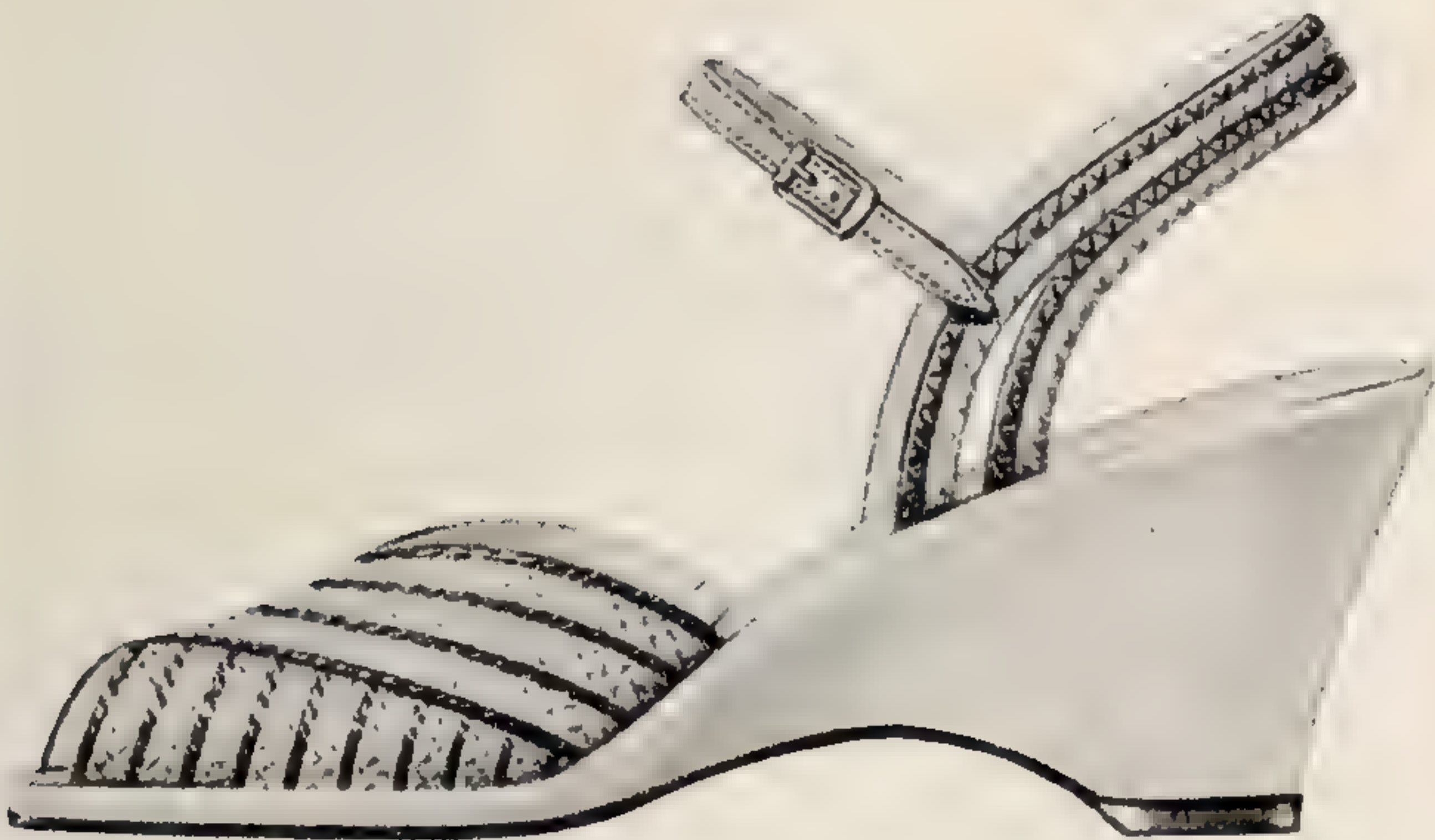
Trim Tred

Every once in a while, fashion outdoes itself... and produces a remarkable harvest of style... truly a "vintage season". This spring is one of them! Some of the season's most sparkling innovations appear in shoes by Trim Tred. Party shoes, play shoes... all style-ripe, at a new peak of perfection... in luxuriant new leathers and champagne straws, that feel as good as they look. So, look to Trim Tred's tempting new Vintage Collection for the styles that win fashion's thunderous applause!

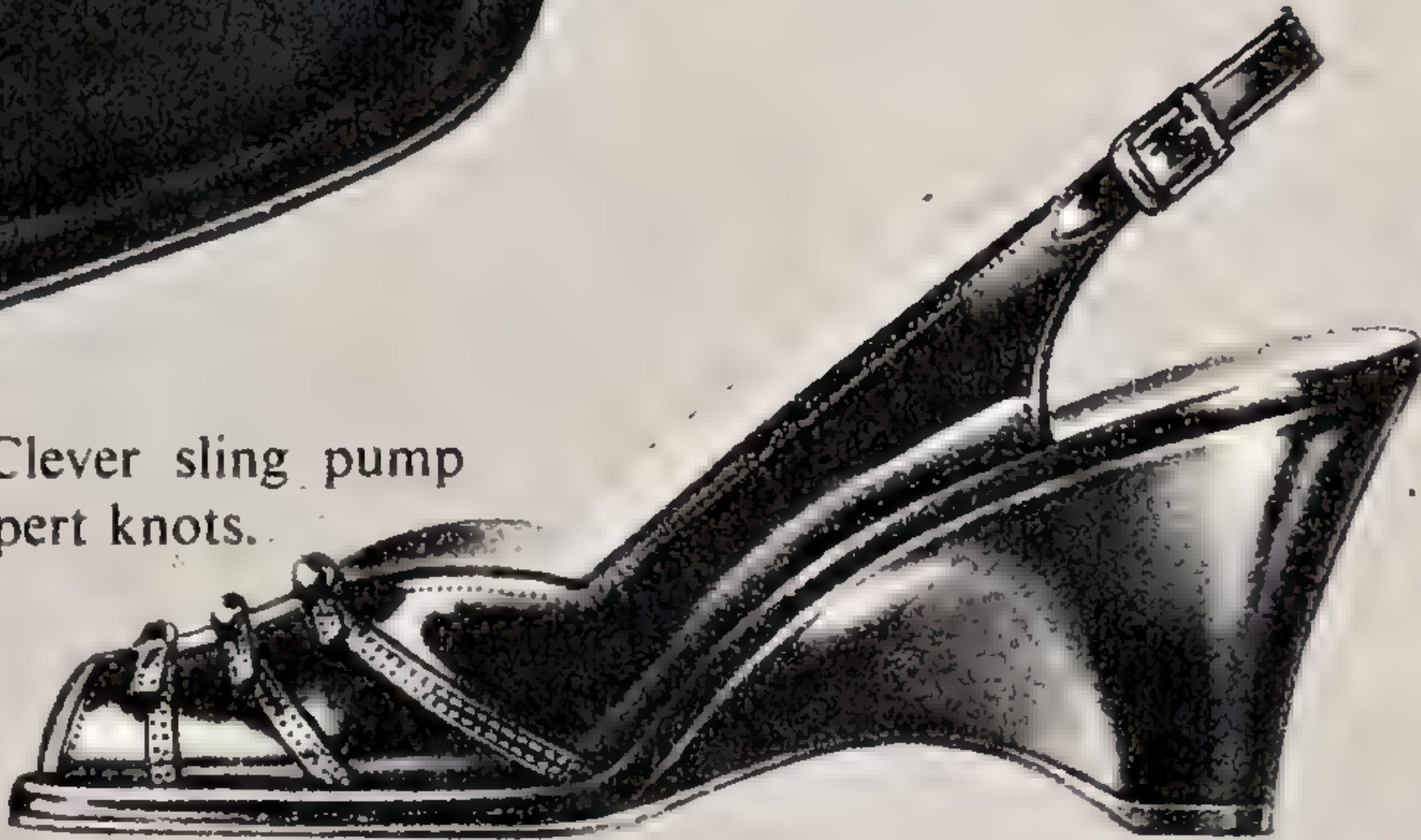
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Salome • Exotic beauty captured in smooth flowing lines, smart button accent.



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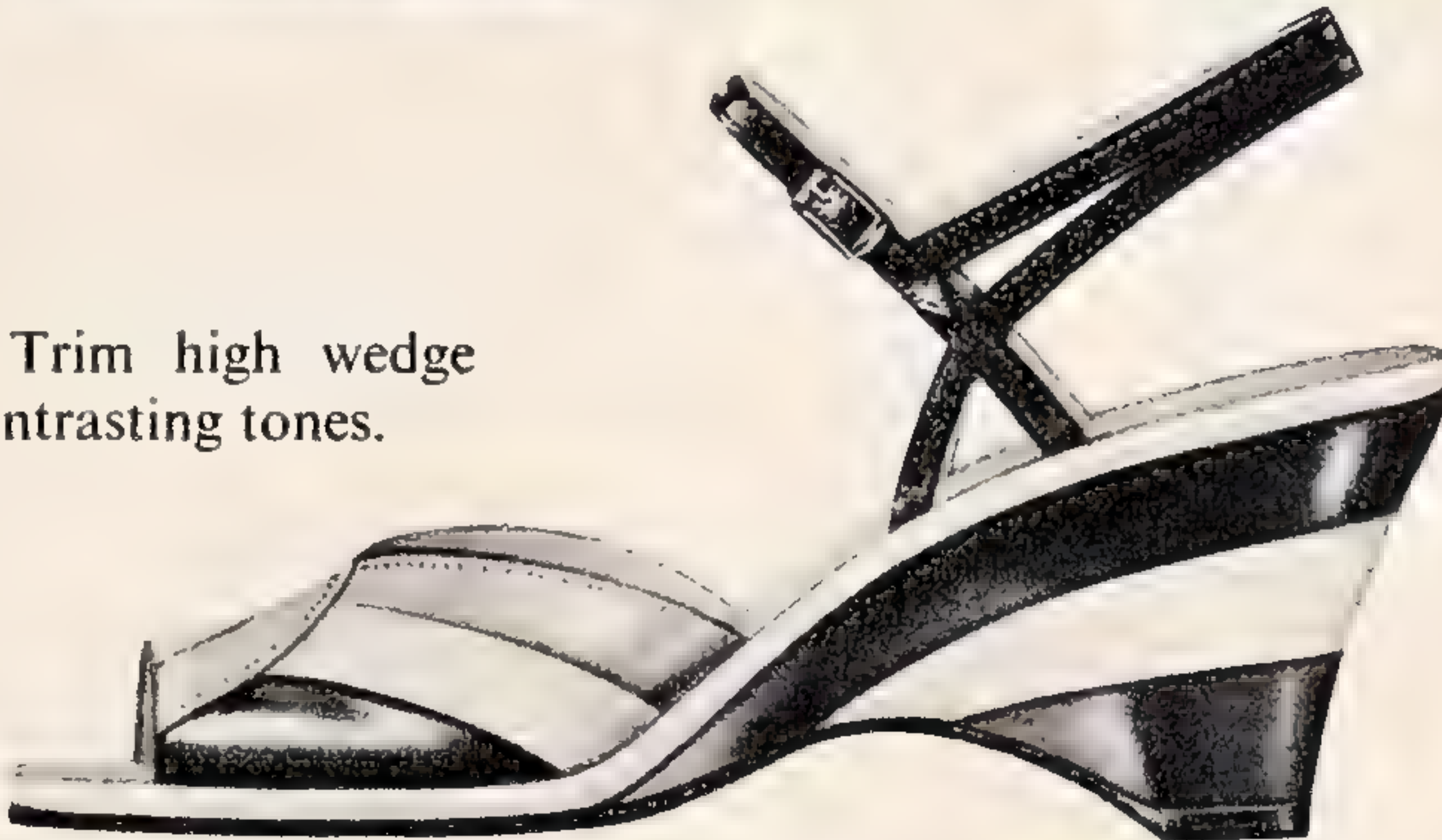


Marda • Tailored beauty with soft, comfortable puff vamp.

Malina • Bewitching combination of elasticized, etched faille and leather.

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and money. But there are other limits. Much as I may like a particular style or color for a particular star, I always bear in mind that my creation must blend with the spirit of the film. There's a greater need for discipline, sometimes, than inspiration.

Being a successful clothes designer, however, is more than sitting at a desk with a pencil, a paper, a bolt of cloth and a waste basket. There are the very important consultations with the stars themselves. I want to know their ideas and preferences—not just to please them with a made-to-order wardrobe, but because, when I design, I consider the film as a whole. For example, if the leading lady has a violent personal objection to V-necklines, I take pains to avoid V-necklines. Otherwise the star will feel unattractive in the scene and will not do her best.

A situation of this sort occurred with Dolores Gray. Dolores plays a chic Broadway star in "Designing Woman," and wears clothes beautifully. So for a particular shot, I decided to create a dramatic orange-red lounging robe. Then I spoke with Dolores. She hates orange-red. Out it went. My lounging robe turned up in hydrangea blue, and Dolores was much happier. So was I, because the scene turned out extremely well.

All of Dolores' clothes in the picture were pleasant to work on, mostly because she dressed to the hilt in every scene. I tried for a certain theatrical dash—and achieved it, I think, in striking colors, interesting ensembles, exciting hats, furs and jewelry. And, since Dolores has a small waist, I was careful to accentuate this in every part of her wardrobe.

In designing Lauren Bacall's styles, I again kept personal preferences in mind. I know that she is partial to violet, so I used this color as much as possible. Lauren wears a silk violet hostess gown, violet pajamas and a violet hat. Because she looks so well in soft beige and sand tones, I also used these colors, spiced with black, in several ensembles.

It is wonderful to work with Lauren. She has a remarkable flair for clothes, perhaps because she was once a professional model and knows how to show them off to advantage.

I took extra-special pleasure with Lauren's wardrobe because her role permitted me to design a full range of styles from casual sportswear to sophisticated evening gowns. I am happy to say that

they are fashions which the average girl can adapt for her own wear. There was, for example, a business suit required in one of the scenes. I worked out an idea in black broadcloth with an old-fashioned jerkin top and buttons down the back. For a casual sport dress, I designed a simple, off-white silk shirtmaker number, and gave it long sleeves buttoned with sapphire cuff links. It was my favorite creation for Lauren in this picture, particularly when she wore it with the accessories—white linen shoes and a large pale blue handbag. I was proud of the blend of colors here, the whites, the blues, and the tawny shade of Lauren's hair, which was worn long and loosely brushed.

As an added touch of excitement to my "Designing Woman" assignment, PHOTOPLAY chose four of the costumes I created for the film as the subjects for its big "Win a Trip to Hollywood" contest. I understand that four lucky girls who name the costumes most appropriately will be given an all-expenses-paid trip to Hollywood via American Airlines and a chance to live like a movie star for five days. What fun for them!

To reach the point where one can actually become a "designing woman" for motion pictures takes a long period of apprenticeship. I have fitted, pressed, sewed, sketched, modeled and sold dresses as part of that apprenticeship. Some designers have skipped the preliminary stages. In my opinion, however, they have not gained thereby. Well-rounded experience in the garment field, it seems to me, is desirable training.

General education is also a great help. To the girl who asks me whether to go to art school or college, I would first advise college—with a healthy amount of fine arts and art history studies. I would also suggest learning to sew and fit in a home economics course. Then there is the study of drama; a really good designer must have a dramatic flair.

With all this, I will not say that the way is necessarily easy. There is a great deal of competition and a great deal more to learn, not only about the tools of the designer's trade, but about getting along with people. There may be years of struggle. But success, when it comes, is rewarding. It is well worth it. **THE END**

SEE: Lauren Bacall and Dolores Gray in M-G-M's "Designing Woman."

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LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—J. W. Robinson (coat only)
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INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Wm. H. Block
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Red Ball Weatherproofers slicker

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Zellner's, Inc.
NEW YORK, N.Y.—Life Rainwear Co., Inc.
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BROOKLYN, N.Y.—Martin's
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Sherbrooke canvas raincoat

BALTIMORE, MD.—Hutzler's
NEW YORK, N.Y.—Macy's
PATERSON, N.J.—Meyer Brothers
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Sherbrooke dotted raincoat

NEW YORK, N.Y.—Macy's
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ST. PAUL, MINN.—The Emporium
ZANESVILLE, OHIO—The H. Weber Sons & Co

Dotti Original striped blouse

BALTIMORE, MD.—Hutzler's
CINCINNATI, OHIO—Shillito's
COLUMBUS, OHIO—F. & R. Lazarus
NEWARK, N.J.—L. Bamberger & Co.
NEW YORK, N.Y.—Franklin Simon

Opera batiste blouse

BROOKLYN, N.Y.—Abraham & Straus
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Silverwoods

Ship 'n Shore striped shirt

MIAMI, FLA.—Burdine's
or write, Ship 'n Shore, Inc.,
1350 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y.

Dotti Original eyelet blouse

BALTIMORE, MD.—Hutzler's
CINCINNATI, OHIO—Shillito's
COLUMBUS, OHIO—F. & R. Lazarus
NEWARK, N.J.—L. Bamberger & Co.
NEW YORK, N.Y.—Franklin Simon

New Era print blouse

CLEVELAND, OHIO—The May Co.
or write, New Era Shirt Co.,
901 Lucas Avenue, St. Louis 1, Mo.

Ship 'n Shore piqué blouse

ATLANTA, GA.—Rich's, Inc.
MIAMI, FLA.—Burdine's
NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Mallev's

Ben Cooper, U.S.A.

It was a long goodbye, but eventually Uncle Sam got himself a new soldier



Fooled twice, civilian Ben Cooper woke up wondering if he'd be a soldier by that night



A week after his first try, Ben again dusted off his bags, got his clothes ready once more



Lori Nelson first said goodbye on Christmas, gallantly came around to say goodbye again

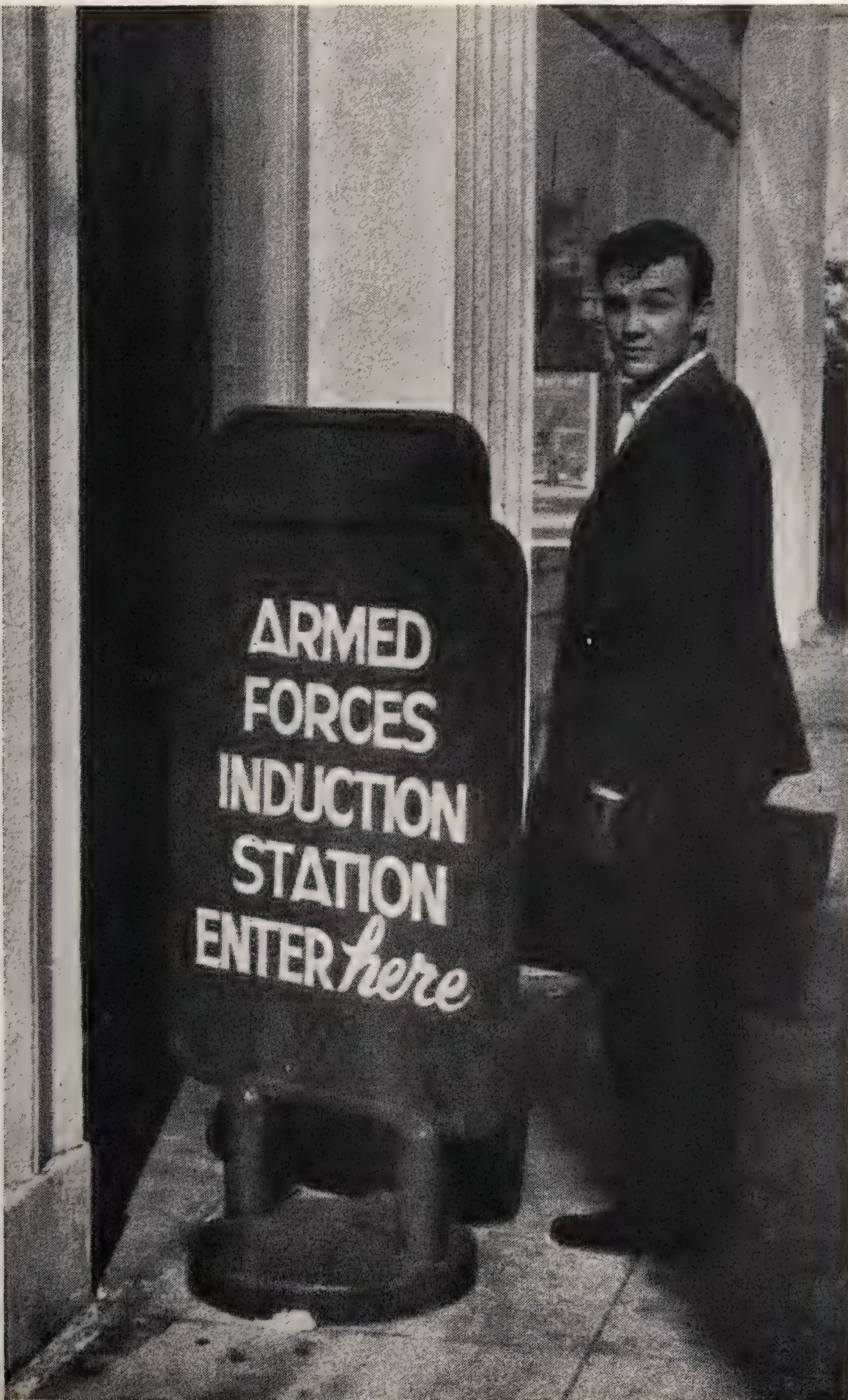


It was New Year's when Ben said his farewell—this one to stick—to his kindly landlady

● Last Christmas was the most peculiar day Ben Cooper had ever spent. He was about to be tested for the most important assignment of his career, yet all day long and everywhere he went his friends kept saying, "I hope you fail your test."

Ben Cooper had just received "greetings" from Uncle Sam.

Lori Nelson's eyes misted up when he dropped by her house with a Christmas gift. She managed only a weak smile at his elaborate military salute. It was the same way with all of (Continued on page 114)



At last, the solemn moment. With raised hand, actor Cooper became Private Cooper



His first Army task was to listen to a lecture on what Uncle Sam expects of him as soldier



At Fort Ord, with Hollywoodite Bob Vaughn, his second task, under sergeant's eye

Left, Ben pauses on his slow course into the Army to take a last look back at civilian life

Monty's Brush with Death

(Continued from page 59)
associates, continually demanding extra effort in every scene.

Throughout most of the evening he sat alone, as though brooding over some excruciating inner dilemma. He was not drunk, as has been reported. The fact is, Clift is not a drinker; one or two highballs intoxicate him almost immediately. Around midnight he decided to leave. Neighbors later reported hearing loud, angry voices at that time, but upon being questioned closely, they said that the voices might have been more "excited" than irate.

Clift had said he would follow Kevin McCarthy's car down to the point where Benedict Canyon spills into Sunset Boulevard. That was reassuring to everyone present. Clift's friends were worried about him; most of his friends are continually worried about him. He seems to have well-defined tendencies toward self-destruction.

The two cars departed. A few minutes later there was a shattering, ear-splitting crash, and immediately afterward McCarthy reappeared at the Wildings' house. He said that Clift's car had had a terrible accident. He rushed to the telephone to call for assistance. Miss Taylor suddenly screamed, "Monty! Monty!" and started to run outside. The others tried to hold her back, but she was not to be held.

Clift had missed a turn. His car had smashed into a roadside tree. It was a mass of twisted wreckage, ready for the junk heap.

Dr. Rex Kennamer, a doctor regarded highly in the West Los Angeles area, arrived in a short time. He found Clift still in the front seat, bleeding profusely from cuts on the face. Miss Taylor was holding his head in her lap, making comforting sounds between sobs. Dr. Kennamer later declared that it was a miracle the actor had survived his crash.

"We were sure he was dead," McCarthy later reported to a young actress friend, Barbara Gould. "We couldn't understand how a man could bleed so much and still live. There were even pools of blood on the road."

Clift suffered a brain concussion, severe cuts of the face, a fractured jaw and a badly broken nose. For a time it was feared that his face would never be sufficiently mended for him to be a movie star again.

As they were taking him out of the car, Clift came partially back to consciousness. His eyelids fluttered and he began to mumble. His words were later reported by one of the men who helped extricate him from the wreckage. They were indistinguishable at first, but then one phrase became audible:

"If only I'd been able to do it. If only I could have done it . . ."

Then he lapsed into unconsciousness and they took him off to the hospital. What he meant he could not—or would not—later explain. Montgomery Clift has a determinedly reticent nature and an apparent unwillingness to evaluate himself in realistic terms. Perhaps he was reluctant to face the possibility that he *wanted* to harm himself severely.

Clift at that time was a disturbed human being. Many of his friends were saying, "Monty is his own worst enemy. He seems to loathe himself." Other events that happened after his recovery, when he had gone back to work on "Raintree," seemed to bear out those statements.

As shooting progressed, Clift's awkward, graceless movements seemed to make him easy prey for accidents. "Monty is the worst-coordinated man I've ever seen,"

said Millard Kauffman, writer of the "Raintree" script.

Apparently this was right. One morning in Natchez, Mississippi, Clift started running for the limousine that was to carry him to the "Raintree" location set. At the same time, a young girl ran up to ask him for his autograph. Clift slammed into her and knocked her down. The girl suffered a sprained ankle. Later, on the set, Monty tripped over a rock and fell flat on the ground, sustaining a slight cut over his left eye. In Danville, Kentucky, he stumbled again and broke his toe.

The latter accident was only one of many delays in the shooting of the picture. It infuriated his co-workers. "All right," one said later, "so he's got a broken toe. So he's out for a couple of days and then goes back to work. That doesn't make him a hero. If he hadn't been so careless, he wouldn't have broken the toe in the first place."

Eva Marie Saint, who was in Danville with the company, reports that many times she had cause to worry over Clift's seeming disregard for his own safety. "There was one scene where he had to run and swing aboard a moving train," she says. "He began running for it, and I couldn't look. I was certain he was going to miss. It didn't seem possible that he could make it but, thank God, he did."

When Clift's minor injuries caused delay in shooting, he was frantically apologetic

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to cast and crew alike. One day he came down with a severe toothache that later proved to be an ulcerated jaw. "He went around explaining it to everybody," one sound man says. "And it seemed to me that in the very explanation he was relishing the fact that he was in pain."

Clift is extraordinarily soft-skinned. "His emotions," says one friend, "are just beneath the surface. He's as sensitive as an overbred kitten. We were watching some 'Raintree' rushes in the projection room one day, when all of a sudden a terrible, racking, death-rattle of a sob broke out of him. Even though it was his own performance he was watching, he was so moved he had to rush out of the room."

Such mysterious, compulsive behavior is all the more bewildering when one considers that Clift ought to be at the peak of his powers. He has one of those faces which seems to improve with age. "Women go for that drawn, haggard look more than they go for the clean-cut type," says Kendis Rochlen, the Los Angeles columnist. Many agree. Monty, however, finds a certain disadvantage in his looks, despite feminine approval.

"He feels he's getting typed," says a friend. "He's always playing the brooding, unhappy kid—the Monty Clift type, you might say. He wants to do something more challenging."

Still, every role challenges him, within

its limits. Actors who have worked with Monty attest to the fact that he is hard on himself.

The truth seems to be that Clift's odd approach to life is rooted in emotional turmoil. There are a few keys to his present personality, though they are difficult to find. His parents, immediate family and close friends have entered into a tacit understanding which forbids them from discussing him frankly. Nevertheless, what stands out is striking.

Edward Montgomery Clift was one of a pair of twins born to Ethel and William Brooks Clift on October 17, 1920, in Omaha, Nebraska. His twin sister, Roberta, is now Mrs. Robert McGinnis of Austin, Texas. His older brother, William Brooks Clift, Jr., is a television producer in New York City. Monty's father has always been a business executive—first a banker, later an investment counselor. After working in a bank in Omaha, the senior Clift went on to other financial positions in Kansas City, Chicago, and eventually New York.

"We are very conservative people, because of my husband's business," Mrs. Clift said recently. "We do not like to discuss our private affairs for that reason."

Mrs. Clift did say, however, that in her opinion Montgomery was a normal child. But she added that he had always been thin, highstrung and extremely impressionable. His sister confirms this view. She declares that on occasion, when Monty's mother was reading him a story, the boy would become so aroused that he would burst into tears. But neither his sister nor his mother feel that Monty's sensitivity was in any way connected with his home life as a child. They believe that he was "nervous" from birth.

A doctor in Hollywood who once met and spoke at length to Clift concludes, "Obviously, the young man is the product of a childhood in which he felt he was not getting his due of love and affection. This is often the case with twins; one will feel that the other is getting all the attention. It is also familiar in the case of children whose brothers or sisters are not much older. Clift's brother Brooks is only about eighteen months older than the twins. Furthermore, the parents led an active life. They moved around a good deal and often went to Europe on long visits. Continuous travel can operate to the disadvantage of the insecure child."

Clift himself once remarked to reporter Eleanor Harris, "I call all that traveling a hobgoblin existence for children. Why weren't roots established? Look at my brother. He's been married three times."

In one sense, the "hobgoblin existence" actually worked to Monty's benefit. A craving for affection frequently brings out talent which perhaps might not develop if the person were altogether adjusted to life. By becoming an actor, Clift was not only bidding for attention outside his family, but also striving to prove his worth within it. He himself admits that his desire to go on the stage was rooted in a need to compete with his sister and older brother.

He was thirteen when the decision was made. His father had had a financial disaster and needed to do more traveling than ever to get back on his feet. He decided to establish a residence for his wife and children in Sarasota, Florida. While there, young Montgomery heard of an amateur group that was putting on a play called "As Husbands Go." He went around to find out "if they had any parts for boys." They did. His career was launched.

The conservative William Brooks Clift was never altogether happy with his son's choice of a career. Acting, he pointed out,

was a highly unstable profession. This it might be, Monty agreed, but he loved it. Besides which he had special needs. Needs developed by his love-starved family life and encouraged by his consequent lack of communication with other children.

As a youngster Monty never had any special friends. A girl who knew him in Florida says, "He kept to himself. He was always polite, but there was something brooding about him that held others at a distance." In the theatre Clift found some of the emotional satisfaction he needed. He could establish contact with his audience and receive warmth, affection and approval without giving anything of himself emotionally to another person.

Even today Monty remains withdrawn. Elizabeth Taylor, calling him "my closest friend" in one breath, admits in the next that she is not certain she understands him. Norman Mailer, the novelist, says, "Monty is one of the few people I've known for years of whom I can say, 'I don't know him at all.'"

From Florida the Clifts moved to Connecticut. That was in 1935. Young Monty began going to New York, looking for acting jobs. Thomas Mitchell, the veteran character actor, was planning to try out a show called "Fly Away Home" in summer stock. Clift read for the part and was hired. His parents gave their reluctant approval, then kept a close watch on him. His mother accompanied him to the theatre, waited until he had done his nightly stint, then took him home. Such close supervision often causes conflicts in a youthful, impressionistic mind. On the one hand, there is a need for love and attention; on the other there is a growing need for independence. A companionship between parent and child that is too close inhibits the natural development of maturity.

These conflicts in Clift explain in part his inability to form a permanent, lasting relationship with any woman approximately his own age. There have been girls in his life, but none has remained long. Judy Balaban (now Mrs. Jay Kanter), daughter of a motion picture company executive, was seen with him frequently for several months, and was said to have been in love with him. It was more a schoolgirl crush than anything else. But Clift could not reciprocate. Today, Mrs. Kanter does not like to talk about the involvement.

The most important woman in Clift's life has been Elizabeth Taylor. She went about with him before and after her marriages to Nicky Hilton and Michael Wilding. A former M-G-M press agent recalls meeting her once at Idlewild Airport in New York, with a limousine and chauffeur. She refused to drive back to the city in the studio car, preferring to ride in Clift's. But although Monty is as close to Miss Taylor as he is to any other woman, he evidently was unable to permit his friendship to develop into love.

"Monty is like a schoolboy who worships from afar," one friend says. "In Hollywood, around the time he was finishing 'Raintree,' he had one of his crushes on Jean Simmons. But Jean is happily married. You see, Monty only permits himself to get involved with women with whom no real relationship, no marriage, is possible."

Libby Holman, a singer who is nearly fifteen years older than Clift, is his most constant companion.

"He's very happy when he's with Libby," one of Clift's friends says. "Possibly because he's found in her the mother he was looking for and never found in his own mother."

Clift snorts at this explanation. All he will say, however, is, "Libby is one of my

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Across

1. "The Saga of —"
8. "Ten Thousand Bedrooms" has two
12. One of "Three Violent People"
13. "Hot Summer Night" hero
15. *Mr. Allison* (init.)
16. Mrs. Laughton (init.)
17. Airwaves' Carpenter or Murray
18. Debbie is Carrie's —
20. Formerly *Maisie* (init.)
21. "It's —" (song, early Doris Day hit)
24. Singer Arden
25. She likes matadors (init.)
27. "The Young —"
29. Cagney is now playing Lon Chaney, —
30. A big — helps at the box office
32. Character actor Neville
33. "— Get Your Gun"
34. Ex-racketeer in "The Girl Can't Help It" (init.)
35. Kelly, Nelson, Tierney
36. Late character actor who was TV's *Long John Silver* (init.)
37. General in 63 Across (init.)
38. Husband of 9 Down (init.)
39. Diminutive Saturday-night TV comic (init.)
40. "Love — a Many-Splendored Thing"
41. "Arrivederci —" (song)
44. "— Alone" (song)
45. Making a good movie is no easy —
48. Sailor in "The Rose Tattoo"

49. Do you think "Baby Doll" is in good —?
50. "The — Country," Jimmy Stewart starrer
52. Pert young redhead
56. "I've Told Every Little —" (song)
57. John Wayne's current film profession
59. Brynner doesn't need it
61. "Men — War"
62. Newcomers shouldn't — the mannerisms of stars
63. "The — Road"
66. PHOTOPLAY readers were — in the Gold Medal election
69. "— It Romantic?" (song)
71. "The Seventh —"
72. "The Fastest Gun —"
73. Heroine in "The Wings of Eagles"
74. Singer Horne

Down

1. One of PHOTOPLAY's "Stars of 1957"
2. Real name of 1 Across
3. "Seven Waves Away" star
4. Veteran British star
5. Bette Davis' first husband (init.)
6. TV's friendly dragon
7. A smart interviewer can — personal questions politely
8. Sal Mineo is still a —
9. Dancing girl in "Zarak" (init.)
10. "You Are — Beautiful" (song)
11. She's dated Elvis (init.)
14. "— Fall in Love" (song)
16. "The — and I"
18. Widmark is one of — native sons
19. Blonde in "Untamed Youth"
22. Danny Kaye role
23. Hero of "Autumn Leaves" (init.)
26. *Samantha* in "Friendly Persuasion" and others
28. Van Doren's husband (init.)
31. Heroine of "Slander"
33. Shirley Temple's ex
37. "Because You're —" (song)
42. Where the coin was nailed in "Moby Dick"
43. Top dancing star
44. Ex-drunkard in "The Big Land"
46. "Show Boat" is loved for — music
47. "Top Secret —"
51. Locale of "The Mountain"
52. "It's Only a — Moon" (song)
53. What Jennifer Jones' girlhood chums might call her
54. Mrs. Kovacs (init.)
55. Mansfield is said to be Monroe's —
58. Movies' Col. Hess (init.)
60. Nobody has the title — in "The Great Man"
64. First name of 25 Across
65. Original name of Ingrid Bergman's oldest daughter
67. Wendell Corey wears the — star in "The Rainmaker"
68. "On the Waterfront" heroine
70. "23 Paces — Baker Street"

very closest friends. She's a wonderful person."

After "Fly Away Home," which played in stock and then ran seven months in New York, Clift's destiny was sealed. He would not think of anything but acting as a career. His schooling had always been haphazard—he'd had a succession of tutors and had only gone to one school, a private one in New York, for a year. Now he abandoned all thought of formal education and threw himself into the business of carving out a stage career.

"Monty haunted the theatres," a friend of those days recalls, "and when he wasn't seeing plays or looking for work, he was over in the Public Library reading about the theatre. I'll bet he read every book on the stage ever written."

Clift's first break in the theatre was followed closely by his first big disappointment. He was up for the part of the oldest boy in "Life With Father," and was being considered for the role by the authors, Howard Lindsay and Russell Crouse. "We finally decided against him," Lindsay recalls, "because he was a little 'special' . . . he wasn't quite the lad of the Nineties we had in mind. He looked a little too intellectual."

Clift was nearly beside himself with disappointment. He was certain that some aspect of his acting had caused him to lose the job, and he threw himself into his work with even greater intensity. It is safe to say that few actors in the history of the American theatre have demanded so much of themselves in preparing for roles—even small roles. When a part required that the character imitate a dog barking, Clift studied with a professional animal imitator until he had mastered the proper barks. When another role required him to pretend to play a flute, he became a passable flautist. Before reporting for work on "Red River," his first movie, he became an expert horseman.

"Red River" came after Clift's unprecedented intensity had carried him through a succession of smash hits on Broadway: with the Lunts in "There Shall Be No Night," with Tallulah Bankhead in "The Skin of Our Teeth," in "Our Town," "The Searching Wind," "Foxhole in the Parlor," and "You Touched Me."

He was also with Fredric March and Florence Eldridge in a play called "Your Obedient Husband," at which time he suddenly came down with a case of mumps, promptly picked up by several other members of the cast. "It wasn't Monty's fault, but he felt personally responsible," says the press agent for that show. "We all pitied the kid; he took it so hard."

This is one of the few instances on record in which a press agent expressed any sympathy for Clift. He was, and is, the bane of all publicists' existence. He often refuses to show up for interviews, cancels appointments with writers and in general treats reporters with scorn. A Hollywood newspaperman once encountered him in Martindale's bookshop in Beverly Hills, moodily paging through a copy of Dostoevski's "The Brothers Karamazov." "Hello, Monty," he said cordially. Clift looked up like a frightened deer, hastily put down the book and scurried out of the shop.

Clift's major success on Broadway came during World War II. A chronic ailment of the colon, which Clift (who fancies himself a medical authority) says he picked up on a trip to Mexico, kept him out of the service. Subsequently his career in New York prospered. Before long he was much in demand, and before long his temperament began to assert itself.

One hot summer night during the run of "Foxhole in the Parlor," Monty made the theatre hands turn off the air-condi-

tioning equipment, explaining to the management that it was interfering with his performance.

"He was a calculated eccentric," says Richard Maney, the noted Broadway publicist. "He could have given lessons to Brando, whom he preceded in the goofy department. That may be why he and Tallulah got along. That is, at least she spoke to Monty, which was more than she did to Brando when they appeared together."

Most of Clift's eccentricity was not calculated, however. Somewhere along the way he developed a genuine passion to live his own life, alone and undisturbed, something few stars ever have been able to achieve. Part of it may have been due to the restraining influence of his parents in his early years. And part of it may have been due to his belief, developed in childhood, that nobody loved him or cared about him. To compensate for that, he chose to go it alone, as though to prove to the world that it didn't really matter whether anyone cared for him or not.

So he lives today virtually alone. He has a secretary, Marjorie Stengel, who takes care of his appointments and helps protect him from the world. In his New York apartment, a duplex in the East Sixties, a housekeeper comes in and cleans for him; in Hollywood, in the secluded furnished houses he sublets, he employs an Oriental houseboy. He regards the New York place as his real home, and when he is in town he will shut himself up in it for days, never answering the telephone, rarely bothering to dress except in a bathrobe, reading and listening to his large collection of records.

"Monty may be in town for weeks and you'll never hear from him," says one friend, "and then, all of a sudden, you'll see a good deal of him. That's Monty; you have to get used to his moods if you want to keep him for a friend."

Clift himself sees nothing unusual about this behavior. He blames everything on the extreme concentration he brings to each role. If he appears in a restaurant without money, as sometimes happens, he shrugs, as though to explain that he was thinking of something else while he was dressing—which, in fact, probably was the case. "I don't believe he knows how much money he has," says Laurence Beilenson, his attorney and business adviser in Hollywood. "He's not rich, as some stars are, but he's comfortable. Yet I get the impression that even if he were broke it would not matter much to him."

A good deal of his money goes for travel. Whenever he can get away, he's off—Europe, Cuba, Mexico. Sometimes he travels with Kevin McCarthy and his wife Augusta Dabney, regarded by other friends as Clift's "substitute parents."

"He's still looking for affection, still searching," one acquaintance has said. "In that sense, the travel is symbolic. And in that sense, he's never grown up. He's still a little unloved boy in his own mind, trying to resolve the conflicts developed in childhood, and yet unwilling to grow up and face himself as Monty Clift, the man."

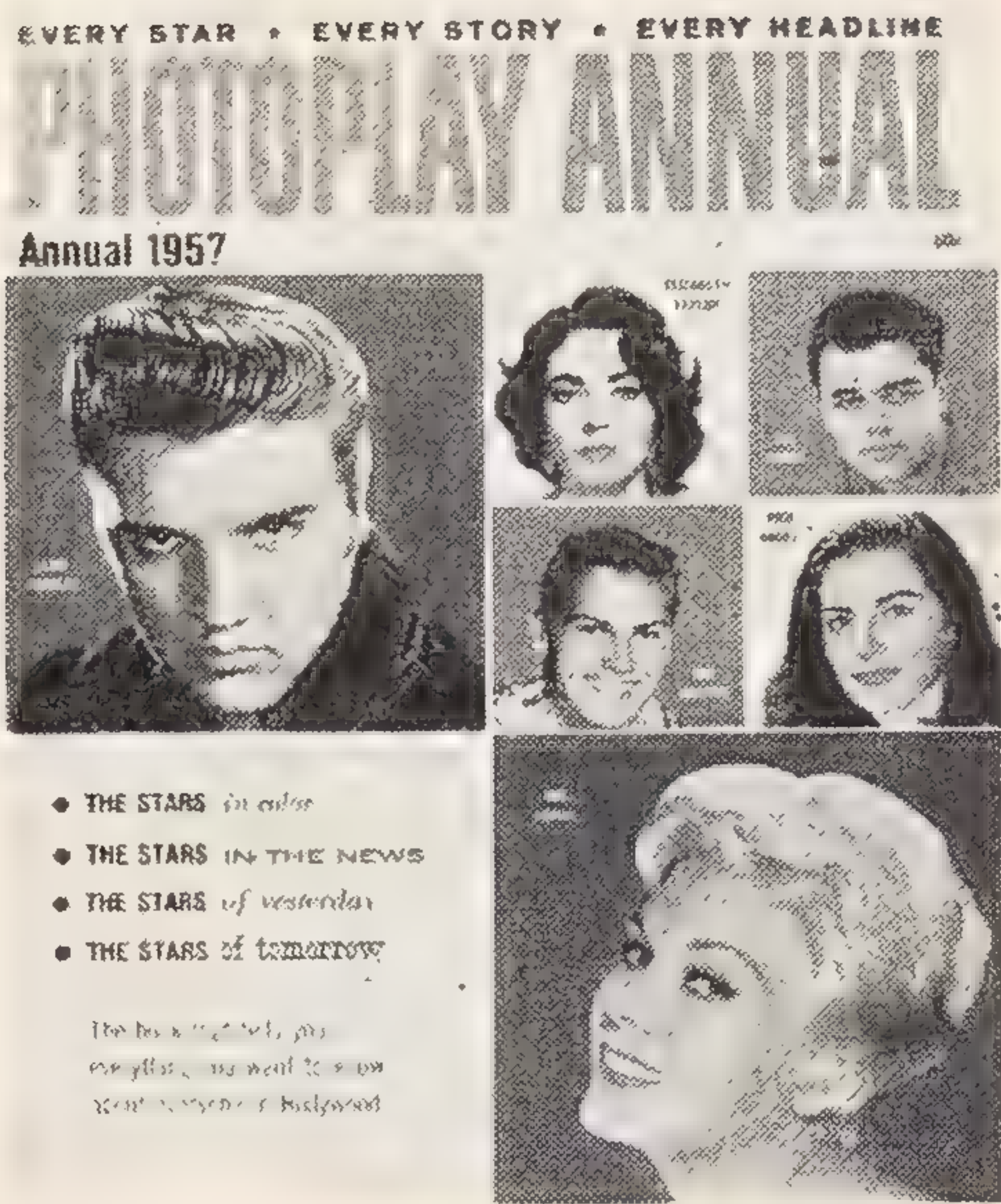
That may be the most important key to the character of this complex, fascinating personality, a personality which has developed into one of the finest acting talents of our time, as well as one of the most puzzling eccentrics in a world of oddballs. At this writing, Clift seems to be faced with the choice of growing up or cracking up. The path he chooses is solely up to him. His many fans and friends devoutly hope it will be the former. **THE END**

PLAN TO SEE: Montgomery Clift in M-G-M's "Rain-tree County."

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Fame Cloaks the Lonely Heart

(Continued from page 43)

herself—and privacy is a luxury she cannot afford. She is beautiful—and must slave to make the world forget or at least ignore it. She has glamorous clothes, yet she has neither the time nor even the desire to wear them. She has no time for anything that is frivolous or dilatory, that is not work or the preparing for work. Today she is caught up in a feverish drive to earn the fame that is already hers—and in that she has no time to live or to love.

Kim Novak's star has risen far beyond the heights envisioned by the little dreamer of Sayre Street. And Kim Novak is consumed with an unrelenting need for Kim, the actress, to catch up with Kim, the star.

Phenomenally, with only six pictures behind her, Kim is starring in the "Jeanne Eagels" story, a difficult dramatic role coveted by every top actress in town. Immediately thereafter Miss Novak, who has never sung or danced professionally, is joining professionals Frank Sinatra and Rita Hayworth in "Pal Joey." As a result, she is working too many hours a day, both on and off camera.

"It's now or never," Kim says. "Things won't wait. I'm not bucking for anything. I'm just trying to do the best job I can."

Perhaps the reason for this is that Kim still feels left out. In her own mind she does not belong to the group in which she now lives—the group of talented, able people, the real craftsmen of the movie industry. Desperately she is trying to be one of them. Others may be as well known as she, but they have more ability. "Someone else could just step into 'Jeanne' and do it right," Kim says. "But I have to work. I have to catch up with my fame."

Unfortunately, Kim is at a disadvantage. She didn't start as one of the dedicated; movies fell into her lap without half trying. "I never starved to act," she says. "I never painted scenery. This wasn't a burning thing from childhood for me, as it has been for so many others. I didn't fight for it. But today it's in my blood, and I want it to stay."

To Kim's friends it seems as though the contest is an inner one—Kim against herself; Kim against her feelings of inferiority; Kim against her fears of never being good enough. They are afraid her standards are too high, that she expects too much. They have seen her become ill with fright and anxious with worry over a new role. Her friends are concerned, and rightly so. Kim is driving herself at an inhuman pace.

Mac Krim was one of the first to speak

out. "Look, Kim," he said, "your health comes first. The human body will only take so much."

But Kim doesn't listen. "I can't help it," she says. "I have to do this now. After 'Jeanne Eagels' I'll take it easier."

This is what she said after "Picnic." This is what she said after "The Eddy Duchin Story." Mac thinks that this is what she will say after "Pal Joey."

What Kim seems to fear as much as not making the grade, despite all her hard work, is not being wanted by the public after a while. She is obsessed by a feeling of impermanence. It is actually a basic disbelief in her own popularity. People don't really like her, she reasons; they just think they do—now. The fear wells up in her stronger when she imagines that at the height of her artistic achievement she will be box-office zero. All the work will have gone for nothing. It does no good to point out her fabulous success to date—how she was polled number-one box-office star by *Box Office Magazine* itself. Her first reaction was simply, "Ridiculous! It couldn't be true!" Then, when she finally believed that it was true: "Do you realize, now all I can do is go down?"

Not, however, in the experienced opinion of producer-director George Sidney who's directing Kim Novak in both "Jeanne Eagels" and "Pal Joey," and foresees a long and sparkling future for her. "Like Jeanne Eagels, Kim Novak is a natural," he says. "She has that golden thing you can't give anybody if it isn't there. Kim was born with the magic called talent."

"We wouldn't have made the 'Jeanne Eagels' story without Kim," Sidney says. No other actress was considered for the title role in the picture he describes as "the story of the rise and fall of a meteor who came out of nowhere and blazed across the sky too fast and broke into a thousand pieces. That was Jeanne Eagels."

"Kim is in essence very much like her. Kim has depth and with it the same kind of spirit, the freedom and abandon, the same latent ability that made Jeanne Eagels the great actress of the American theatre."

But although "Eagels" is in the vernacular an "Oscar part," Kim says she isn't driving for an Academy Award. "I don't believe in making goals. Then you're just disappointed. But whatever I do, I give everything. That's the way I am. I can't understand anybody doing any job and not doing the best she can."

Which is all too true, Kim's friends say, of "Kim, the perfectionist."

Mac Krim learned early in their acquaintance how determined Kim can be about any project. Mac plays polo and Kim, who's mad about horses, would ride along and cool off the horses with him. One day she insisted on hitting a ball off a horse.

"Oh no you don't," he said.

"If you do it, I can," Kim insisted. Whereupon she grabbed a helmet and a mallet and took off—right over the horse's head.

"Kim took a nasty spill. She was bruised and shaken up, but she insisted on remounting immediately. Not many girls would do that. This I liked very much," Mac recalls.

Ironically enough, it was the same determination—with another goal—that was to take Novak out of Mac Krim's life so much of the time later on.

"Kim is so conscientious about her work—I can't tell you. At dinner Kim's studying her script. Riding along in the car, she's reading her script. Before she started 'Jeanne Eagels' Kim was studying dancing for 'Pal Joey' four hours a day. When I picked her up at night, the kid would come limping out of the studio."

"Take your shoes off," Mac would say when Kim crawled wearily into the car. And as he recalls now, "She would have Band-Aids on her feet, and blisters. They would be bleeding."

"Nobody works as hard as Kim," agrees Norma Kasell, Kim's secretary and her long-time Chicago friend, who first encouraged a shy, insecure teenager to take up the modeling that eventually brought her to Hollywood. "Kim would dance so long and so hard, she'd dance herself right out of her shoes and not even notice. Kim would stay with a step until she got it if it took all night. Kim loses herself completely in whatever she's doing, and it has to be right—exactly right."

Kim is a brutal critic of her own performances. In a projection room she will agonize over even a wrist movement that appears awkward to her. When a reviewer of one of her earlier pictures remarked that Kim essayed such-and-such role "and looked beautiful throughout," Kim was in tears. "Who cares about looking beautiful throughout," she said. For Kim, her beauty is just one more obstacle in proving she's an actress.

When she isn't working before the cameras, Kim takes drama lessons from Benno Schneider at the Columbia studio from ten A.M. until noon, dancing lessons all afternoon, singing lessons from seven to eight P.M. (or before ten A.M.). Two evenings weekly she spends four hours working with Batomi Schneider's drama class. The other three evenings she usually rehearses for the class. Dinner? Often a hot cup of soup and a hamburger she picks up at Googie's en route home to change clothes.

"If I fix something at the apartment, I relax and let down. This way I don't lose my momentum," explains Kim. "When I let down, I let down all the way. Then I can't do anything more. I have to keep right on going now. It's the drive that keeps you going."

However, for all Kim's "drive," the physical hardships, long hours and loss of sleep almost caught up with her. The studio had been working against time from the beginning, to finish by the first of March in order to keep commitments with Frank Sinatra and Rita Hayworth for "Pal Joey."

Costumed scantily as a hootchy-kootchy dancer in the carnival scenes, Kim worked during rain sequences and freezing nights.

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When a studio worker tried to put a coat around her between scenes, Kim said, "I've got to get used to this—without the coat—so I can go right into the scene."

"This one is exceptionally hard," Kim continued. "I haven't slept more than three hours a day since we started. After we get through working, I have to have my hair done, and with this elaborate hairdo, that sometimes takes four hours. By then it's midnight if we are working days, and I'm due back at the studio by four or five A.M. We shoot Saturdays. And on Sundays I'm supposed to rehearse. We never have time to rehearse on the set."

"I came to work one afternoon at two-thirty and I didn't finish until the next day." At eleven the next morning Kim was driving across the ranch lot when another player hailed her with, "Just coming to work?" She'd never been home.

"I don't intend to do this from here on," Kim said earnestly, meaning every word at the time. "At first I've had to work hard to make up for lost time. But I'll let down after this one. Not during *this*," she said quickly. *This* was "Jeanne Eagels"—Jeanne too worked this way.

Kim feels a double responsibility in playing the part of the famous actress whose name is legend in the theatre today. As she told a friend, "I have got to do it right—I'm Jeanne Eagels."

Kim has dedicated herself to this portrayal, yet part of her is the sentimental girl from Sayre Street, Chicago, who feels she may be missing something, the part who says, "For three years now I've been working on the day of my birthday. We worked New Year's Eve and I went home and fell asleep at nine P.M. On Christmas afternoon I had to come in and get my hair done and rehearse some dialogue changes. This is a little too much . . ."

Then as usual come Kim's famous last

words, "But after this one—I'll let down." During this one, Kim's dressing-room walls are taped with clippings of Jeanne as *Sadie Thompson* in "Rain." She has talked to everybody who ever knew Jeanne Eagels on the West Coast. She has had long sessions with her understudy, whom she found still living here. Together with Norma Kasell, Kim has combed every library for material about Jeanne. They had amassed two scrapbooks full. "I've read every line ever written about Jeanne. You have to do this to know the person, to become the person," says Kim.

From the beginning Kim's chief anxiety concerned the latter tragic sequences when the famed actress had resorted to alcohol and dope. Driving along Wilshire Boulevard with Mac Krim one night, Kim had said suddenly, "How will I do the alcoholic bit? You can't act a part unless you've lived it." Then she startled him, saying seriously, "Mac—you'll just have to get me intoxicated some night." Although it would never materialize, it would have been a double performance—neither of them drink.

Determined to stay in character emotionally, particularly in this challenging characterization, Kim told him conscientiously that she wouldn't be seeing too much of him during the picture. Particularly during the latter sequences. "I'll be horrible then. I don't want you to see me that way."

But during this happier time of the story, Kim Novak was bubbling along, typically keying her own mood to that of the character she's portraying.

Kim admittedly lives emotionally within that person as much as possible. And she would have little interest in Kim Novak for the time being. "I'm living Jeanne Eagels' life now and I think that's enough. I'm not Kim Novak at the moment."

And what interests Kim Novak doesn't interest me," she says frankly.

"But we have much in common," Kim goes on. "Jeanne was mercurial and sensitive, and with me everything changes too. My moods, my attitudes, the way I feel towards people—everything."

With Kim's wealth of imagination and emotion she sometimes gets so deeply within the character she's portraying, it's difficult for her to pull out—even if she would. During the filming of a dreamy death-mood sequence in "The Duchin Story," Kim terrified a friend one night with her strange expressions and behavior. "What's wrong with you?" her friend said.

"Oh—please forgive me," Kim said. "I can't get out of the Duchin bit."

Kim can't understand how more experienced stars can turn emotions off and on at will. To her close friends Kim explained when she went into "Jeanne Eagels" she wouldn't be seeing too much of them. "I've got to stay in character," she said. "I can't be Kim Novak at night and be Jeanne Eagels the next morning."

And a lovely serious-faced Kim was saying now, "I believe you keep a part of all the people you portray. Sometimes I think I've left Kim Novak somewhere along the way."

Not too far away. Not too far from the shy little girl named Marilyn who wrote poetry and lived within the vivid world of her own imagination peopled with lucky clowns and governed by a magic wishing tree. A little girl who used to recite her stories so graphically the teacher would protest to her mother, "Marilyn's imagination is inflaming the other children. Unless she stops, I'm not going to call on her."

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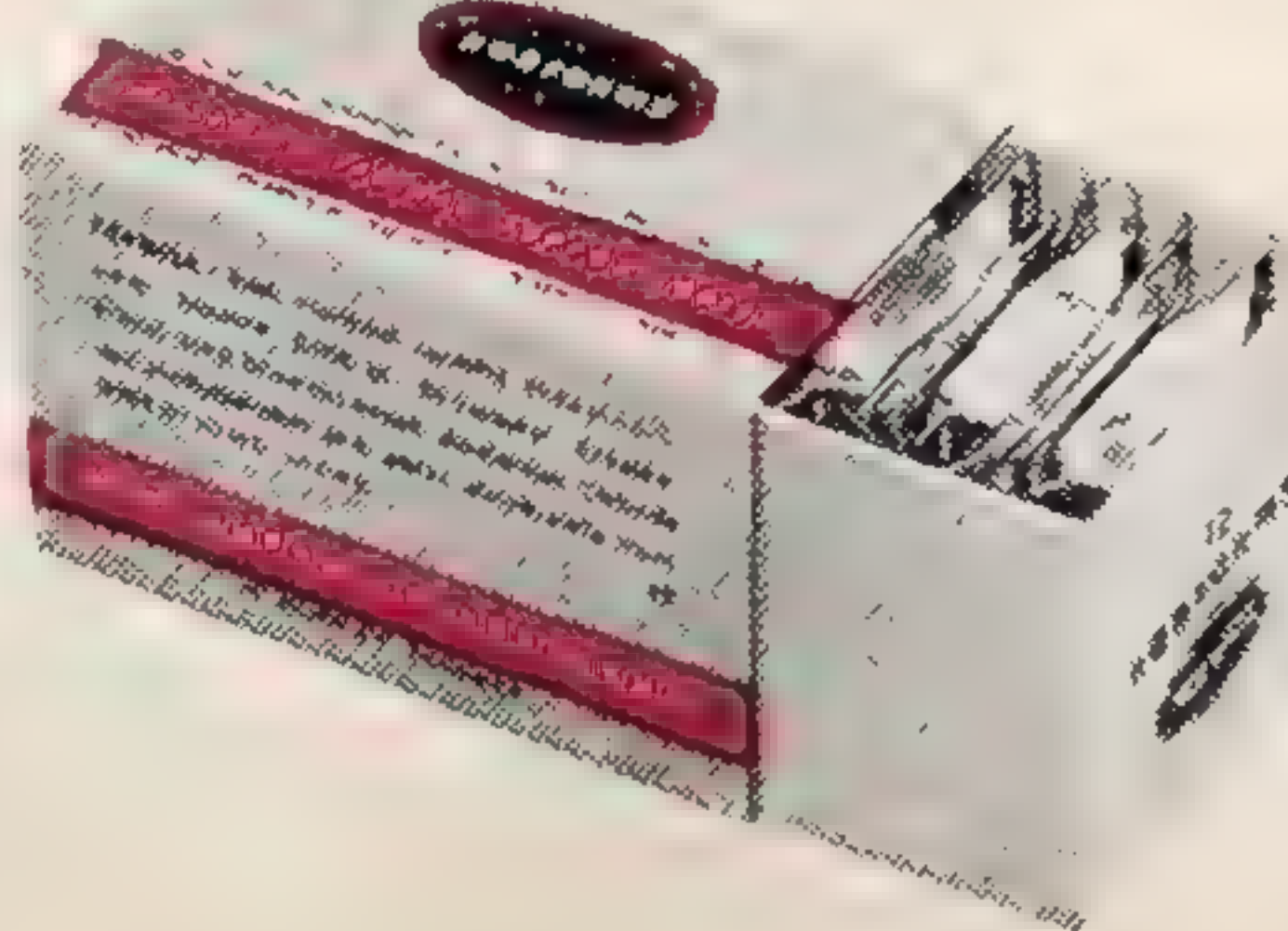
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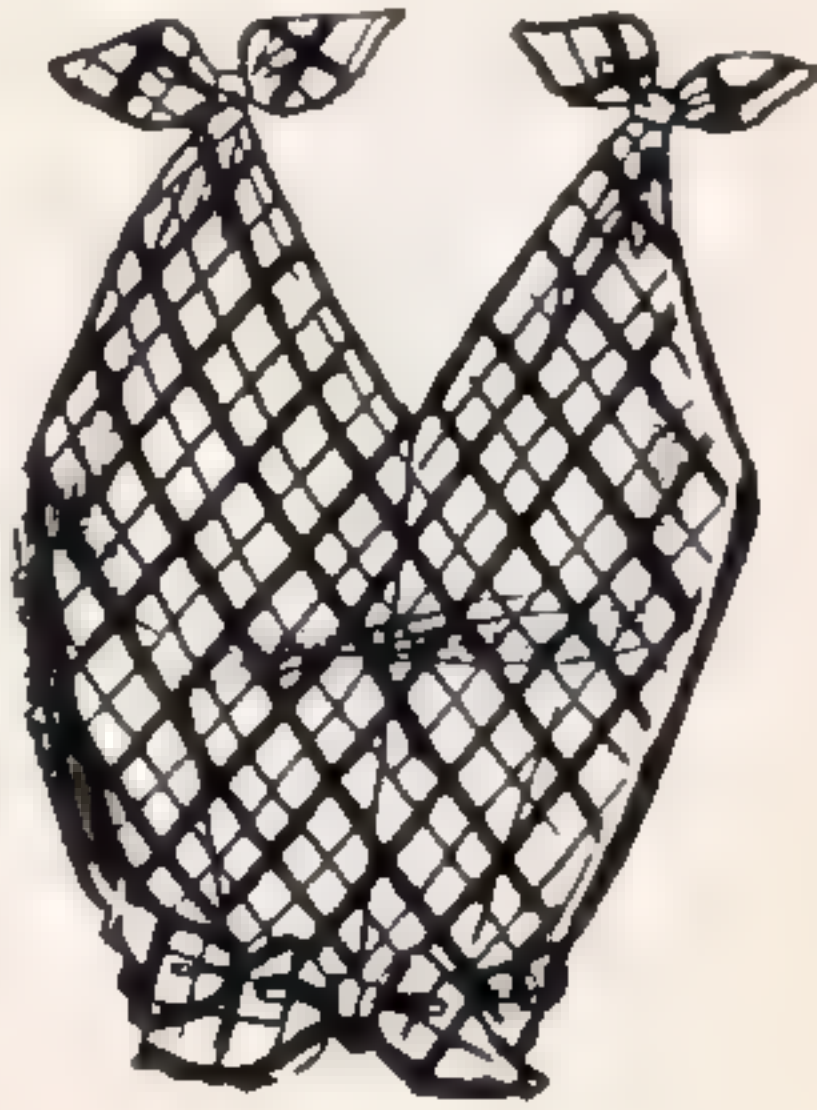
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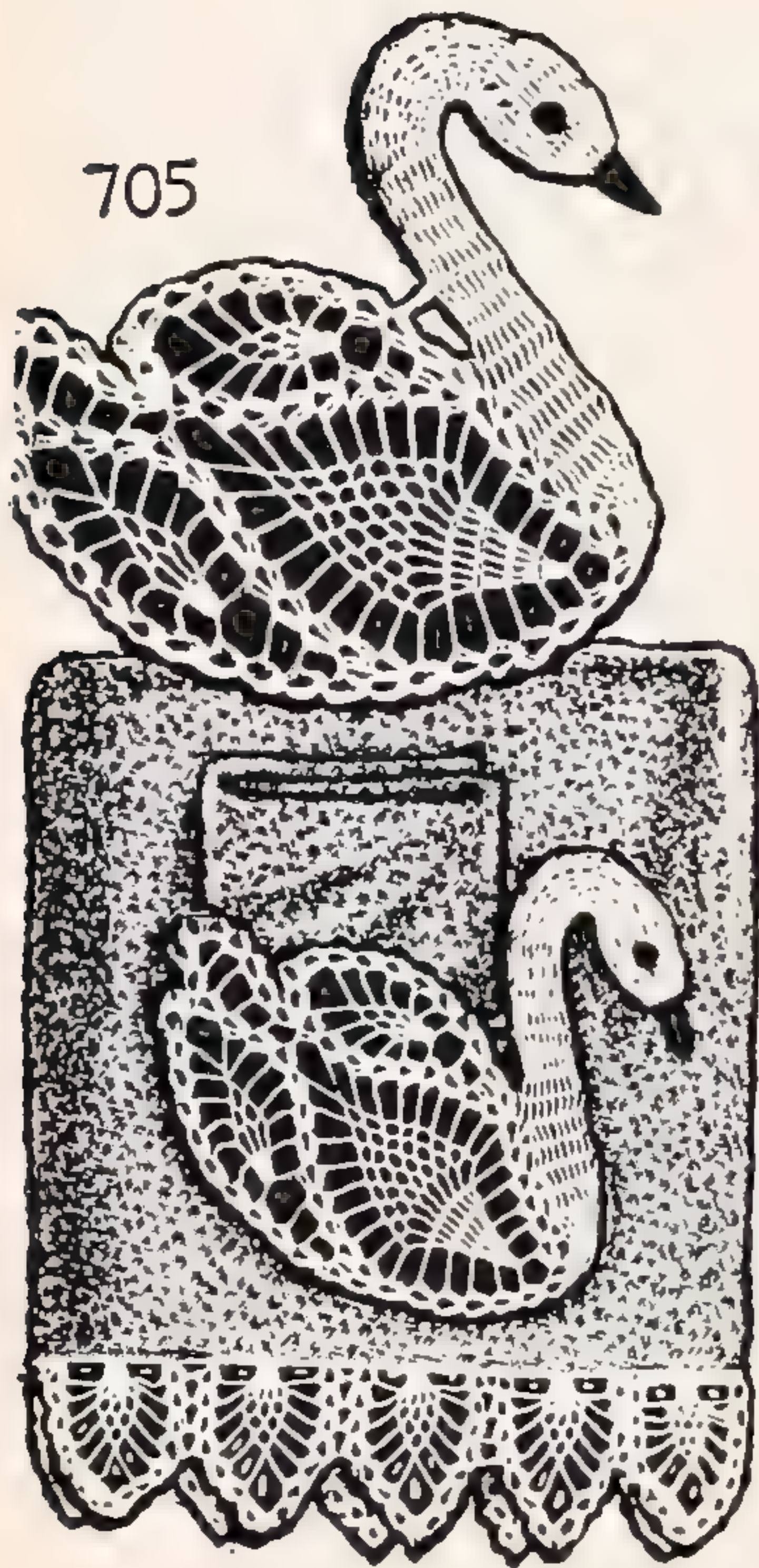


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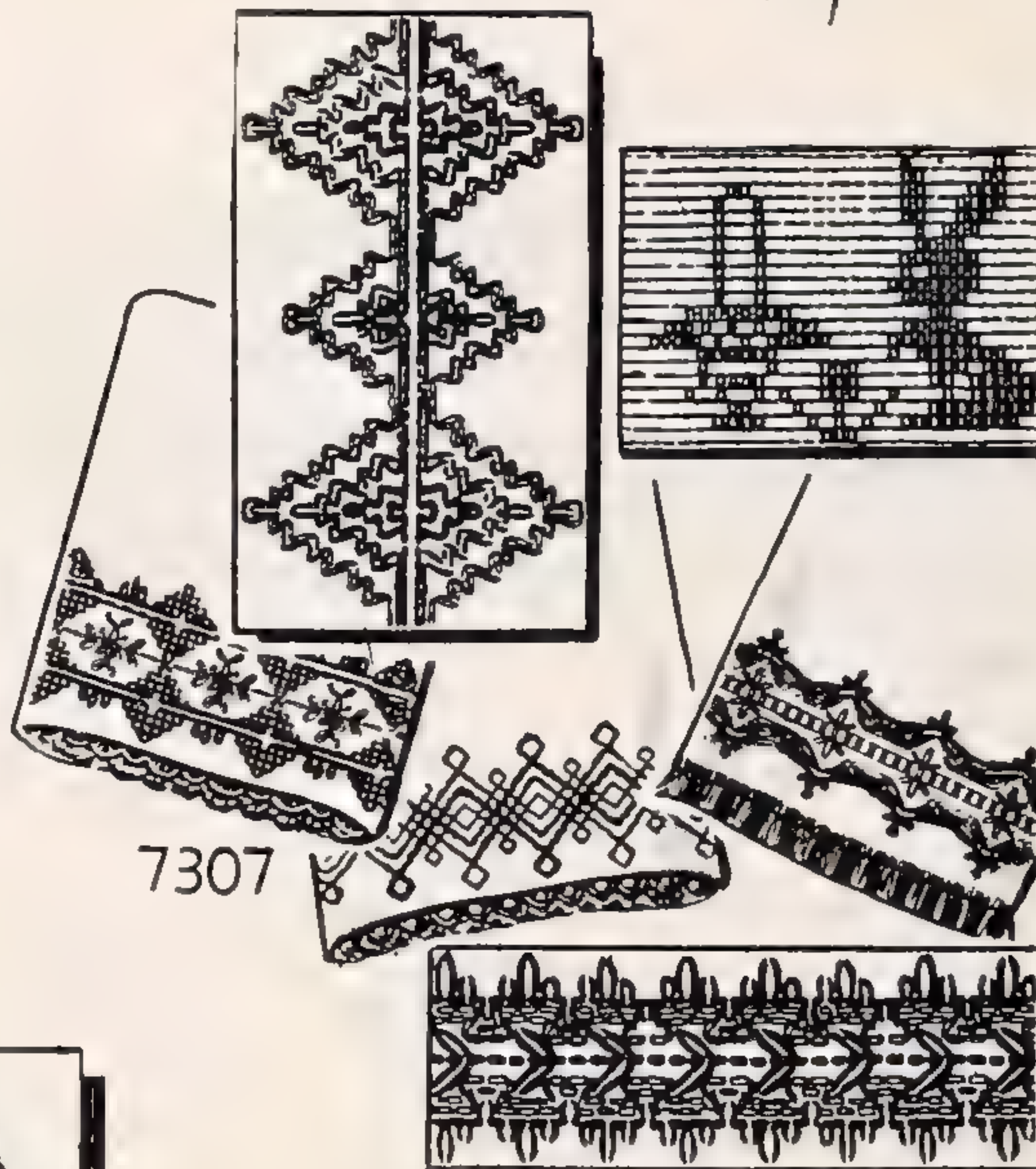
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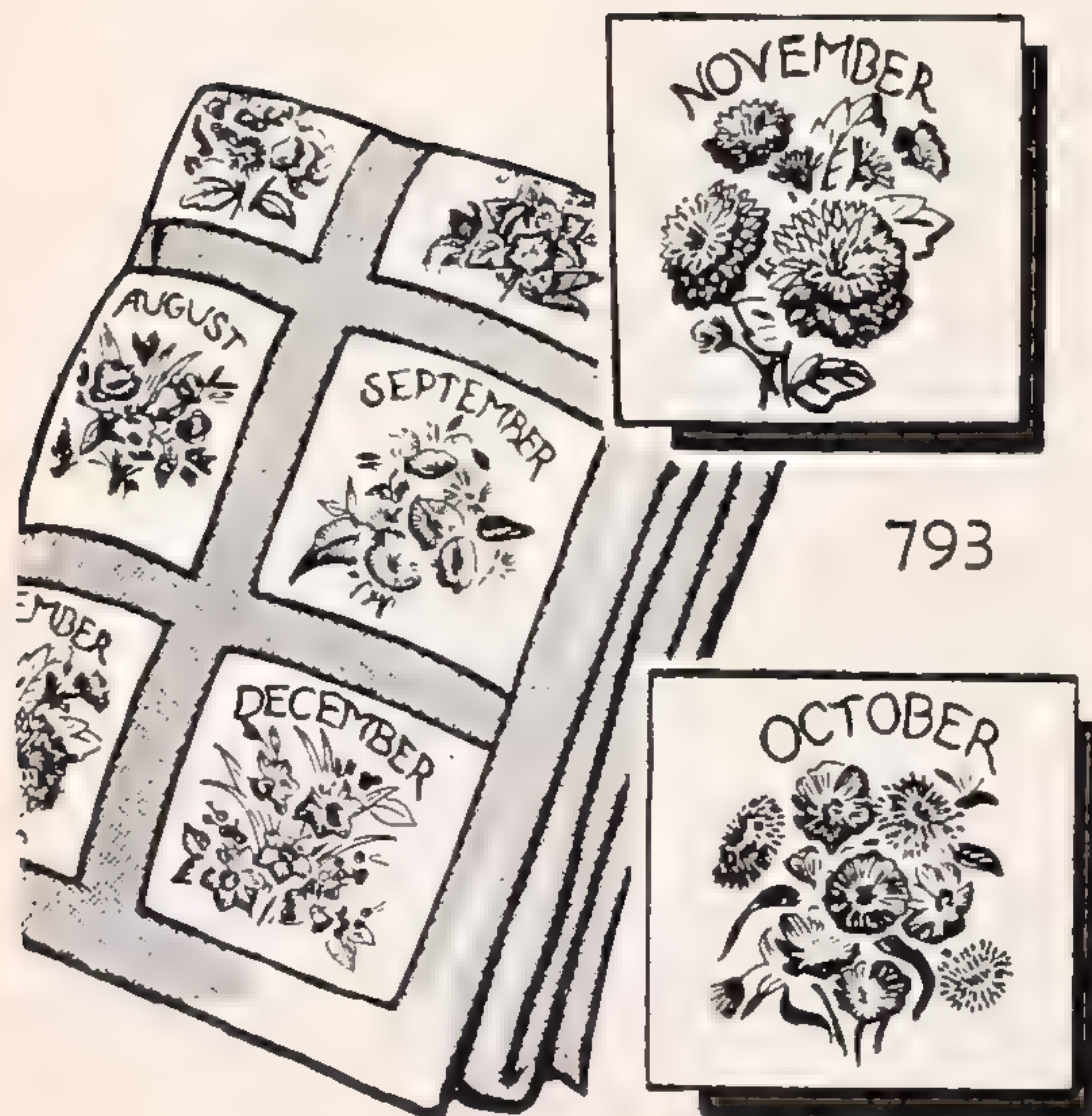
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793—A beautiful flower for every month of the year "blooming" on this cozy quilt! Diagrams, transfers of all twelve flowers included. Quilt, 72 x 102 inches

Kim's father, Joseph Novak, a former history teacher, later became a freight dispatcher for a railroad. She had a wonderful practical down-to-earth mother. And Marilyn's beloved Grandmother Kral was an immigrant from Prague, Czechoslovakia, who handed down to this little girl her own reverence for a worn black rosary.

Not too far from this background is Kim, the girl who worries when today's star-pressures close in so fast there's no breather to share life with those who mean much to her. As one who is close to her says, "Kim feels badly because there's so little time to be with all the friends she used to see. She worries. Will they understand?"

Not too fast, or too far, is the meteor that is carrying Kim Novak into fame's clouds today to bring her back to earth, rescued by her own substantial earthy heritage.

Kim is grateful for her early life. "I don't regret those years. They add to my happiness today," she says. "Because of them I can appreciate today even more. We never went without food. We always had the necessities—just no luxuries. And today it's a big thrill to be able to afford a few."

In spite of long hours and the wearying demands and the fierce pressures, today is a big thrill for Kim Novak. To all who consign her to a vale of tears as a "melancholy blonde," a "bewildered beauty" and the like, she says, "I'm not unhappy. I'm working with emotion all the time. I've always been quick to laugh and cry. When things unhappy happen—and in this business they always seem to be happening—I cry. I'm not good at shrugging it off when something goes wrong. I show how I feel. But when it's out and over, I don't go around brooding or boiling under the surface as many others do.

"There are all kinds of happiness. And I've had all kinds. But I've never had the work kind, and this is what I want now. Perhaps people think I'm unhappy because I don't do things that spell happiness to them. I've done all that. In college I belonged to a sorority and I went to dances. I've gone out a lot since, and I'm not through. I'm still going to live it up like crazy.

"But today, my work is my happiness. Believe me, if I were to get dressed up in party clothes—which I hate doing—and go to large parties, this would make me very unhappy. I don't like being out with crowds of people. I have to be with a lot of people all the time in my work. I've taken a little cottage down at the beach now and that's for me. Just give me a script to read and an open fire and I'm happy—

"And when I'm happy—nobody could be happier," laughs Kim. "Last week I was so happy," she recalls typically. "It was a beautiful day. I went swimming in the ocean—the picture was going great.

"I'm a moody and impulsive person and I go along with whatever I feel like doing at the time. Right now I want to work. This is work? A love scene with Jeff Chandler?" she says laughingly. Then she answers her own question about motion pictures. "This is work—but it's my happiness now. The only kind of happiness I haven't had is being married," says Kim. "But that will come."

Jeanne Eagels was happy too this day. "During this carnival sequence with Jeff she's at the very peak of her happiness," Kim says of Jeanne. "It's the happiest day of her life—but she doesn't know it. After this—no more."

And suddenly her two worlds are one. "Maybe it's the same thing with me," says Kim. "It may be when Mac and I were playing miniature golf last year and riding bicycles on Wilshire Boulevard. Right then may have been the happiest

days of my life. Someday I may look back and know this. But today—you don't know."

Today there isn't time to know. "I'm a one-way girl," Kim says in her own honest way. "This would be a very bad time for any man to be interested in me."

Gossip columns linking Kim with any number of various swains are a source of mystery to her. She's dated Sinatra briefly, but there have been only two men presently in Kim Novak's life, each important in his own way. Mac Krim, Bel Air sportsman and investment broker, of whom Kim says, "He's just a wonderful guy." And Count Mario Bandini, wealthy young Italian businessman, who was an exciting beau during Kim Novak's whole European adventure, when she attended the Cannes Film Festival last year.

Kim met the charming, intelligent Bandini at a luncheon in Rome. Although columnists keep referring to him as a Count, he told Kim that he was not a Count—that over there they just referred to him that way. Their first date was to go to a palace ball, with dreamy-eyed Kim in white swirling chiffon, surrounded by dignitaries and titles on every side.

Mario Bandini was a devoted, intelligent, charming escort, joining Kim and her publicity representative, Muriel Roberts, in Venice, Cannes, Paris—wherever they were, whenever his business interests allowed. He's associated with romantic memories of Maxim's and Harry's Bar and lilacs and Venetian gondolas and Neapolitan songs.

"Count Bandini—they've even got me doing it—Mario's coming in April," Kim informs us. "He was coming Christmas but I was working and he postponed his visit. He's a fine person, nice-looking, gallant, just the way you think a European man would be. Just the kind of man I

wanted to meet when I knew I was going over there."

Kim will make no predictions about what will happen. Personally, she leaves her future to any prophets who dare. But it's doubtful whether Mario Bandini, or any European, would compete with—or understand—the world that is Kim Novak's now.

This world nobody could understand perhaps as well as Mac Krim, who knew Marilyn Novak when Fame tapped her for a chosen child. He helped give her confidence during those first months when she needed it most. He understands Kim's dedication to a goal, to proving her place in that world. And watching Kim's star rise he must know that world could someday be without him.

Once, back in Chicago, a little girl had wished for a prince—but there's no time and no place for one in the kingdom into which Kim has been projected so rapidly. She's a one-way star in a one-way sky. And how do you stop a meteor in its flight?

But there are times when the two worlds of Kim Novak meet and are one.

Kim Novak was Jeanne Eagels Christmas Eve. But when the cameras stopped rolling and the sound stage darkened, and Hollywood put all its magic away, a weary Kim told Mac Krim, "I want to go where it feels like Christmas, where there are children. Do you want to go with me?"

They were soon in the car heading for Rolling Hills, where Norma Kasell lives with her husband and three children. Kenra, nine; "Little" Kim, six; and Kristin, aged two. "Big Kim" idolizes "Little Kim," who's quite a personality in his own right. Blond crew-cut, all-boy, and a wide grin. "You came first—I was named for you—" Kim tells a delighted little boy.

"We're having quite a few people over," Norma Kasell had explained on the phone

to Kim. "Old friends from Chicago. Two couples, one with four redheaded little boys. Still want to come?"

"Oh yes," Kim said. They sure wanted to come.

It was a real folksy evening. Neighbors dropped by and the house bulged with old-fashioned family cheer. They sang, they taped everything anybody could think of to say, and they were having so much fun making Christmas for the children that all present decided to spend the night there.

For a small house—this took some spacing. The children were bedded down on the floor, and the adults spent most of the rest of the night wrapping presents for them. Kim finally got sleepy and went to bed in a single bed in one of the rooms, Little Kim blissfully asleep on a pallet on the floor beside her bed.

Around dawn a Chicago father decided to look in on all his redheads and make sure they were tucked in. "I can only find three of my boys!" he said. His five-year-old was nowhere around. The search was on. They found him sleeping on the shoulder of a beautiful blonde. He'd climbed into bed with Big Kim. And Jeanne Eagels was nowhere around.

This is the Kim Novak who wished upon a tree and got magic beyond measure. The lonely girl who longed to be part of the crowd and who today belongs to millions.

The Kim who won't draw the blinds of her bedroom because the dawn is "so crispy new—the most beautiful time of the day."

The Kim who rides on the back of the wind. Who loves to lie on the beach at night and count the stars in God's heaven—and forget her own.

THE END

DON'T MISS: Kim Novak in Columbia's "Jeanne Eagels" and "Pal Joey."

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The Make-Up of Young Moderns



(Continued from page 47)

"I have to look beautiful and poised and be sure of myself. I feel so far from it!"

She went on from this to dip into her troubles as an actress generally. But after a while she was no longer talking about her professional problems. She was talking about the personal problems of Anne Baxter, woman.

By this time she was crying. As if she too realized that the only way to be rid of some inner affliction was to purge herself, she was pouring forth a long tirade of self-condemnation. She said that she had grown up only in certain ways, ways that were necessary to fulfilling her ambitions. In other ways she had never grown up. She spoke about her marriage and blamed herself for the divorce which ended it.

"Our greatest fault, my husband's and mine," she said, "was that we couldn't fight, and let the truth out. We were too reserved. Or too frightened, if the truth be known, to let our real differences emerge. We avoided, as too many couples do, those honesties through which you come to grips with a marriage and handle it. Or handle yourselves.

"I blame myself most because I was the woman. It was my business to see what was happening. And if I had really been in charge of myself, instead of master only of that part which was ambitious and self-seeking, there might never have been a divorce. And even then, there might have been a reconciliation. It sickens me that what I have left behind in my life aren't footsteps in the sands of time, but footprints in cement. It can be too late!"

The doctor busied himself to give her a sedative. After a while it began to take effect, and her eyes grew heavy-lidded. He rose quietly to his feet, but before he could go, Anne had a few more words to say, this time (and the doctor had to smile inwardly) spoken as an actress, as if she well knew what was happening and was trying for a good curtain line . . . and the lines came out all mixed up.

"I so often think of the play 'Our Town,' when *Emily Web*, the young girl who has died, comes back from her grave for a brief interlude. She tries to establish communication with her family and fails. Finally, sadly, she has to say, 'Oh, it all goes so fast. We don't have time to look at one another. I didn't realize—all that was going on and we never noticed.'"

Now the actress fell asleep. The doctor lowered the shades and tiptoed from the room. When he reached the lobby of the hotel, he telephoned the company manager and told him that he saw no need to cancel the show the next night. Miss Baxter would be able to go on.

The doctor was right. Anne Baxter went on and performed well. She has always been able to go on. It is only in real life that she has failed to perform in a manner calculated to bring a full measure of happiness. This is purely because she hasn't done a good job of playing the most important role of all—the role of Anne Baxter. She is both too intelligent and too honest to think that she ever will.

"I know now," she once said, "that the life in Hollywood which I had to lead, that any inordinately ambitious young actress has to lead, is like walking through a mine field. What you stand to lose, with each mine you touch off, is another phase of your own identity—your all-important, personally possessed *you*. It means a steadily increasing inability to be yourself during those precious moments when it is only as yourself that you can be touched by the heart's warmth we all hunger for. Real friendships. Even more fleetingly, real love.

"After a while you know the field is mined, and you know what is happening to you. But you can't help it. You still walk through the field. And when you get blown up—and you do—you try in a dazed way to put yourself together again. The only trouble is that you can't put yourself together exactly the same as you were before. There is a difference. And you don't always like this difference. It sometimes even frightens you, and you try to hide your fright from the members of your family or your close friends. 'Is this what I have become?' you ask yourself."

What has happened to Anne Baxter is not uncommon. It is true, probably, of most sensitive feminine stars, and of practically all the more beautiful and successful ones. But where an Ava Gardner or a Marilyn Monroe or a Rita Hayworth will seek sooner or later to leave Hollywood, as if by so doing she will thus be able to leave her unhappiness behind, an Anne Baxter is under no such illusion.

"That's just kidding yourself," she commented recently. "Between an actress's private life and her professional life there can be no partition, as so many have so hopefully claimed. After you've made your bed, you can't lie on it a woman in love one minute and a public personality the next. Each conflicts with the other and both conflict with the inner *you*. The ambitions, the crackling nerves you take to

to bring her to Manhattan to see the Broadway plays. She can remember every part she has ever had, from her grade-school roles to her latest ones in Cecil B. De Mille's "The Ten Commandments" and in "Three Violent People." This was aptly demonstrated one evening about five years ago when she happened to be eating with Hodiak in a Beverly Hills restaurant. The waiter brought a note from a diner who had observed her enter.

"I was your leading man once, in the sixth grade at Horace Greeley School in Chappaqua, New York," the note read. Anne took one look at the signature and wrote a quick reply. "No, I was your leading lady," she corrected. She was right. He had been the star.

She is very precise about such things; she tends to date events by the roles she happened to be playing when they occurred. "It was just before I worked in 'Sunday Dinner for a Soldier' that I met John," she will say. This was in 1944, and John, incidentally, was also starred in the same picture. While making the film they fell in love. "But," as she has also said, "it wasn't until I was cast in 'The Razor's Edge' that I decided to marry John." That was in July of 1946. Their little daughter was born in July of 1951, or, as Anne would put it, just before she worked in "The Outcasts of Poker Flat."

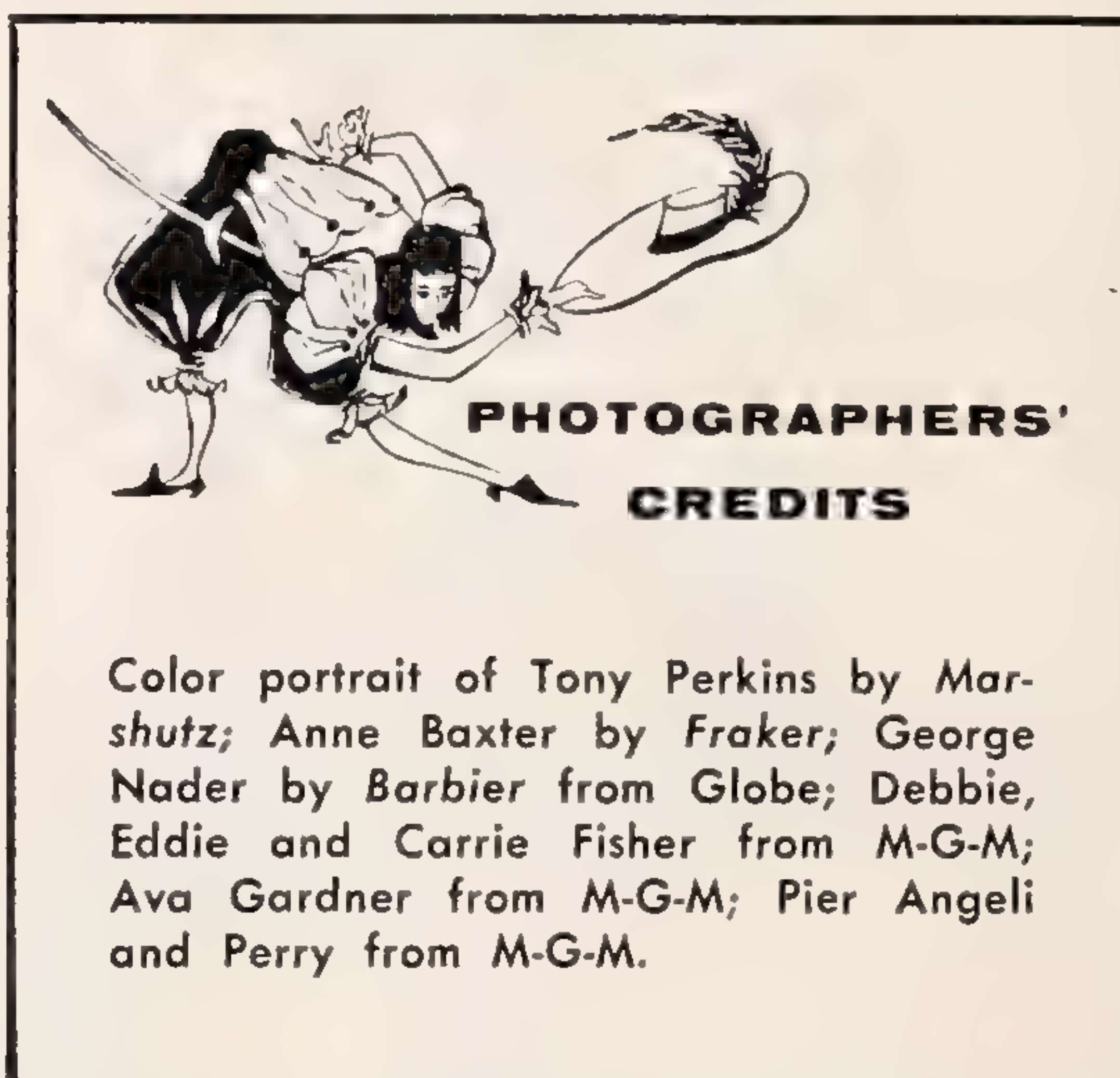
A deep unhappiness made itself evident in their lives a year later and they were unable to cope with it. She won her divorce decree from Hodiak at a time when her name was being linked romantically with director-publicist Russell Birdwell.

If Anne Baxter's cup is not brim full today, it is all the more strange because she never needed Hollywood in the first place. But it seems that little girls who are also strageluck are made not only of sugar and spice but great gobs of dissatisfaction as well.

Anne's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Stuart Baxter, learned this about their only child when she was barely able to talk. Mr. Baxter, vice president of a distillery corporation, was quite well-to-do. Mrs. Baxter's father was, and still is, a world-renowned figure in architecture, the much discussed non-conformist Frank Lloyd Wright. Anne had only to accept her status to gain for herself a good life, it would seem. But this was too easy. This she would not do.

"Some people have to overcome the handicap of adversity to get places," she once explained. "My barrier, I knew right from the start, was the cushion my birth had put behind me. All I had to do was lean back and live comfortably. I was frightened at the prospect, because I knew it would take the fight out of me, make the life I craved seem less important. It is hard to remember exactly how you felt as a child, but the essence of it all was, I think, that I wasn't satisfied being just myself. Nor did I want to be some beautiful, mystical creature. I felt a great urge to be useful . . . through acting. Besides, if it isn't enough being just you, what better place than the stage to be someone else?"

Anne was not yet twelve when she was studying the theatre in a dramatic school in New York. This was after her folks had moved to Chappaqua from Michigan City, Indiana, where she was born. She was not yet fifteen, had been an acting apprentice at the Cape Playhouse and had done three Broadway plays when she was invited to make a movie test by the then titan of picture-making, David O. Selznick. Her mother chaperoned her West, and Anne has never forgotten the afternoon she was



Color portrait of Tony Perkins by Marshutz; Anne Baxter by Fraker; George Nader by Barbier from Globe; Debbie, Eddie and Carrie Fisher from M-G-M; Ava Gardner from M-G-M; Pier Angeli and Perry from M-G-M.

the studio you take wherever else you go. They are damningly still with you when you want to take your hands off the controls and be just a woman.

"You can get pretty desperate because this is true. Because whatever the magic of stardom is, with all its lights and glamour and shouting, it is not the magic that leads to simple fulfillment. In time this has its effect on you. I have become, quite frankly, a manic-depressive, saved only by—thank God for it—a sense of humor. When I feel good I feel so wonderfully good. But Lord, how low I can get, and how often I go through the cycle!"

A hazel-eyed, intense girl who has always had to fight off a tendency to be pudgy, Anne is successfully slim as she now enters her thirties. She has lived quietly with her five-year-old daughter Katrina, ever since her divorce in 1953 from John Hodiak, who died of a heart attack a little more than a year ago. Anne's home is now a shrubbery-hidden, smartly remodeled Hollywood house located just above the Sunset Strip, where are gathered all the town's night clubs—to which she rarely goes.

She has a fervor for acting that is as strong today, apparently, as it was when she was just a child living in Westchester County, New York, and begging her folks

ushered into Selznick's office in Culver City.

"I thought this was the moment when my dreams would all take real form," she reports. "Somehow I had found out that they wanted me for 'Rebecca,' to co-star with Laurence Olivier, under the direction of Alfred Hitchcock. My head was filled with this upper realm of acting which I was about to enter, and I planned to conquer Mr. Selznick with my poise and beauty.

"How do you do?" I began, as soon as I was in his presence. I waited for him to jump up and greet me.

"Come here," he said. "I want to look at your teeth."

Mr. Selznick got to look at Anne's teeth, and she did not, as was her wild impulse at the time, neigh like a horse while he was peering at them. In any event, the tests (she made eight of them) did not win her the part she was up for. The makeup man did his best, but Anne kept looking more like Olivier's daughter than his bride. The role went to Joan Fontaine. But Anne had made an impression, and within a few months she was offered a term contract for \$350 a week at 20th Century-Fox Studios. She was still only fifteen.

Her father's business was in the East. Her mother wanted to stay with her husband. But a great new world was calling Anne, and they had only to look at their daughter to know that she would explode on their hands if they did not give in to her. Mrs. Baxter came to California again to establish a home for Anne. Mr. Baxter set about trying to transfer his business interests to the West Coast as well. It was to take several years before he succeeded. In that time Anne had worked with Wallace Beery in "Twenty Mule Team," with John Barrymore in "The Great Profile,"

with Dana Andrews in "Swamp Water" and with Orson Welles in "The Magnificent Ambersons."

Wallace Beery was aghast at her eager-beaveriness, and urged her to slow down. John Barrymore watched her trying to give her part everything she had, gestures and all, and asked sarcastically, "Does she have to swim?"

She was properly impressed by her first co-starring role, but in her following picture Orson Welles had only to glower at her once to calm her down.

Anne at seventeen looked it, or perhaps less. She hadn't the mature appearance that some girls achieve early. She was truly unsophisticated. Once, in a scene in "The Great Profile," Barrymore let loose a long string of invective in her presence, but she wasn't aware that he was cursing until director Walter Lang made him apologize to her. Anne had never before so much as heard any of the words Barrymore had used; she certainly didn't understand them.

As a matter of fact she spent a great deal of her time then trying not to be shocked—or at least not to *look* shocked—at the things she was hearing and seeing in Hollywood. With a sort of schoolgirl instinct she tried to conform. When people she was with laughed at something, she laughed too, though she generally had no idea what had been said that was funny.

She used a little mascara, a little lipstick and felt she was a dud in conversations because she had no "line." She had been a good student and could talk well on general subjects. But Hollywood conversations had a gambit all their own, which ran to gossip about persons, studio opportunities, romantic opportunities, any old opportunities, beds, houses, love and cars—in about that order. On such subjects she found herself nettled because

she wasn't in the know, afraid of being considered gauche. She came home from parties dissatisfied, impatient with having not yet lived, and vaguely convinced that she owed it to herself to do something about it. And about this time she had her first "adventure."

It had its beginning when her mother was called away and asked a friend of theirs to act as a companion and chaperon for Anne. After her mother left, Anne decided that she didn't like this arrangement. She told the chaperon that she was going to spend the weekend with a girl friend in Catalina, and promised to return Monday morning. She actually did go to Catalina on Saturday, but she came back to Hollywood on Sunday instead of Monday. Instead of going home she got into her car, which she had left at the boat dock, and drove off. That evening the car was parked alongside the lake in Sherwood Forest, and Anne spent the night in the car seat. It was an escapade in every sense of the word but one—she was alone.

Choked with restlessness, feeling strange compulsions, she sat frozen through most of the early hours, sometimes weeping, and shaken by the fancy that she was rehearsing to be a bad girl.

That night, Anne came to comprehend something about herself that she now knows to be true and is trying to correct: Her thinking had mostly just an emotional basis. And she knew, too, that this would be a heavy burden for her. "Like carrying yourself on your own back," she thought. But there was nothing she could do about it then.

"The world to me was like a boy I was crazy about and going out with," is the way she has described her feeling of this period. "The boy carries himself well, he is smart, he smokes and drinks and knows all the latest references, and I haven't

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any convictions of my own but just try desperately to keep up with him. I'm not comfortable as myself, so I try to be somebody else. Somebody who laughs, has a gay time, acts as if she knows just what is going on, and how she is going to fit into life. But she doesn't. She doesn't really!"

The car in which Anne spent that night was a Cadillac that she had bought from a Turkish gambler in Hollywood. It was a black coupe, and she called it both "Ferdinand" and "Ticket to Freedom." It had not only a horn, but also a set of bells, which she'd added. Anne drove to Sherwood Forest Lake because on a previous visit she had fallen in love with the wild ducks there. On her way home the next morning, teeth chattering, she kept telling herself, "You have to do something. You have to be what you are even if you freeze to death!"

She remembered that once, when she was thirteen, she had made a movie test in New York and thought it was terrible. She had sunk lower and lower into her seat as it ran on, and the director who had had charge of it tried vainly to console her.

"We can compare anything in the world except the thing about ourselves that makes us unique," he had explained. "That we cannot compare with anything. You're having a peek at yourself as others see you . . . and that is always a shock!"

But this hadn't helped. She had squirmed way down into her seat, couldn't take her eyes off herself on the screen, and hated what she saw. "I knew then that I was going to have a lot of trouble with myself," she said.

Before the next year was over, after her Sherwood Forest episode, Anne, hardly eighteen, rebelled against her mother's authority. She wanted to live alone. Among girls of her age this was a fairly unusual thing at the time, but it was certainly a questionable move to make in Hollywood, where the abysses were many, and of extra depth. Yet it came to this: Tired of fighting with Anne, her mother left. But not without misgivings.

Anne was not on her own the very moment her mother left. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Baxter first exacted a promise that Anne would stay with friends, the late Nigel Bruce and his wife, Bunnie, while a maid could be taught to keep a home for her. Anne lived with the Bruces for four months, during which time a girl was hired and trained. But when Anne rented an apartment in Westwood and moved in, thrilled at having her own ménage at last, the new maid began developing "stomach attacks" which eventually were revealed to be alcoholic binges.

The maid did not wait to be dismissed. She left of her own accord. But Anne did not go back to the Bruces. In her ears rang warnings from her mother. But Anne was in her own place at last, and she intended not to lose the independence she had finally gained.

Not many of Hollywood's actresses have an actual love for the fine lines written for them in their pictures; for the most part they are not talented in the arts at all, outside of the art of giving of themselves to the characters they play. Anne Baxter is different, in the sense that she has a fine taste for words—often to the point of poetry. Speaking of a fine Paris rain, she once said, "It sprinkles you like a nice fat laundress doing her ironing." "Venice," she wrote home in a letter, "is so beautiful it can grow you a new heart if you have lost your own." She has talked of Mexico's little burros, "tiptoeing through the vil-lage."

At eighteen Anne was talking a lot about boys. Most of the boys she met were between college and settling-down

age, when World War II further upset their plans. She recalls, "No one knew anything, except that it was a good time to have fun. If you were a girl and didn't want to mope at home alone, you went along."

"There were goodbye parties for boys going to camp, last-leave parties, hello parties and first-leave parties. The boys seemed to feel that they had nothing left in the world but what they could grab. They grabbed for drinks, for laughs, for you. It was a time to get what you wanted because there might not be any other time. And for youth, time has always seemed like that anyway."

"I remember I learned how to drink then, even though I didn't like to drink, and still don't. They were all fancy drinks, concoctions with your initials outlined on top of the liquor in nutmeg or the like. It was very smart to drink them. It was very smart to stay out all night, or mostly all night. It was very smart to brag of having come home at four in the morning to sleep an hour, then take a shower and rush off to the studio."

"It was terribly smart, terribly gay, except when it would become suddenly and terribly shocking. A boy you thought you loved and with whom you had stolen some moments of tenderness and magic would walk off into a matter-of-fact dawn with a casual, 'Well, so long,' leaving you stand-

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ing mortified, maybe laughing ruefully at yourself, in a ringing emptiness that you knew to be closer to your real life than all the wild pretending you had been doing."

It was about then that Anne Baxter began wondering whether this was really what she had wanted. Whether freedom that could turn out to be abandon was really freedom. Whether this running around too much and laughing too much and crying out "fabulous" at stories she didn't even understand, was really what she wanted. And the answer that came to her was short. "No," she told herself, "that isn't it, either."

She told herself more than this. Anne knew she was afraid of something. She was afraid that she was developing many false faces in Hollywood, without ever having found her own.

"Suppose a man fell in love with one of these false faces?" she asked herself. "I'd be playing a dirty trick on him—and on myself."

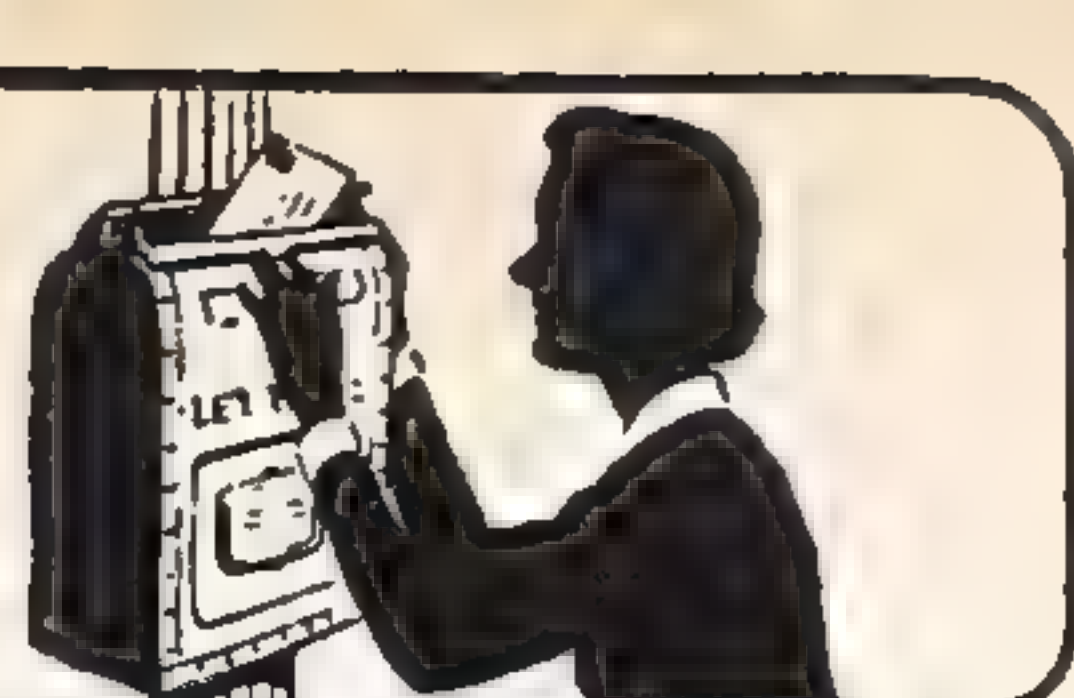
She decided that she wanted very much to wear her own face, to be herself. And she knew it for a certainty one morning, in the home of Alfred Hitchcock, when a dark-haired man with a strongly masculine cast to his features walked into the room from the garden. She had never met him, but she knew his name. His looks were like a challenge to her, and she accepted the challenge. He was John Hodiak. He didn't give her as much as a smile that first morning.

The May issue of PHOTOPLAY will continue the story of Anne Baxter—her marriage to John Hodiak, her disillusionment, her growing self-understanding. It will be a frank story, as Anne herself is frank. (See Anne Baxter in Paramount's "The Ten Commandments" and "Three Violent People.")



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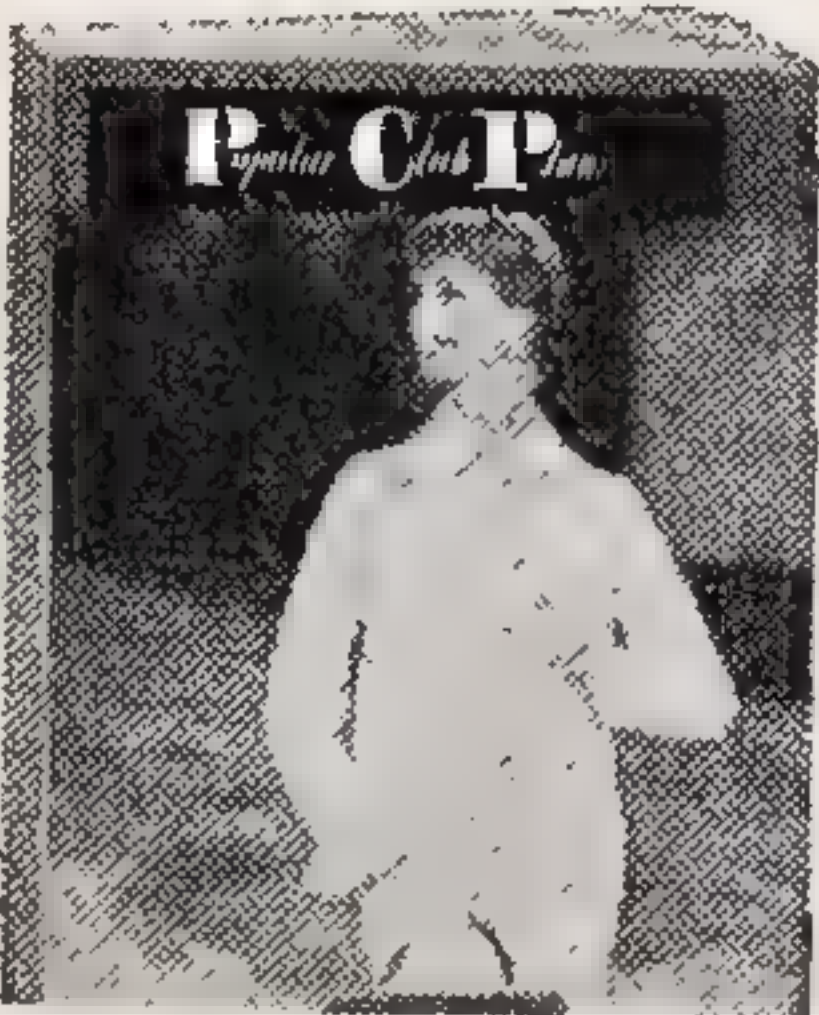
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Barefoot Boy with Cheek?

(Continued from page 45)

The words reach Tony but fail to register, because in his imagination he is once again the hero about to do battle with the forces of evil.

Though the young boy has grown into a man now, he still lives partly in his imagination. As a youngster in Boston, from a better than ordinary social and economic background, Tony Perkins fashioned for himself a romantic world to liven an otherwise well-regulated existence. As a film star he is still playing the same game.

Because he is really what he seems to be—a nice enough, ordinary young fellow—and because he feels that as an actor he should be more colorful, Tony has been working overtime at it.

Sometimes his attempts at achieving color border on the ridiculous. During the filming of "Friendly Persuasion" he used to eat regularly at Googie's, a small coffee shop next door to Schwab's in Hollywood. He told new acquaintances there that he worked in an airplane factory. "I thought they'd like me better if they didn't think I was another actor in competition with them," he says by way of explanation.

More likely, Tony hoped that when they did learn he was starring in a big film, they would be amazed at his modesty. He was also hoping that the discovery of who he really was would have some dramatic impact.

Tony was playing a game much as Jimmy Dean did the day he drove up to the "Giant" location in Marfa, Texas. Finding a new gateman on the job, Dean tried to get in without announcing himself as a star of the film. In blue jeans and leather jacket, with his old junk car, Jimmy hardly looked like an actor, and he knew it.

But he wanted to test the policeman to see if the man knew who he was; just as Tony was probably testing the new acquaintances to see if they had heard of him.

Much of Tony's eccentric behavior is likened to Jimmy's and is equally studied. For example, Tony is reported to have walked out of his apartment many times barefoot, supposedly having forgotten to put on his shoes.

Unquestionably, it must take a certain amount of cheek to carry off this kind of activity. In Tony's case, however, much of the odd behavior is reported rather than seen. And the reporter is invariably Tony, who tells interviewers how he walked out of the house barefoot.

To a large extent these stories have been successful, but a few have backfired. For example, in a recent *Life* magazine story, much was made of the fact that Tony hitchhiked daily to Paramount Studios from his apartment, and that he cooked his meals on a hot plate in his room. As a matter of fact, he may have hitchhiked to Paramount once for the record, but it's certain that he didn't do it as a daily habit. As for cooking in his room, the management at Tony's apartment was miffed at the story because cooking in nonhousekeeping rooms is frowned upon. When they were told that it was all for publicity, no serious damage was sustained.

Some of the stories have the ring of familiarity. Tony once said he would "rather be called a 'young' anything than 'another young' anything." Marlon Brando said it earlier, and the late Humphrey Bogart said it before Marlon.

Sometimes it's not that Tony tells deliberate untruths about himself, but that he allows you to assume things. He cleverly throws out the bait, lets the listener

nibble, and then plays out the line. Here's a for-instance: During a recent interview Tony said something about going on his bike to a party. The interviewer knew that Tony had a date, so he asked if she was on the bike, too. Tony's answer was merely a smile. The reporter assumed that the girl went on the bike—which she didn't—but the story spread.

To an interviewer Tony has a chameleon-like quality, changing protective coloration to accommodate the questions. He can shift easily from shy ingenuousness to long thoughtful silences broken by terse phrases or half sentences. With his head lowered he will look up at you, a perplexing, reflective look on his face. You want to know everything about him; you sense the shifting emotions, the racing and twisting thoughts. Although you often suspect that he is telling a half-truth or acting boastfully modest, you go along with him because, in a word, Tony has charm.

Everyone who comes in contact with Tony is aware of this charm, including the housekeeper at the Chateau Marmont where he now lives. Norma Moore, one of Tony's Hollywood dates, considers him one of the most charming men she has ever met—and one of the most unpredictable. The charm which he turns on and off at will enables him to keep his head above the flood of stories which he has caused to circulate about himself.

One day while I was talking with Tony at Paramount, Autumn Russell, a very pretty contract player, joined us. The change in Tony was remarkable. It was almost as though someone had told him that the cameras were grinding, and he suddenly flashed charm from every pore. His stories became more elaborate. His own importance in them increased. He was doing as any man would—trying to impress a pretty girl.

But, more important, Tony knew Autumn was married, so he had no intention of asking her for a date. Yet she represented an interested audience. Like many young actors, Tony only needs one other person and he's on-stage. If the other person happens to be a pretty female, so much the better.

With all this, Tony can be far more businesslike in an interview than stars many years his senior. During a talk with me for this story, he asked if I had brought a tape recorder along. When I said no, he seemed disappointed. I asked why.

"With a tape recorder there would be no chance of being misquoted," he said.

I explained that I was going to take comprehensive notes. He seemed pleased. "I get nervous when people don't take notes," he said.

The interview was conducted at Lucey's restaurant across the street from Paramount. Tony, who doesn't drink or smoke, ordered a light supper and told me how he came to be an actor.

He was born twenty-four years ago on Twenty-Third Street in New York. His father was Osgood Perkins, a matinee idol of the Twenties; his mother was a Wellesley College graduate and a socialite. The Perkins had been married ten years before Tony was born. He was their only child.

Osgood Perkins died when Tony was five, and Tony says he has no memories of him. Following her husband's death Tony's mother moved with him to Brookline, Massachusetts.

Until this time, Tony spoke mostly French as he had been raised by a French governess.

As a child Tony was considered something of a hell-raiser. He fought a lot with other children. His favorite game was to stuff an old suit of clothes with rags and blankets and throw it in front of passing cars. "I was threatened with reform school many times as a kid," Tony recalls with satisfaction. "I guess it's a miracle I never got in real trouble."

Tony's first ambition was to be a life-guard, followed by an overwhelming wish to be an actor. Perhaps hours spent probing over his father's old scrapbooks had something to do with that. In high school Tony appeared in all of the school plays.

Since Osgood Perkins had gone to Harvard, Tony was enrolled at Browne and Nichols, a preparatory school for Harvard. He did not cause much of a flurry in academic circles. In fact, the only high school subject in which Tony excelled was French, which he spoke fluently, thanks to his childhood training. But he kept his knowledge of the language a secret and progressed normally with his class "That way I was sure of good grades in at least one subject," he recalled.

"Schoolteachers," he added with a grin, "like to think I'm a boy who needs mothering. That's how I got through high school; and I guess that's my appeal now to moviegoers."

His appeal to moviegoers is certainly a strong one, maternal or otherwise. But if playing the little boy was enough to get Tony through school, it was not enough, apparently, to get him into college. He was the first student in the history of Browne and Nichols who was not allowed to take the Harvard entrance examinations because his marks were so low.

After leaving prep school he took odd courses, did summer stock (including "Years Ago," a Ruth Gordon play) and passed some time at Rollins College in Florida. Eventually he wound up in New York's Columbia University taking extension courses.

It was during his stay at Columbia that Tony heard M-G-M had bought "Years Ago" and planned to film it under the title, "The Actress." On a hunch he hitchhiked to the coast and said he'd like to test for the part.

He was signed. After five weeks "The Actress" was finished and Tony went back to New York. He made sure he was in New York when the picture was released. But no one seemed impressed with it.

Then Tony went for an interview with Otto Preminger for the part of Joseph, opposite Rita Hayworth, in Columbia's "Joseph and His Brethren." He didn't make it. Mr. Preminger took one look at him and said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Perkins, you won't do. We're looking for Old Testament faces. You have a New Testament face."

With his New Testament face Tony went to see Elia Kazan for the lead in "East of Eden." He ended up with a Broadway role in "Tea and Sympathy."

"I almost didn't take the 'Tea' part because I didn't think I was good enough to do it," Tony recalled. "But then I figured that if Kazan thought I was good enough, I must be."

Later in the interview, Tony told me that he had expected to get the "Tea" role because he was "equipped to play it."

"My success has been a sort of chain reaction," he said. "It started with summer stock, then 'Years Ago,' the film and some good TV parts. Then came 'Friendly Persuasion.' I haven't been out of work for more than a week in years. I guess

you might say I've been uncommonly lucky."

One might also say that Tony has been uncommonly smart. He knows exactly where he is going and how he is going to get there. He's far more sensible than most other actors his age, and he has very few illusions about his own possibilities or Hollywood's.

During the filming of "Friendly Persuasion" he spent hours studying Gary Cooper's every move and gesture so that his role as Coop's son would be even more convincing. He was also studying Coop to see what made him such a great actor. "I learned another side of being professional," Tony admitted. "Coop makes acting appear easy, and that's part of his charm. The truth is he works hard at it. I learned a lot from him."

Although Tony doesn't like to admit it, he also learned a lot about publicity from reading about James Dean. There was a slight similarity which his fans noticed, and Tony was not averse to emphasizing it. Like Jimmy, Tony is shy. Tony's father died when he was five and Jimmy's mother died when he was eight. Young people identify themselves with Tony as easily as they did with Jimmy, and all women want to mother him. Tony's studio, Paramount, has great plans for his future as did Jimmy's studio, Warners.

There are also important dissimilarities. Says D. A. Doran, the production head of Paramount, "Tony is not neurotic. Basically he isn't one of the sod-kicking school, and generally avoids the studied slovenliness of Brando or Dean."

There may be some difference of opinion on this point. However, the comparisons are inevitable, particularly when Tony frankly admits that he's flattered to be compared with Jimmy. "I don't like to be called the new James Dean," he said, "but I don't resent it too much because Jimmy was a good actor."

Unlike Jimmy, who was always spending his money on whatever caught his fancy, Tony is very thrifty. He gives most of his money to his mother to invest, and admits he already has a sizable amount saved.

By Hollywood standards Tony is a loner. He has no close friends in the movie colony, and the only girls he dates are the ones he works with in pictures. During the filming of "The Lonely Man" he dated Elaine Aiken, also in the movie; now he goes out with Norma Moore, who plays his wife in "Fear Strikes Out."

Still, Tony likes going it alone a good bit of the time. He prefers his own company to the theatre. "I'm always worried about the other person," he says. "If he or she likes the play and I don't, I worry. If he doesn't like it and I do, I worry. It's best to go alone."

Tony was alone when he went to a sneak preview of "Friendly Persuasion." He sat in the balcony eating popcorn. No one recognized him, and after the show he mingled with the audience to get reactions. What he heard, Tony shyly admitted, did not displease him.

Even when Tony goes to parties he frequently pays little attention to others. His first Hollywood party was one given by Paramount for Morey Bernstein, author of "The Search for Bridey Murphy." Dressed far too casually, Tony arrived at the party late with Elaine Aiken. He nodded to some of the studio executives, pushed his way through to the bar, where he promptly downed two glasses of soda pop. With Elaine still on his arm, he attacked the anchovies and assorted hors d'oeuvres, and half an hour later they went home.

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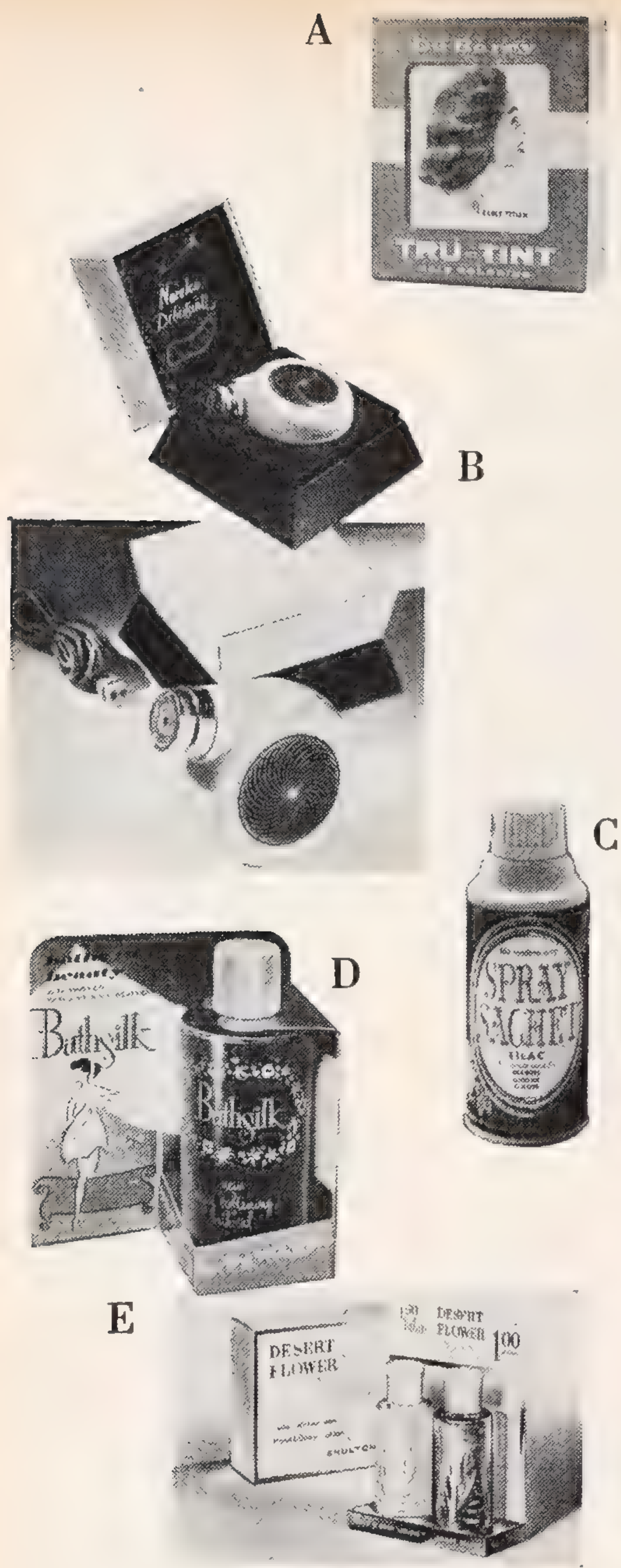
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created one impression which Tony wanted to give—that he was not a “dress-up guy.” Other impressions received may not have been intended.

Despite his seeming nonchalance Tony is very normal in many of his reactions. When he got an advance issue of a national magazine with his picture on the cover and a story inside, he ran around the Paramount lot with it, wanting to share his excitement.

The people he chose to share his thrill with tell a good deal about Tony. First he found Elaine Aiken and then Norma Moore. Next he brought the magazine up to show to D. A. Doran. He also showed it to Lindsay Durand, the publicist at Paramount assigned to national magazines.

Later that afternoon at Lucey's I saw Tony, and he had the magazine with him. I asked if he had called his mother. Tony said she knew about the story and there was no point calling her; it would be out within two days. After telling me this he went to the phone and placed the call.

I was struck by the marked change in Tony since my first interview with him just six months earlier.

I had met him, coincidentally, at Lucey's, with Mark Richman and Phyllis Love, his fellow players in “Friendly Persuasion.” He was just one of three new young actors then, but there was something different about him.

For one thing, he was dressed almost too casually. He wore blue jeans, a sport shirt and sneakers, and he seemed so unimpressed that I thought at first he was bored. I learned later that he was nervous but used the nonchalance as a cover-up.

At the time Tony said he had wanted to do “Friendly Persuasion” because he thought it would really be a good picture. If it were, it would increase his value in TV.

Tony knew that his part was great, a sure-fire winner for a newcomer. He also knew that it was far better than Mark Richman's role, but he didn't boast about it.

Instead he told funny stories about himself, how he was keeping a list of the turndowns he had gotten from various producers who said he was either too tall or too short or too fat or too thin. He suggested that I write a story about the various ways of turning down an actor without hurting his feelings.

Gradually I found myself paying less attention to the other two actors and more to Tony. It was an unconscious move on my part, largely because Tony not only was interesting but gave the impression of being “somebody.”

Six months later, again with Tony at Lucey's, the impression of being somebody had been strengthened. He appeared relaxed because he was. He sprawled across the bench in the booth and answered questions directly and without embellishment. He seemed to be the very essence of cooperation, and if he said something he didn't want quoted, he had no hesitation about saying, “Please don't use this.” In just a few months Tony had become a professional.

When the bill for dinner came I agreed to pay, and suggested that he leave the tip. Unabashedly Tony said he couldn't because he had no money in his pockets. He had forgotten to take any with him in the morning.

Before we said goodbye Tony said that he had almost decided against the interview. I had written a harsh paragraph about him a few weeks before, and Tony's acquaintances were amazed that he would talk with me again.

“You know, those stories you printed were all wrong,” he said. “They just

didn't happen the way you heard them.” I told Tony that the stories came from a good source, and that the day after my column appeared in print, I had heard that there was a marked change in him. He laughed and admitted that the stories hurt him, but he insisted that they were not true. They were just an elaboration of small, unimportant incidents. Yet it seems to me that they bear repeating because so many people have substantiated them.

During the filming of “The Lonely Man” with Jack Palance, Tony was reported to be having dinner with Elaine Aiken and one or two other actors, when the auditor for Paramount came to the table. He asked if he could join them.

Tony said that the table was only for actors. The auditor stomped away, but not before telling Tony that he was never to come to his office except on business.

On another occasion Tony refused to let an electrician ride with him in the studio limousine, claiming that the car was for stars only. Word got around that Tony was feeling his oats, and on the last day of the film one of the drivers decided to teach him a lesson. He loaded his car with bit players and crew people before picking up Tony—last. Tony fumed all the way on the ride to town.

One of the other stars on the film told me that he had never seen such an ill-mannered boy as Tony, who was surly and completely without feeling for anyone but himself.

Stories of Tony's behavior were no secret on the set, and Elaine had many quiet talks with him, as did makeup man Wally Westmore. I was told that the one thing which straightened out Tony's attitude—and quickly too—was the fear that news of it would get into print and hurt him with his fans.

This is important to Tony. A publicist on the picture said that he had never before seen an actor who took his fans so seriously. “You tell him fans won't like something and he won't do it. This boy thinks the world of his fans, and he won't take any chances on alienating them.”

Whereas most actors will complain about candid photos, Tony prefers that all pictures taken of him be candid. He doesn't refuse to go into the still gallery for a sitting, but he feels that fans want to see him as he is, and that they aren't interested in “pretty boy” pictures of him.

This attitude makes Tony a photographer's delight. He puts no restrictions on the cameraman, and will pose for pictures anywhere. He even has no objection to a photographer breaking in on a meal.

If the Schwab set is any criterion of success, Tony is a sure bet. Everyone wants to be seen with him. The actor everyone wants to be seen with at Schwab's is the actor to keep an eye on. There are other indications of Tony's approaching stardom. He has been assigned the dressing room next to William Holden's at Paramount, and is permitted in the commissary—even welcomed—in his faded blue jeans and old sweater.

Tony has had to order the switchboard operators at his hotel and the studio to carefully screen all calls for him because he is continually besieged by female fans.

It's not that he is shy of girls. Far from it. He has been engaged three times, twice to the same girl, and not long ago to a millionaire's daughter.

It may be that he is shy of marriage. The romance with the heiress was going along fine, Tony recalled, until the day he went to the airport to see her off on a trip. They were standing on the edge of the airstrip when Tony asked the girl what time her plane was leaving.

"It doesn't matter," she said. "We have time."

Just then a DC-7 taxied alongside. The steps were dropped down, and Tony's girl—the only passenger—went aboard her private plane.

That was the end of the romance for Tony. "I just couldn't compete with that kind of wealth," he said.

The girl he was engaged to twice went to California to try to get into movies; Tony didn't want to get married. She has since returned to New York, and Tony says he hasn't seen her.

"I'm a dedicated actor," he told me, his face serious. "I shouldn't really have a wife at this point. I would never see her. It's better to wait until I've arrived career-wise."

When he's in New York, Tony spends most of his free evenings at the theatre or movies. He's an avid movie fan and sees as many as three pictures a week.

His life in New York, like his life in Hollywood, is distinguished only by its lack of excitement. He has a five-room apartment in Manhattan's West Fifties. It is furnished meagerly with do-it-yourself tables and chairs and a few of Tony's paintings on the wall. For the most part the paintings are of rooms, doors or windows with people in the background.

In Hollywood, Tony lives in one room at the Chateau Marmont. The principal piece of furniture is a portable radio, which is tuned to popular music all day.

The only pictures in the room are of his dog and cat. The dog is named Punkie, after the cat in "The Actress." The cat



is a Siamese which Tony calls Mr. Banjo, after the song of the same name.

The only valuables Tony takes with him from place to place are his guitar and a gold pocket watch which he got as a high-school graduation present. He has had the guitar five years and considers himself quite good at it.

The closets of his room are noticeably empty. Tony doesn't like to wear good clothes. He travels with one suit, one pair of shoes, four shirts and three pairs of blue jeans.

His days follow an orderly pattern—bed at ten and up at six-thirty. "I wake up every morning feeling like the prisoner of Zenda," Tony says. "I can't move." Finally he forces himself awake and gets started.

Generally speaking, Tony is easygoing and good-natured, but withdrawn. A friend of his said, "He's so withdrawn you almost expect to see him come out on the other side of himself."

He also has a problem in accepting the fact that an ordinary guy with an ordinary—even good—background can be a success in a business where it's romantic to come up the hard way.

After several films in Hollywood, Tony is becoming wiser. He's learning that being a good actor is enough reason to have stories written about one. It is not necessary also to be a character.

My hunch is that soon the barefoot boy with cheek will turn the other cheek, and we'll see and read about Tony as he is—an ordinary, nice guy who is a wonderful actor as well.

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(Continued from page 48)

does the right thing at the right time.

The Mitty of Sherman Oaks, on the other hand, misdials telephone numbers, has extraordinarily bad luck "seating" ladies at dinner tables, and on occasion runs out of conversational fodder after he's taken the weather apart.

Again, when George Nader, umpty-nine feet of awesome manhood on the nation's screens, wishes to dash down a flight of stairs, lunge into the back seat of a taxi and say, "Follow that cab!" there's always a taxi waiting. If off-screen Nader tried the same thing, he'd undoubtedly be told by the doorman that the nearest hack was three blocks away.

Nor does our hero doubt that if the screen's George Nader wanted to sing a love ballad to his best girl in the middle of a dance floor, the orchestra would just cue in with him, whereas if this Mitty fellow attempted any such hijinks, he would be frog-walked out of there on a charge of being drunk and disorderly.

All in all, there is only one notable resemblance between our man and George Nader. They have the same name. Purists might even argue they are the same person, but the George Nader of Sherman Oaks won't buy any of that.

"It is," he said on a recent afternoon, "a snare and a delusion. I have watched this Nader bucko in screening rooms and theatres. He has yet to trip over a chair or drop an ice cube down the love of his life's back. He never dials a wrong number. And when the time comes for the girl to fall into his arms, she falls. Or at least sways. What all this has to do with me is impossible to say, but I do envy him. Give me another fifty years and maybe I'll be George Nader. Meanwhile, I'm going to stumble around on my hillside and trip over the cat when I go to the refrigerator. And in a way, I don't really mind. I feel a lot closer to that guy than I do to this Nader. The screen Nader's a stranger to me."

In fact, Nader did have a serious point to make, although he disguised it fairly well.

"I want to be careful how I say it," he remarked thoughtfully. "This business I'm in—of illusion or dreams—is an honorable one. But people should try to realize this and not be carried away by the illusion. The image you and I have of George Nader is a skilled contrivance of writers and directors, sound men and cameramen. It's not real life and, in my opinion, it shouldn't be. But fantasy is fine only so long as it doesn't drug people's thinking.

"To give you a rather extreme example, let's take Elvis Presley. When I went to the Orient to make 'Joe Butterfly,' I'd never heard of him. When I came back, I didn't hear of anything else, and had to be checked out on him. Now whether he's good, bad or indifferent, I can't say. It's not my field. But I do know he's a promotion in the same way George Nader is—only to a greater degree. It's an intelligent promotion, but my point is this: The emotional extravagance lavished on him is disturbing, like almost any other emotional extravagance. Or so I think.

"Things can go hogwild, at times. A few months ago, while I was away, mind you, an article appeared quoting me as to the kind of wife I'd like." Nader turned slightly pale under his surprisingly deep tan; he's a beach boy by avocation. Perspiration made a thin film on his forehead. "Holy cow! In the first place, it would be effrontery on my part to make such a statement. It's an in-

fringement on women's individuality. In the second, it's a point on which I have no clear notion. But the mail was waiting for me just the same. A lot of it was cute but a certain percentage was the sort that would have alarmed parents. And rightly so. It was really disturbing. Now consider Presley and what must happen to him, and you get a better idea of what I'm trying to say.

"These girls simply weren't writing to me. They were writing to that guy on the screen who is big as Goliath and never trips over a cat. My unattainable ideal. But as remote from me as he is from them."

The cheerful bachelor who *does* trip over the cat lives in his Early Nothing house—it is handsomer inside than out—bordered by cliffs on the south going up and cliffs on the north going down. He is fairly inaccessible both by virtue of a driveway that none but the most zealous autograph seeker would tackle, and a

TO REACH THE STARS

In most cases your letters will reach a star if addressed in care of the studio at which he made his last picture. If you have no luck there, try writing to *each star individually*, c/o Screen Actors Guild, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

Allied Artists, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood 27

Columbia Pictures, 1438 North Gower Street, Hollywood 28

Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46

M-G-M Studios, 10202 West Washington Blvd., Culver City

Paramount Pictures, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood 38

RKO Radio Pictures, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood 38

Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Avenue, North Hollywood

20th Century-Fox, 10201 West Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles 35

United Artists, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46

Universal-International, Universal City

Warner Brothers Pictures, 4000 West Olive Avenue, Burbank

gate across the driveway which operates from the house. He lives alone but he is not lonely; he would seem to be one of those who prefers aloneness as a free and untrammelled base from which to operate. He dates frequently but never, he says, for the sake of publicity.

"It may sound to you like eyewash," he told a friend recently, "but there are plenty of things I wouldn't do to advance my so-called career by an inch or a mile, and one of them's to date a girl I didn't like. I date them in and out of the profession, but never for publicity reasons. There's not a studio alive that could make me do that, including my own, Universal-International. I'm a quarter German, a quarter English, a quarter Scottish, and a quarter Irish, which makes me four times as stubborn as the normal man, and I'm just not going out to be seen. Besides, parties are more fun right here at home. Everybody can roll down the

drive for the payoff. Also, I don't get around much in Hollywood because I'm a dull son-of-a-gun and I don't feel any great need to. But if you ever read about my being with this girl or that, star or unknown, it'll be because I called *her* without any outside pressures from anyone."

One enters the Nader house through the kitchen—very few stars can make that claim—and proceeds to a pleasant, sunny room with scatter rugs and big windows. The modest pool is just outside and a sheer cliff rises behind. The livestock includes a boxer dog as well as the cat.

Nader gets up early, whether he is or isn't working. If he is working, he gets up *very* early. Otherwise, it's around eight. Occasionally he shocks himself by breakfasting on fried pork chops. He swims a great deal and, when the pool strikes him as being of claustrophobic dimensions, drives to his beloved beach, where he lifts weights until his conscience is appeased. He likes girls as girls and women as women.

When boredom descends on him, he takes to the telephone, but he hates to answer it. Indeed, the sound of it freezes him, and sometimes he exerts a mighty effort of will to let it ring, but psychological necessity always wins out. There are not many people living who can let a phone ring.

Nader looks younger off the screen than on. It is rule of thumb that all actors look younger, all actresses smaller. He reads a great deal of science fiction for relaxation, and a great deal of mutinous Philip Wylie when he wants to get his blood churning and his hair to stand on end. Wylie, an author of spectacular antipathies, detests mother love among other things, but this should not be attributed by inference to Nader. He is in favor of it.

It must be pretty well known by now that George Nader made it from Pasadena to Hollywood the hard way—or at least the long way—via India, Sweden and Germany, about 30,000 miles all told. In India, he played opposite Ursula Thiess, now Mrs. Robert Taylor, in "Monsoon"; in Sweden with Anita Bjork in "Memory of Love," and in Germany with Anne Baxter and Steve Cochran in "Carnival Story."

Interludes included an honorable Navy stint in World War II and Hollywood television. Now he has a string of U-I films running, the latest of which is "Man Afraid," co-starring Tim Hovey, a child actor. Nader's courage is such that this circumstance does not frighten him. To play opposite children is for any actor a kind of purgatory, but Nader does not care.

All that frightens him at the moment, and it cannot be overemphasized, is the public tendency to confuse the burnished symmetry of drama and motion pictures with the aimless and sometimes comic and sometimes cruel chaos of life.

"The contrast may depress people," he said not long ago. "I know sometimes it depresses me. But I know me. I don't fool myself. Say this big bucko, this Nader, this actor, say he's a cowboy. A hero, of course, and he's standing at the bar drinking buttermilk. A heavy comes in through the swinging door and draws. But Nader sees him in the mirror, flashes around and shoots the varmint's gun out of his hand. But *me*, if I were doing it, I wouldn't even be looking in the mirror. Or if I were, the gun'd get caught in my key ring and he'd shoot me six times

through the stomach before I knew which way was up. See what I mean?

"Or the scene calls for Nader, black tie and all, to 'seat' the lady. Stand behind the chair, you know, and ease her into the table. In pictures, it's easy. You see a shot of Nader taking the proper stance. In the next take, the lady's in. That's gyping. In my own case, I stand behind the chair and she sits down. Where are we now? Still two feet from the table. You have a choice. You can pick her up bodily and throw her at the table, which is not gentlemanly. Or she can rise slightly, in a kind of crouch, and squiggle her way in, pulling the chair behind her, while you continue holding it back, more of a hindrance than a help. I admit it does my morale good to watch George Nader on the screen but it doesn't make me any less Walter Mitty.

"Or love conquers all. In pictures, yes. Practically always. It's easy as long as the writers are behind you. But in life you haven't got any writers. You play it by ear and hope your ear's not defective."

Nader professes many artistic reverences—Wylie, Rachmaninoff, Barbara Stanwyck, Loretta Young, William Holden, Greta Garbo, et al, plus the man who first creamed corn—but denies any special attachment. He does not deny it vigorously. He even denies it rather wanly like a man wary of going out on a limb. But he does deny it. Most frequently mentioned with him is a young actress named Dani Crayne, who's pretty nice mentioning.

However, an associate says of him, "George is thirty-five, and may have made up his mind by now that bachelorhood's what he prefers. He really rolls in it, you know. Freedom of action's a fetish with him, and particularly the freedom to do nothing if he feels like it. Also, I'd say aloneness is an integral part of him. Not 'loneliness'—I doubt that he's ever lonely. There are people who just prefer the state of being by themselves whenever and however they like, even if their natures are social otherwise, and George strikes me as one of them. He's as social a guy as you could know, when he's social. But the idea of running in tandem through legal compulsion may irk him. I don't know it, I'm just guessing. But I think it's a pretty good guess. He tells you about that bugaboo of his? About refusing dates made by the publicity department? Well, there's your answer. He doesn't mind—but he wants to do the calling."

The speaker is quite close to Nader. Hollywood, which is not especially close to him, prefers to reason it'll be a quick Vegas deal whenever the right bride comes along, generally on the idea that George has bottled up a latent domesticity too long. Nader himself is so remote on the subject, it is next to impossible to say.

Of course, it is inevitable that George Nader, the screen hero, that is, would meet someone's eyes in a medium shot across a crowded room and wind up a few reels later ducking rice or wandering into a sunset. But the truth is that anyone wandering into a sunset from the hillside home of George Nader, the ordinary citizen, would stand a fine chance of falling down the cliff and breaking his neck—and two people could hardly escape it. It may yet come to pass, but only when the Walter Mitty of Sherman Oaks learns his lessons from George Nader, the man he would wistfully pattern his life after. And that, as he already has stated, may take fifty years. **THE END**

LOOK FOR: George Nader in Universal-International's "Four Girls in Town," "Joe Butterfly" and "Man Afraid."

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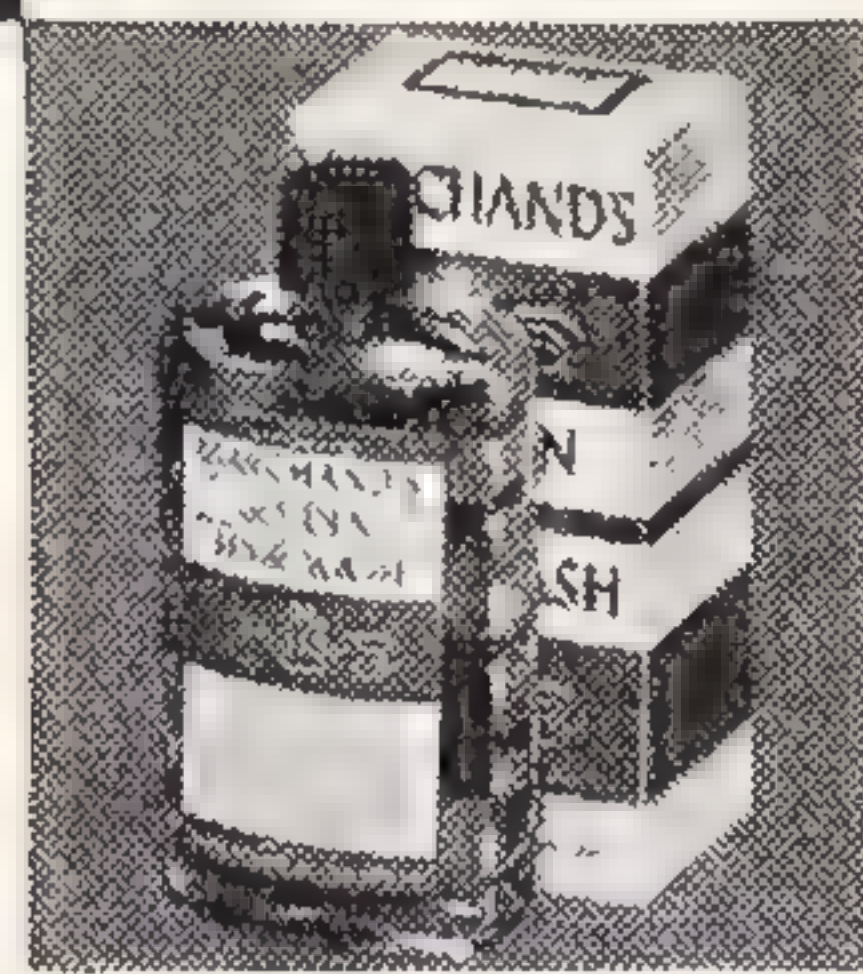
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Barbara Stanwyck, no stranger to Award dinners, looked her most chic in gown especially designed by Werlé



Ernest Borgnine, m.c. at the dinner, presented the best actress award to Kim Novak who got preview of the Medal



Vera Miles, who was tabbed as one of the young stars likely to shine brightest, was gowned by Paramount's Edith Head

PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal Award dinner gathered the cream of Hollywood society



Mickey Hargitay, Jayne Mansfield, Bob Wagner laugh over how Bob crashed Awards dinner when he was unknown

(Continued from page 22)

troubles ironed out. His agent is trying to arrange a loan-out deal for Russ to play the lead in Kirk Douglas' production of "Young Lovers." We hope Russ gets the break he deserves and even more that he and lovely Venetia patch up their differences.

Gold Medal Awards Dinner: Among the several hundred guests that showed up for PHOTOPLAY's dinner in the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel last

Continued



Rock Hudson who won the coveted Gold Medal Award as male star of the year drew applause as he and Phyl arrived

month were a handful of movie greats who had attended the first dinner thirty-six years ago. Among them was Adolph Zukor who accepted an award on behalf of his old friend and co-worker Cecil B. DeMille, whose "The Ten Commandments" was chosen as one of PHOTOPLAY's ten best movies. It was Zukor's film, "Humoresque," that received our best film of the year award way back in 1920. An amusing sidelight of the dinner this year, which brought out just about every big name in Hollywood, was an admission by Bob Wagner during the evening that he had slipped into his first PHOTOPLAY awards dinner back in 1949 via the kitchen. Lacking an invitation, he decided to crash the party and walked in with the waiters carrying a tray. He joined a friend after the dinner was over and no one was the wiser. Bob admitted, however, that it was much more fun attending the dinner as an actor than as a waiter.

News Items: While Jack may be a Lemon he's not "sour" on life even though he's having to learn all over again how to be a bachelor. When he and Cynthia broke up Jack appeared to be licking his wounds in private but recently he has been seen doing the town with some of Hollywood's prettiest ladies including Mona Knox and Felicia Farr. . . . Universal-International is beating the drum hard for O. W. Fischer. And in case this sounds like a brand of whiskey or a new-type overcoat, it isn't. O. W. Fischer is a handsome German actor, destined to be a very romantic lead. Among the girls on the lot he's already known as "W.O.W." Fischer. . . . Kay Kendall, who is one of the reasons that Rex Harrison is taking

a vacation from "My Fair Lady," makes a dashing figure in the magnificent wardrobe Orry Kelly whipped up for her in "Les Girls." For Kay this is her first American movie and it's a sure bet that it won't be her last. She's really a stunner and loaded with talent, too. . . . Marisa Pavan and Jean Pierre Aumont are just about the most cuddlesome couple in Hollywood. Wouldn't it be nice if Marisa had a little bambino soon so that sister Pier's Perry would have a kissin' cousin to play with? . . . No Age Limit: Mike Todd's age was a carefully kept secret until he and Liz were married. He then announced he was 54, thirty years older than his bride. He says, "She thinks I'm much too young for her, anyway."

Calypso Magic: We had lunch with Robert Rossen the other day (he's one of the brightest producer-director-writers in Hollywood) and he was full of praise for an already highly praised singer, Harry Belafonte. It seems that Belafonte not only sings in "Island in the Sun" which is being filmed in the Caribbean but has written two calypsos that youngsters will soon be humming. It was Belafonte, also, who came up with a musical answer to a tricky scene. At one point in the drama, James Mason makes a political speech and the script calls for him to be shouted down by the native population. Belafonte, scouting native songs, discovered one that is called "Mama, Mama, Here Comes the Boo Boo Man," which the islanders sing when they want to poke fun at somebody they don't like. Incidentally, this picture reunites that great team of Belafonte and Dorothy Dandridge who were so wonderful in "Carmen Jones." THE END



After keeping everyone in suspense for months because of illness and divorce problems, Liz Taylor and Mike Todd, thirty years apart in age, had whirlwind Mexican marriage

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(Continued from page 65)

suffered critical injuries just four months after her marriage. Pregnant with her first child, Pier was on the way to Palm Springs for a holiday. Vic had rented a beautiful house for her in the desert community, and had exacted her promise to do nothing for a month except lie in the sun and rest. Meanwhile he would be in Chicago filling a night club engagement.

That month, and many more, Pier was destined to lie not in the sun but in a traction bed in the hospital. Her pelvis was fractured in two places, her face and head bruised and cut, her nervous system shattered by a fear that the accident had harmed her expected baby. Vic was at her side within hours, and there he remained, contracts notwithstanding, until his wife was pronounced out of danger. But twice in the pain-filled months after Pier had been allowed to go home, they almost lost the child which by this time, as Pier says, "was everything, my whole life." Each such crisis meant more fear-shadowed weeks of hospitalization.

"But God wanted us to keep our baby, and we kept him," Pier says, not triumphantly, but with grateful reverence.

Early in her pregnancy Pier confided to her doctor's nurse that she knew nothing about the birth process. The nurse, who had grown deeply fond of the young bride, proceeded to educate Pier on the subject. First she gave her a simple, reassuring little book to read called "Expectant Motherhood." When Pier had thoroughly digested it, the nurse gave her some more involved medical material.

"I have always been fascinated by medicine," says Pier. "I have an uncle in Rome who is a distinguished surgeon, and I think, if I had not been a girl, I would have wanted to study medicine myself. Reading about babies was more fascinating than anything I had ever studied before."

After the plane accident and as soon as she was discharged from the Palm Springs hospital to take up the wheelchair and crutches which were to be her constant companions until the time of delivery, Pier started pestering the doctor to take X-ray pictures of her child. "I have to know that the baby is all right," she implored.

"Not until the seventh month," her doctor insisted. "Until then you must be patient."

Pier was anything but patient. She called the nurse daily to say, "I think the baby moved too much," or "The baby isn't moving. Are you *sure* the doctor heard the heart beat when he examined me last?"

Finally the seventh month arrived, and the X-rays were taken.

"You've heard about people carrying baby pictures in their wallets," Pier says. "Well, Vic carried those big X-rays around. He showed them to all the crew men at the studio, and bragged about how big and beautiful his son was going to be."

Vic knew he would have a son. "Somewhere or other," says Pier, "he had heard a story about girl babies having fourteen ribs and boys only thirteen. He pored over the X-rays with a magnifying glass, and was absolutely convinced that *our* baby had only thirteen ribs. He even called his uncle, a physician in New York, and shouted, 'It's going to be a boy!'"

And so it was—with the usual number of ribs, however.

The baby arrived on August 21, 1955. Pier endured twenty-eight hours of labor

without sedation. "I begged them not to put me to sleep. I had to know when my baby came." Then her doctor insisted, for the child's sake, that the birth take place by Caesarean section.

"But, please, don't put me to sleep," Pier implored, "I want to be conscious when it comes." The doctors agreed, giving her only a spinal anesthetic.

"I *knew* when the baby came!" she says. "The whole world was gold."

"Even when I was still in the hospital," Pier says, "I knew how special Perry was. He was the biggest baby in the nursery—nine pounds!—and so beautiful. All pink and white, not red at all, and not a single wrinkle. He looked like a rose."

Vic went down to look at him every time he visited the hospital. Then he came back to Pier's room to report how all the other fathers wanted to take pictures of their own new babies with "that beautiful Damone boy."

Two days after Perry was born, Pier herself was allowed to climb into a wheelchair and roll down the corridor. She wanted to have a look at Perry through the soundproof nursery glass.

"I was so proud," she recalls. "But I was thin. Vic said I looked all eyes, like a lost bird. And there were those other women, all bigger and healthier looking than I, I could just hear them thinking that Vic must be nine feet tall!"

That same day the nurse brought Perry to Pier's room so that his mother could give him his bottle for the first time.

"I didn't know anything about babies or the funny faces they make when they have little gas bubbles. Perry drank some of his milk and then his face crinkled up and I handed him quickly to the nurse and telephoned Vic at the studio."

"Darleeng," she cried over the wire, "the baby *smiled* at me!"

That night Vic insisted that he, too, be allowed to give the baby a bottle. Sure enough the same thing happened.

Vic went on the Peter Potter television show later that night, and when asked how his two-day-old son was doing, replied "He *smiled* at us!" The whole audience broke out laughing.

The Damones learned quickly about babies, and by now, of course, are experts.

The Damones brought their child home to a brand-new house on a mountain-top, purchased by Vic as a surprise for Pier. But then began the series of separations, the almost inevitable grief to which young couples must resign themselves if they work in the motion picture industry. Soon after little Perry was born—too soon, in the light of Pier's precarious health—Pier was ordered to London, alone, to play the feminine lead in "Port Afrique."

Vic and Pier had only a brief month with their new son before Pier was air-bound for location. The shooting schedule took an endless three months.

Although Vic twice flew to Europe to spend short periods with his wife, and once managed ten days in Beverly Hills to be with Perry, he was tied down to New York most of the time for TV filming. Pier herself had to miss Perry's first Christmas, and although every inch of her hotel room in London was covered with pictures of the baby—taken by Vic—she wept with frustration and homesickness.

Back in Hollywood Pier was rushed directly into "Somebody Up There Likes Me," and then to Paris and Rome for "The Vintage." Originally the plan had been to shoot only the exteriors in Paris in a brief twenty-three day schedule. But Paris interiors were too good to be passed

by, and the twenty-three days stretched to three and a half months. Vic visited Pier in Paris and they flew to Rome for a few weeks holiday, but Pier was too exhausted to enjoy it very much—and she wanted to be with her baby.

Perry learned to walk while Pier was still away. She missed his first birthday. Again she wept, and by now homesickness was compounded with fatigue and tension. The year's events had been almost too much for this slip of a girl, just twenty-one. Her normal 105 pounds had now diminished to ninety-seven.

When Pier returned from Europe with Vic, late in the autumn, she looked down from the plane's debarking stairs and glimpsed Perry in the arms of his nurse, Adrianna. They were waiting near the customs house fence. Shaking, Pier clutched Vic's arm. "I don't think I can go down," she said. "I don't think I can stand it."

But she could, and she did, and she tore through the customs routine and out to the gate. There was Perry holding out his arms to her and saying, "Ma-ma, Ma-ma." Pier grabbed him and cuddled him, and once more "the world was all gold."

There have been many of these golden moments since her marriage, mingled with the painful ones. The most recent blow, of course, was a miscarriage, a tragedy which struck without warning just before last Christmas. Pier was alone again, Vic having gone to New York to open a Christmas season engagement at the Waldorf-Astoria.

With Vic calling frantically every three hours, Pier, at the hospital, was begging her doctor to let her go home to be with Perry. The doctor had wanted her to rest for at least a week, but Pier insisted that her son needed her.

"I will be happier at home and get well faster," she said. "Please let me go home."

"Go home then," the doctor conceded.

Back at home, with Perry to hold in her arms, and with Vic calling frequently to hear of their son's newest accomplishments, Pier was able to shake off the depression caused by the lost pregnancy and concentrate on the child who was living. "Every day he learns new words, both in English and Italian," Pier reported to Vic, who never tired of hearing about his son's achievements.

Pier made Christmas joyfully memorable, even though Vic was not present to share it. There was a lovely tree, high on a table so that the fascinated Perry could not pull it down.

"Marisa came and Jean Pierre and my mother, and when Vic called to say 'Merry Christmas' just before going on for his performance, we opened a little bottle of champagne. For luck I put a few drops on Perry's head, and we all felt warm and loved and lucky."

Despite their many separations, despite their most recent loss, Pier and Vic *have* felt lucky, tremendously lucky, ever since Perry was born. Mostly, when they tell the story of the past two and a half years, it is a happy story. Because there were joys along with the heartache, the growing love of two people for one another, and a wonderful baby.

"We've had problems, of course, but we've worked them out together," Pier says. "And we have been given so much."

"God will want us to have another baby," she adds with conviction. And you know, somehow, that God will. THE END

YOU'LL LOVE: Pier Angeli in M-G-M's "The Vintage"

Escape to Happiness

(Continued from page 71)

As long as the conversation dealt with tennis, a game for which Miss Day is finding time for once in her life, Terry, no mean player himself, was a willing listener. But when the subject switched to motion pictures, he wandered off toward the pool.

Having finished the ice cream, Miss Day munched on the rest of the cone, partly stalling for time, but mostly because she would have eaten it anyway. "About the whole story of my life," she said at last. "I'm not really the person to talk about it, because I didn't have much to do with it. Does that confuse you? It confuses me. But it's true, in a way. Things just happened, and I had to go along."

"Like in your song?" I was referring to "Whatever Will Be, Will Be," the record-sales of which had passed the million mark, and were soaring toward an all-time high.

"Like in the song," she agreed solemnly. "Que sera, sera. In just three words you have the story of my life."

Before leaving New York for Hollywood, I had pored over the thousands upon thousands of published words concerning this girl's life. What I had read certainly had not hinted at a summation so brief and so fatalistic. Quite the contrary. I knew that a lot of things had happened to Miss Day through no fault of her own; that there had been times when her life was so crammed with adversity and personal tragedy that it is a wonder she did not break. But I also knew that her courage and fighting spirit had carried her from rock bottom to spectacular triumphs not once, but several times. This had been a life of violent contradictions, so filled with high romance that her two divorces seemed to have never occurred; so filled with exuberant health that her long months of bedridden pain must have belonged to someone else.

So I said, "I can't help feeling that this resignation, this fatalistic acceptance of whatever comes along, is something you have fought against all your life."

"I suppose it does look that way," she agreed. "But if we go into all that, it would mean—" She paused. She knew that it would mean going into memories long since stored away in pigeonholes built to be forgotten. It would take time, lots of time to tell it all. The afternoon was too pleasant, and there were too many

people around who could not pass Miss Day without stopping to say hello. Sunshine, laughter, and a bright terrace blossoming with gaudy table umbrellas. A time for happy talk.

So we talked for a while about the easy things—the Doris Day of 1957. I asked, referring to some recent headlines in the trade press, "Don't words like 'Wow,' 'Smash,' and 'Socko' thrill you?"

"Oh, sure," she answered. "I can never believe it's really me they are talking about. I just feel glad for the girl in the picture who got a hit. You see, I can't bear to look at my rushes or my pictures, so I don't think I deserve it when nice things are said. It's somebody else."

She might be able to avoid seeing her rushes or her pictures, but there was one thing she could not escape, and that was her singing. She would hear her records on every radio station, on every jukebox and on every street that boasted a record store, whether she was in New York, Calamus, Iowa, or Coronado Beach. She would hear them at house parties, beach parties and picnics, and on everything from thousand-dollar hi-fis to hand-cranked portables. Did she like them any better than her movies? What did she think of Doris Day, the vocalist?

"I like her," she admitted frankly. "At first I didn't think it was me singing, but then, no one ever really gets accustomed to hearing her own voice. I used to worry a lot when I heard myself. Some songs I might trip on several times before I'd get it just right, and then when I'd hear it on the radio, I'd start worrying that I might crack a note. I'd find myself straining, my throat getting all tight, trying to help the singer across the hard part. But now when I'm driving to work with the car radio on, I listen to Dinah Shore and Jo Stafford and Patti Page and Margaret Whiting—and me—and well, I just say, 'Isn't it nice to be in that company?'"

For the time being I could let the psychologists wonder why she could enjoy the sound of herself on a record and not the sight of herself on a screen. Because I was busy looking at the sweet, scrubbed freshness of Doris Day's face. It reminded me of a review I had just read by critic Hollis Alpert. "No one," he wrote, "has ever asked me to choose the typical American beauty, but if I were asked, I think I'd by-pass Marilyn Monroe, Kim Novak, Elizabeth Taylor and Sheree North. I'd

Are Love and Romance

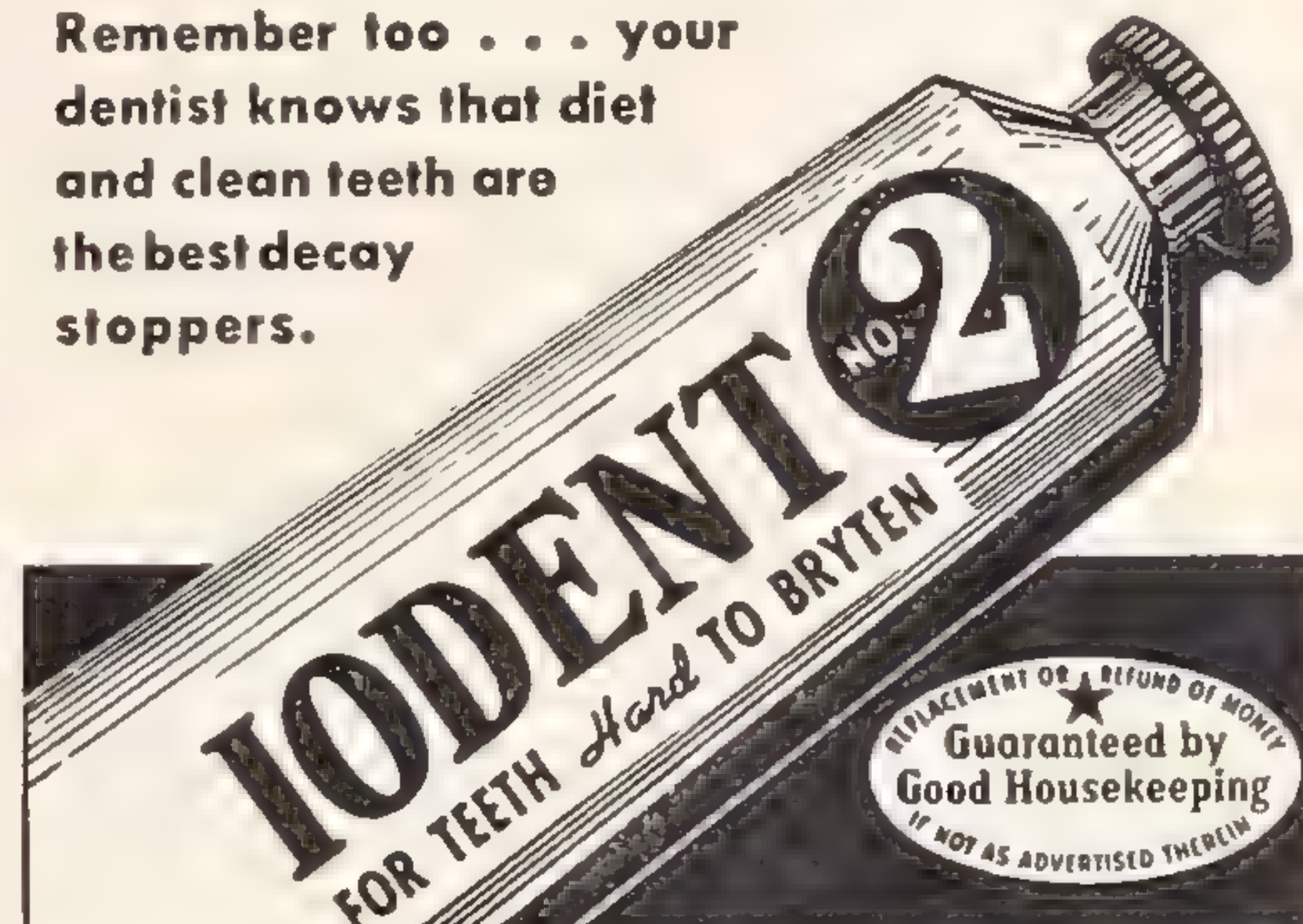


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pick Doris Day. It would be as easy as snapping a finger. . . . She's authentic. She's the girl every guy should marry."

Just then the guy she did marry joined us, freshly showered after a session on the tennis court and obviously feeling good all over. He had seen the trade papers in the locker room. "You're great!" he announced to his smiling wife. "A smash, a wow, a socko, a loud, hot and torrid hit. You did it, you did it, you did it! I'll buy you a whole new box of Tootsie Rolls. And a whole bouquet of lollipops. All flavors."

"You must have won your tennis match," said Doris, unmoved by his generous flattery.

"Lost, as a matter of fact," said Marty cheerfully. "But what about 'Julie' in New York? Did you do it, or didn't you do it?"

"You did it," said Doris firmly.

Marty turned to me. "Actually, Andrew Stone and his wife, and my wife, and Barry Sullivan, and Louis Jourdan and Frank Lovejoy—they all did it. Andy wrote and directed 'Julie,' and his wife Virginia was his assistant and film editor. Now there's a husband-wife team that is going places."

It was too good an opening to miss. "So why not the husband-wife team of Melcher and Day?" I asked. "Why no more 'Julies'?"

"Different. Entirely different," replied Marty promptly. Then he said, "Producers and actors come from opposite sides of the fence. They have to. A director can work with his assistant director and a writer can collaborate with another writer. But it's tougher for a producer and a star to work together. It's business against creative art. That's where an agent comes in handy—to iron out the difficulties between his star and the producer. When I was Doris' agent, I used to go to bat for her. When I became her producer I used to— Say, isn't this a wonderful day?" he suddenly interrupted himself. "You don't have days like this in the winter in New York."

I had to admit it was that kind of a day, and definitely not the kind of a day on which a producer should squabble with a star when a handsome husband had a beautiful wife to admire. In fact, from the way he was admiring her, it was not the kind of a day they should have ruined by interviewers. So I remembered

another appointment, made the necessary arrangements to meet again, and left.

It was Marty I met the next morning at the suite of offices occupied by his music publishing company on the Sunset Strip. It looked prosperous, if not downright opulent, and Marty was obviously proud of it.

"This is it," he said. "This is the kind of business I've always liked. I like music, composers, lyric writers—the whole funny business. And every now and then a hit tune to stir things up."

"Like 'Whatever Will Be, Will Be,' for instance?"

"A perfect 'for instance.' That's Doris for you. And if you are still interested in that husband-wife team idea, music is one business in which we hit it off. We're partners in one firm that just handles her music interests. But that's one of the few places we meet in a business way."

I was surprised. It was no secret that in the days before their marriage, Marty, as Doris' agent, had handled everything for her, from leaky faucets to million-dollar contracts. "You're not her agent any more?" I asked.

"I would say that I am her personal manager. MCA handles most of her contracts, and that usually leaves us free at night to talk like a husband and wife instead of about some clause buried down there in fine print. Let MCA or someone else worry about the fine print. Don't forget, Doris is big business, and my getting too much involved in that isn't good for us. Looking at her, you forget that every time she makes a picture or a recording, there are thousands of people involved, just as though she were a big factory. I remember when she starred in 'April In Paris,' there were nearly 3,000 people working on the picture at Warner Brothers alone, not to mention the thousands of others—theatre owners, projectionists, box-office girls, newspaper ad salesmen, ushers—who make a living out of theatres all over the world. Do you see what I'm driving at?"

"It's hard to think of Miss Day as a big factory, but I'm trying."

"Well, Doris used to say she could manage her business affairs by dumping her purse out on the table and counting the change. Now her business affairs are handled by the management firm of Rosen-

thal & Norton, and they have a big job on their hands. The point is, if we worked on her business affairs as a husband-and-wife team, we'd be working at it full time. and what kind of a marriage would that make? It would be like being married to a corporation."

"Is that what happened on 'Julie'?"

Marty considered the question gravely. "I'm glad we made 'Julie,' and I'm glad it looks like a hit. We proved we could do it, and that means a lot. But I don't think that Doris and I are ideally geared to work together as star and producer and then carry all the pressures into our home life. Andy Stone had a lot of good ideas about using real settings instead of sound stages, and I had a few of my own, and I can say that we brought the picture in for about a million dollars less than it would have cost a major studio to produce it. As a partner in Arwin Productions, Doris admired us for that, but as the star of the picture there were some corners she would not allow us to cut. She was right, of course. You don't get to be a star if you aren't right most of the time, but still we had arguments." He paused to reconsider a delicate subject.

"Now here's the pitch," he said at last. "In most businesses, when a husband-and-wife team win a point, they win it together. But in our case, if Doris won, I lost. And if I won, Doris lost. Now you take a situation like that home with you. Instead of the star going home to get some sympathy from her husband, and the producer going home to weep on his wife's shoulder, we'd go home together. And there, over a wonderful dinner, we'd sit, not too happy. You get the picture. Then one night we both started to laugh, and then we realized what was happening."

"It didn't matter which one of us had won on the set. In the end we both had lost. We had lost a happy evening at home together, and man, it was because we wanted to be happy together that we had married in the first place. Our so-called teamwork was ruining the very thing we had teamed together for."

I said, "So just when you were going good, you called the whole thing quits?"

"That we did. But, mind you, this is the way we happen to feel right now. We've been saying that we'd never do another 'Julie.' I'd like to restate that. If we go on thinking in the same terms about a star's relation with her producer, then, chances are, we won't work together again. But, who knows, we might see some new angles on the thing. In that event, we'll review the whole case." He smiled. "Nothing's ever really definite in this business."

"Anyway, look what happened," he brightened considerably. "Doris got the starring role in 'Pajama Game' at Warner Brothers, and instead of having her poor husband for a producer, she's got the great George Abbott from Broadway, plus Frederick Brisson, Robert Griffith, and Harold Prince. Four producers! We're going to have a wonderful winter together."

An intercom announced the arrival of a songwriter Marty had been expecting. He said, "Now that's what I like about my business. This guy might have a hit that will sell a stack of sheet music the size of the Washington Monument. A million records. A theme song for a movie. Who knows?"

I left Marty's office and took the six-mile ride from the Strip to the studios of Warner Brothers. I tried to picture Doris Day as the big corporation whose product was beauty and talent. But was this the same girl I had met at the tennis club? The same girl who had been born Doris Kappelhoff in Cincinnati, the same girl who was a good wife and mother? I arrived at the studio thinking that there

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 86

Across

1. Satchmo
8. Martin (Dean, Dewey)
12. Tryon (Tom)
13. Leslie (Nielsen)
15. R M (Robert Mitchum)
16. E L (Elsa Lanchester)
17. Ken
18. mom
20. A S (Ann Sothorn)
21. Magic
24. Toni
25. A G (Ava Gardner)
27. Stranger
29. Sr.
30. name
32. Brand
33. Annie
34. E O (Edmond O'Brien)
35. Genes
36. R N (Robert Newton)
37. M R (Michael Redgrave)
38. A S (Anthony Steel)
39. G G (George Gobel)
40. Is
41. Roma
44. One
45. task

48. Ben
49. taste
50. Far
52. Piper (Laurie)
56. Star
57. flier
59. hair
61. in
62. ape
63. Happy
66. voters
69. Isn't
71. Veil
72. Alive
73. O'Hara (Maureen)
74. Lena

Down

1. Strasberg (Susan)
2. Armstrong (Louis)
3. Ty (Power)
4. Colman (Ronald)
5. H N (Harmon Nelson)
6. Ollie
7. ask
8. minor
9. A E (Anita Ekberg)
10. Too
11. N W (Natalie Wood)
14. Let's
16. Egg
18. Minnesota's
19. Mamie (Van Doren)
22. Andersen (H. Christian)
23. C R (Cliff Robertson)
26. geese
28. R A (Ray Anthony)
31. Ann (Blyth)
33. Agar (John)
37. Mine
42. mast
43. Astaire (Fred)
44. O'Brien (Edmond)
46. Kern's (Jerome)
47. Affair
51. Alps
52. Paper
53. Phyl (Phyllis Isley)
54. E A (Edie Adams)
55. rival
58. R H (Rock Hudson)
60. role
64. Ava
65. Pia
67. tin
68. Eva (Marie Saint)
70. to

were several Doris Days, maybe a dozen.

I was just in time for lunch, and because Doris and I wanted to talk, we passed up the Green Room where the Warner Brothers' stars and executives table-hop during the lunch hour. Instead we went to a quiet restaurant Doris favored. We had a roomy booth to ourselves.

Doris was wearing a simple white outfit that on anyone else would probably have been called a sports dress. But on her it seemed like one of those creations that are sheer inspiration. Her tousled blonde hair was pertly cut in short, casual pompadour fashion, and the wind had added some even more casual touches. Somehow, though, it looked as if each careless lock had been artfully placed by a master stylist. Doris was every inch the movie queen in the great tradition of the silent films, but at the same time, with her freckles and wonderful smile, she managed to be her friendly, untouched-by-Hollywood self.

Doris ordered her favorite pan-sized hamburger plus a huge tossed salad on the side.

"On this picture I can eat all I want," she said with satisfaction. "There is a lot of dancing in 'Pajama Game,' and we'll have to rehearse so much that it will be impossible to put on weight. Not that I have to worry about it. I guess I'm too active."

"We should have had lunch at home," she went on, "but the place is a mess. We're

tions on the same subject. To avoid that kind of conflict, we spent the rest of the afternoon in reaching an unusual agreement.

We would, we decided, let the unvarnished facts speak for themselves. The facts, not the question, would lead the way.

"It's like this," explained Miss Day. "I always do my best to answer questions honestly, but some questions come up more often than others. Then when I answer the questions, that answer is printed more often than others, and so it gets—well, let's say it gets an emphasis all out of proportion to what it deserves."

"Like, for instance?"

"Oh, that trailer story, or the time I broke my leg, or my two divorces, or that I am the child of a broken home, or about my being the bouncy, girl-next-door-type. They're true stories, except I don't get that 'girl-next-door' stuff, and you'll see why. But their importance has been exaggerated. Like the time the Hollywood Women's Press Club voted me their 'Sour Apple' as the 'Most Uncooperative Actress of the Year.' What I'd like your story to do, is put everything in its proper place, and let the reader find out why one thing led to another."

"So where do we begin?"

"You might try Cincinnati," she suggested. "Everything started there, and sort of keeps going back to there." She paused and then said with remarkable frankness, "I was pretty young when I came to Hollywood the last time. Maybe the things I want to remember are only the good things, or the things that were good for me. Why don't you get the other side? Talk to the people who had to put up with me and helped me along, and things like that. They know more about me than I know myself. I've told my own story so often, maybe I'm getting in a rut."

Now we were getting somewhere. I knew that when Doris made "Love Me or Leave Me" at M-G-M, there had been a period of three months in which she cooperated with the press so fully that she averaged 200 interviews a week. It might well be that Doris had told her own story too often. All told, there had been 3,000 interviews during the filming, and when you figure that Doris has starred in some twenty pictures, the total comes out to be a lot of interviews. Just another insight into what it means to be a movie star. But that's a different story.

As the umpteenth interviewer, I had to ask, "And who do I see in Cincinnati?" I reflected meanwhile that it's a rare movie star that wants you to go to her home town to pick up the local gossip.

But already Miss Day was as chipper and eager as though she were going home for a visit herself. "Oh, you must see my Uncle Frank, and Barney Rapp and Grace Raine. And Will Lenay, and Danny Engel and Milt Weiner—the whole crowd. You'll like every single one of them, bless them all."

There were still many friends of Miss Day whom I wanted to interview in Hollywood—stars, directors, producers, character actors, extras, and neighbors. But she was right. To know the Doris Day of Hollywood only recently acclaimed by *Motion Picture Exhibitor* as the top box-office draw of all actresses, I had to know first the girl in pigtail braids from Cincinnati.

I was there the next morning.

So the story of Doris Day's journey begins. Today she has reached a high plateau of happiness and success. But how did she come to it, and by what painful steps? Be sure to go on with George Scullin's story in May PHOTOPLAY. (Doris is being seen in M-G-M's "Julie" and Warners' "The Pajama Game.")

GO, GO, GO TO HOLLYWOOD!

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Big May Travel Issue

getting ready to move, you know. It's a strange thing. Our house at Toluca Lake—we bought it from Martha Raye, and I love it so—was just fine because it was handy to Warner Brothers. Then when I left the studio to free lance, all my work was out in Culver City or far places like that, so we bought conductor Alfred Wallenstein's house in Beverly Hills. It's beautiful. Why, when I think back—"

"Yes?" I questioned with unsubtle eagerness.

"Nothing. Nothing right now, that is. But it does make a contrast."

"From living in a trailer?"

"Oh, you've heard that story, too." She made a slight grimace. "It's true enough, and it got a lot of publicity for some reason. Lots of people live in trailers, and it can be all right, you know."

"Was it?"

"Let's work up to that part gradually. I'll admit that was one of the unhappiest parts of my life, but it wasn't the trailer's fault. When you know more about me, why then you'll understand."

Now I do understand, but at that moment at lunch I felt slightly frustrated. For some reason I could not fathom, our interview was going in Doris' direction and not mine. Now I know why, of course. All too often a star's story is written in response to an interviewer's questions. The star will answer honestly, but the interviewer asking one set of questions may end up with a story that will in no way resemble that of another interviewer asking an entirely different batch of ques-

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Love and Marriage and a Baby Carriage

(Continued from page 53)

to be there himself and could be reached easily if needed.

At midnight Dr. Levy's phone rang. It was Eddie who said anxiously, "Doctor, I hate to bother you but I think Debbie..." The doctor didn't give him a chance to finish the sentence. He dashed into the night and when he arrived at where the Fishers were staying he found Debbie bundled up to go to the hospital and Eddie seated behind the wheel of his car. The doctor took one look at Eddie's face and said, "I'll drive." And they rushed into the night, Eddie and Debbie's public unaware that the most awaited baby in the land was about to be born.

Actually there was no cause for alarm. Eddie and Debbie's baby would be hardly discouraged by a fast automobile ride. Hers was a very hardy heritage.

Being born in a Philadelphia tenement hadn't stopped the baby's father, and Debbie wasn't born with a silver spoon in her mouth, either, but to people who had hung on to life with a merry heart and a strong hand. Debbie's infancy was spent in a two-room house in the back of a filling station in El Paso, Texas, where her dad worked fourteen hours a day.

When they drove up to St. Joseph's Hospital in Burbank at four A.M., Debbie was whisked into a cheery corner room on the fourth floor. A soft-voiced Sister indicated that Eddie would be billeted in the waiting room. "That's where the fathers work," she said, smiling warmly.

Eddie put in a call to New York for his manager, Milton Blackstone, who made arrangements to fly out immediately. Then around Hollywood a few phones began to jingle, and sleepy voices came awake at Eddie's jubilant: "I'm going to be a father!" Soon his friends were gathered in the waiting room with him, a close circle of those who had played a part in today's happiness and fame.

They were a small group: Debbie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Reynolds; Gloria Luchenbill, Eddie's press-secretary, and her husband, Philip; Monte Proser, who produced Eddie Fisher's NBC-TV "Coke Time" show—and who ran the Copa in New York City some years ago when an eager seventeen-year-old singer applied for a job. Proser had told Eddie that he was too young to sing in a night club, and sent him to Grossinger's in the Catskills, where fame found him shortly afterward.

At the hospital, too, were TV-actor Bernie Rich and comedian Joey Foreman, boyhood pals from Philadelphia's South Side. They had led the applause when Eddie sang for customers in Joey's dad's candy store. They had been sure he'd make it when he was singing for carfare on the local radio. And as teenagers dedicated to show business, they'd walked together up and down Broadway looking at the lights and dreaming of the big time; sharing their last thirty cents for beans at the Automat.

They all had shared many great moments with Eddie Fisher. Now they were waiting in the wings again to share the greatest moment of them all. And while they waited, those who were fathers talked and talked about the pleasures and perils of fatherhood. Monte Proser gave a detailed account of the birth of each of his five sons. Just the day before, Bernie Rich's pretty wife Marge had given birth to their first—a husky nine-pound son. So Bernie felt qualified to explain the wonderment of birth from a father's point of view, going on at length about how Eddie would feel when "David Ross Fisher" was born.

"David Ross" was, as a matter of fact, the only name Debbie and Eddie had decided upon. The boy was to be named after Eddie's friend, the late Jerry Ross, the brilliant young songwriter who had written "Heart" for him.

The group with Eddie were charting the whole future of "David Ross Fisher" when Dr. Levy came down from upstairs and said, "It's time to go up." A few minutes later Eddie Fisher was looking at a beautiful little doll, and losing his heart to her.

"Do you mind?" Debbie said, hoping he wouldn't be disappointed it wasn't a boy.

"Mind! Oh, honey, all I care about is that we have a beautiful little daughter and that you and the baby are well," he said.

He called his mother at her supermarket in Merchantville, New Jersey, and announced, "Hello, Mom, I'm a Dad!"

"And how is the baby's mother?" Mrs. Stupp asked in a calm voice. Debbie was her first thought and concern.

The baby's mother was fine. The baby was fine. "Listen, Mom, I'd like to give you a cigar. I'll mail it to you," the baby's father said.

Eddie called his father, Joe Fisher, in Philadelphia and gave him the glad news.

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And by then his fellow Friars, the other fathers in the lobby, had recovered their poise and were pressing him for further details.

"Debbie thinks she looks like me and I think she's right," he said happily. Who was he to dispute anything the baby's mother said? According to the card in his hand, she weighed six pounds, twelve ounces. Then, turning the card over, he discovered for the first time the photostat of the baby's footprints. "My baby has flat feet!" Eddie gasped, genuinely concerned. But he was reassured by the others that babies' footprints always appeared that way.

In the opinion of Eddie's friends, her first picture, taken by a hospital photographer when she was one day old, revealed that "from the nose down, it's the Fisher face." In the picture, her eyes are wide open and so is her mouth. She seemed to be singing, and, as one of his pals put it loyally, "probably the first eight bars of 'Anytime.'"

They decided to name her Carrie Frances. Not for any special reason. Eddie says, "We just thought of that name. I like Frances—you know that's Debbie's name, Mary Frances, and we both liked Carrie."

Asked who Carrie looks like now, he says, "You can't really tell yet. She has dark brown hair. And she has Debbie's eyes, great big eyes." She also has, he suspects, her father's voice. "She screams up a storm," he grins, although he would cheerfully liquidate anyone who agreed with him.

Naturally shy, it's always been a little hard for Carrie's father to express his feelings concerning those closest to him. He was frankly incredulous when some reporters wanted him to blueprint the baby's future—even before she was born. And there are times when fame hangs very heavy over the heads of Carrie's parents, when they would give anything to be able to enjoy every memorable day in the life of their baby without fanfare or publicity.

Photographers were camped outside the hospital the morning the baby arrived. They asked to take pictures of her and were given a firm "No." However, one photographer smuggled himself up during the visiting hours that afternoon and was caught with his camera against the glass of the nursery. He was promptly ushered out by the Mother Superior. From then on, the Fishers' little pink-blanketed bundle was moved across the nursery and her tag turned away from the window to thwart anyone who might try to steal pictures of her.

Preparations for Carrie's homecoming were complicated by her premature arrival. A survey of the baby-type wardrobe on hand revealed nothing but four little shirts, a nightie, and some diapers. She had gold rattles and silver rattles, gold mugs and silver mugs, but not one dress to her name. A layette was ordered.

Meanwhile, workmen were racing against time to repaint Carrie's nursery at home and repair the effects of the fire which might have been so tragic for the Fishers. So tragic that they still mention it with a shudder and a thankful prayer. Debbie had just completed furnishing the yellow and white nursery, which had been planned around the elegant princess bassinet of pale-yellow satin and white organdy given Debbie and Eddie by the crew when they finished "Bundle of Joy."

The \$50,000 fire, caused by defective wiring, occurred on the only night Debbie and Eddie hadn't slept there since they'd leased the house. Eddie was in Las Vegas discussing an engagement at Monte Proser's Tropicana and Debbie was spending the night with her parents in Burbank.

Contrary to reports, the few baby things they had were not burned. They were packed in boxes in the closet and untouched by the fire. But the yellow walls were smudged with black and the fluffy white curtains looked like old rags.

But the nursery was finally put in shining shape for its royal occupant. The furniture was scrubbed and the walls repainted; the elegant yellow satin-and-white organdy bassinet covering came back from the cleaners beautifully new.

If you ask Eddie about his first gift for Carrie he says casually, deceiving nobody, "It was a toy, just a little toy." And you know it was probably a roomful of them. Carrie's first flowers were forget-me-nots from Bernie and Margie Rich's one-day-old son, with the message: "Please save the first dance for me," signed "Michael Lewis Rich."

From her New England farm, Bette Davis brought Carrie scads of home-grown yarn which will be made into fluffy hand-knits. Beloved Jennie Grossinger, who gave Eddie Fisher his first big chance, presented Carrie with a lifetime gift, a diamond heart-shaped pendant to match, in

mother-daughter style, the one Eddie had designed for Debbie on their first anniversary, September 26, 1956. Eddie's pal, fighter Rocky Marciano, gave her a diamond ring, which inspired Carrie's mother to sigh, "Now that will make her a real princess."

As for Debbie and Eddie's fans, they've really taken little Carrie to heart. Eddie's 4,750 fan clubs vied with each other to make her a special honorary member of "The Fisherettes," with her own gilt-edged membership card. And they showered her with gifts of every description.

One day recently, after Eddie's TV show, a pretty dark-haired girl pushed through the audience and handed him a small, prettily-wrapped package. "It's for Carrie," she explained. "Her first mink toothbrush." An eighty-six-year-old fan sent a blanket she said she'd knitted while watching Eddie's show. "I'm sure you couldn't buy anything with more love in it." Carrie's parents got pretty misty about that one.

Eddie acknowledges such presents with a warm note, assuring them that, "Debbie and I and our little one are humbly grateful for your good wishes and prayers." He worries when fans send Carrie expensive presents. "If only they wouldn't spend so much money!"

At Eddie's shows, fans always want a first-hand report on the women in his life. And they get it. "How's Carrie?" they chorus. "She's fine!" he beams. "How's Debbie?" asks another group. "She's fine, too," he affirms.

Even though Eddie comes from a large family and grew up with a younger sister, he says that where babies are concerned, "I haven't had too much experience." But as a father, take Debbie's word for it, he's the best.

Working with one-year-old Donald Gray in RKO's "Bundle of Joy" was a pretty good warm-up for Eddie's duties as a father. As director Norman Taurog says, the Fisher charm has a way even with little bundles like these. In one scene Taurog was having no luck getting Donald to smile for the camera. "I didn't know what to do," he says. "I'd used all the hand props—the squeakers, everything—with no success." Suddenly Eddie stuck his face next to the baby's and said, "Hi!" A big grin came over young Donald's face. "We rushed the shot," says Taurog.

"I guess you don't need me here the rest of the day, huh?" Eddie kidded him later. "You—the great child director!"

There was some speculation that Debbie would cancel out of "Bundle of Joy" when it was announced she expected one of her own. She was already committed to make "Tammy" at Universal-International, and people weren't sure whether she'd want to work in two pictures during her last six months of pregnancy. Besides, a musical means twice the rehearsing, twice the effort, and usually double the shooting schedule.

Debbie, however, was determined to make the picture. As a close friend puts it, "Debbie wanted to do this more than anything, and I think she had nobody but Eddie in mind. After all, it's his first movie."

For years Hollywood had showered Eddie Fisher with fabulous offers, but he'd turned them down because he couldn't find the "right" script. To producers, Eddie made it very plain that he was a singer, not an actor. Show him a script that was three-quarters music, and he'd see. . . .

When he found his "right" script, it was the musical remake of "Bachelor Mother." "I've been a long time looking," Eddie said. "But this is it. It's a great story for me and for Debbie, too."

Norman Taurog was concerned about how Debbie would feel during the filming.

"This fine girl," he announced later, "never once complained of the baby or of feeling ill. If you asked her how she was, she would say, 'I'm fine, I'm just great.' And the way she said it, you believed her. That is, until the day Debbie couldn't hold up any longer."

They were getting ready to shoot an important scene when Eddie came up to the director and anxiously asked, "Have you taken a look at Debbie?"

"No, not in some time," Taurog told him.

"She doesn't look well. I'm worried," Eddie said. "Are there any scenes you can shoot without her?"

The director took a look at Debbie then and sent her right home. "Honey, if you come in tomorrow, I'll stay away," he told her. Pale-faced Debbie just said, "Thank you very much," and squeezed his hand.

Debbie's doctor put his foot down, too. After that they closed the set. A policeman was stationed at the door. No interviews, rest during lunch and back to the dressing room after every scene were the strict orders.

Their picture was finished three days ahead of schedule and Debbie and Eddie gave the director a gold record inscribed: "To Dr. Norman Taurog, who delivered our 'Bundle of Joy' ahead of the stork."

Today, the pleasure Eddie Fisher gives to others is coming back to him threefold—Debbie, Carrie and a tremendously successful career. He doesn't know what his next movie will be—he's waiting for the reaction to "Bundle of Joy." As one friend says, "Eddie won't make another picture until he finds out what the fans think of this one. They'll tell him and you can be sure he'll listen."

"We've formed our own company," Eddie says, "called Ramrod Productions, and there are several things we're talking over, including a remake of 'The Clock' at M-G-M as a musical. That's the picture which starred Judy Garland and Robert Walker."

Television? "They're talking about some TV spectaculars and a half-hour show, but I don't know about that yet."

Meanwhile they have time to get used to their new home, the one they've just purchased in Beverly Hills. It's a lovely English-style house on two acres with a brook running through the garden.

Carrie's pale yellow-and-white kingdom overlooks the garden, and the sun shines warm and bright through the windows most of the day. Debbie has arranged her daughter's menagerie of toy animals so that they encircle the room like a frame. And here the little princess sleeps and sleeps under the watchful eyes of tall, inquisitive giraffes, shiny black poodles and playful kittens. When she wakes there is a bounty of royal toys to play with, gifts from her parents' friends and fans.

Eddie's improving in his fatherly duties, with constant practice. The other day he was telling a pal about his prowess in burping the baby. "It takes Debbie twenty minutes to burp Carrie, but I can burp her just like that," he said, snapping his fingers.

"He's right," Debbie agreed. "It takes me longer. But with Eddie—right away."

"That's because she knows he has no time to waste," the pal said.

But for Carrie's father and mother, time begins and ends today with the little princess who is unaware of her millions of subjects. Her most devoted ones, of course, are the lovely merry girl who holds her so tenderly and the dark-eyed fellow who sings her lullabies. Carrie Frances Fisher's every coo is their command. **THE END**

YOU'LL ENJOY: Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher in RKO's "Bundle of Joy."

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(Continued from page 57)

verdict of Hollywood's vote, come Oscar time, on the 27th of March.

I didn't know until I met Irving Stone, brilliant author of "Lust for Life," that only a quirk of fate got Douglas the big break of starring in the screen adaptation. You see, Mr. Stone sold his tragic story of the great Dutch artist to Metro all of ten years ago, and the studio bought it as a vehicle for Spencer Tracy! Then, because Hollywood moves in mysterious ways "Lust for Life" was shelved, and it remained shelved until four weeks before the ten-year option was to expire. Biographer Stone intended to buy it back and produce it himself, with Van Heflin as Van Gogh. Instead, he got some more gold from them than Beverly Hills for an extension of his option. Now here's where that long arm of Fate moves in. Vincente Minnelli, who had always loved the story, was browsing around M-G-M's old manuscript files when he came across "Lust for Life" again, and brought it to the attention of producer John Houseman. An entirely new script was written. Minnelli and Houseman took it to Kirk Douglas. Now Kirk may win the Academy Award for it.

P.S. This past year has been a wonderful one for Kirk's personal life, too. His marriage to Anne Buydens has brought him even more happiness with the arrival of their son Peter. And ex-wife Diane Douglas was recently remarried, which means that, after five years of paying her substantial alimony, Kirk is off that hook.

Overseas Intelligence: Rossano Brazzi and his wife, Lidia, were dining in a swank Paris restaurant one night while visiting the French capital on their way back to Rome from Hollywood. A woman dining at a nearby table asked for an autograph. Rossano, all smiles, took out his pen. "Oh, it's not your autograph I want, but Mrs. Brazzi's," the woman said. "I admire her so much." . . . M-G-M was able to save some money and also accommodate Ava Gardner. Ava had asked them to send some empty trunks she had in London on to Hollywood, and character actor Leslie Phillips had a stack of suits that he wears in "Les Girls" to be sent from London. So the suits were put into Ava's trunks, and everyone was happy. . . . Rod Steiger lost twenty pounds in three weeks. It wasn't the

English food Rod is eating in London, but his own determination. . . . French actress Martine Carol, back in Paris after making "Action of the Tiger" with Van Johnson in Spain and London, has been praising Van to the skies to one and all. "Never in my career have I worked with anyone as sweet and kind as Van," says Martine. "Knowing that my English isn't too good, he would come into my dressing room before a scene and coach me in proper pronunciation. Whenever a press photographer came on the set, he would go look for me, and during all the press photos he would push me ahead of him so I would be in front. The day I caught cold after a scene in the water, he brought me towels, his coat, and hot drinks. I shall always keep, as a good luck charm, the red sock in which he sent me a bottle of whiskey."

Foreign Travel: Winter sports in Europe seem to have drawn quite a few Hollywoodians. Joan Crawford and her husband, Al Steele, have been in Gstaad, Switzerland, with two of the children. Joan has shed the black eye patch she was wearing for a while because of a bit of eye trouble. Being Joan, she had sewed sequins on the patch to give it a touch of glamour. . . . Linda Christian has been mingling with the international set (the Aristotle Onassis, Aly Khan and Bettina, etc.) at the Palace Hotel in St. Moritz, and Ty Power and Swedish actress Mai Zetterling have been frequenting the ski resorts near Mai's native Stockholm. Incidentally, Ty must be in love, as it was Mai who convinced him to act in his first TV play. Before leaving for Sweden with Mai, Ty appeared opposite her in Strindberg's "Miss Julie" for commercial British TV.

Stars Over Europe: Gina Lollobrigida's husband, Dr. Skovic, may have directed her career well up to now, but his attitude toward the press is fast acquiring a lot of enemies for him. When he and Gina arrived at Paris' Orly Field on their way to Brussels for a charity affair, they were greeted, of course, by the press. Gina, cooperative as usual, was chatting away with reporters when her husband, sulking darkly, grumbled to her, "If you continue to waste time like this, I'll be getting along and I'll see you in Rome." Gina, completely dominated by Skovic, meekly

followed him. Incidentally, Gina did not show up at the Paris premiere of her new French picture, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," in which she plays with Tony Quinn. The rumor for Gina's failure to come from Brussels for the premiere is all in her favor. It seems that she had asked the producers to donate the premiere proceeds to the Hungarian refugee cause, and the producers didn't follow her suggestion. So Gina stayed away. . . . A prediction: That American fans, especially the women will be mad about Europe's newest middle-aged (forty-one) romantic heartthrob, German actor Curt Jurgens, recently divorced husband of Eva Bartok. With two French films, "God Created Woman" and "Michael Strogoff," Jurgens has risen from comparative obscurity (although he has been an actor for twenty years) to dazzling success. Hollywood is reported to be after him with many offers.

MMM Monroe: At the Actors Studio gala after-theatre party, following the world premiere of "Baby Doll," Marilyn Monroe made her first public appearance since her return from London and "The Prince and the Showgirl." There were hundreds of celebrities on the dance floor in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria. But as Marilyn glided by (as only she can, in a tight-fitting metallic sheath!) she was unaware of everyone else in the room. She had eyes only for the man holding her in his arms, Arthur Miller. It was the same kind of adoration she gave him when I saw them dancing together at the private party given in their honor by the Oliviers and Terence Rattigan in London. That was eight months ago—but it would seem that the honeymoon is definitely not over!

Marilyn and Arthur are now happily ensconced in a large apartment on East End Avenue, right opposite the address where Arthur wooed and won Marilyn last June. Marilyn returned from London exhausted from her long schedule on "The Prince" and all but emotionally spent from all the events which crowded her life this past year. I seriously doubt that she'll make another film for at least a year. But if her greatest prayer is answered, she will be in production with a "production" of her own. More than anything else in the world, Marilyn wants to heir-condition the Miller nursery.

Love in Bloom: They say that in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. But two of the hottest romances I know of this springtime do not involve young men at all. The men concerned are in their fifties, with past records of three wives each. I refer to Henry Fonda and Franchot Tone. Hank, who was married to Maggie Sullavan, the late Frances Brokaw and Susan Blanchard, is now very much smitten with an Italian baroness he met in Rome when he was making "War and Peace." I first scented love in bloom when I saw them together in London, dancing cheek to cheek at the Café de Paris. Now that Hank is in New York filming "Stage Struck" with Susan Strasberg, I've collided with him and the baroness on the dance floor again—at the "Baby Doll" party and the New York City Center Ball, both at the Waldorf. Hank is ordinarily the most antisocial actor you could meet anywhere, so if Baroness Afdera Franchetti can reform him to this extent, it must be l-o-v-e!

As for Franchot, ex of Joan Crawford, Jean Wallace and Barbara Payton, he has always had an eye for fair ladies. His newest, Dolores Dorn Heft, is the fairest of them all—tall and blonde, with a classic beauty and a pencil-slim figure. She's an actress.

For up-to-the-minute, behind-the-scenes reporting—whether it be headline-making news, or film doings from Hollywood, U.S.A., listen to commentators John Scott and Martin Starr—brought to you by Miles Laboratories, Inc.—over the coast-to-coast MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM.



too, for whom Franchot very conveniently had a part in his independent screen production of "Uncle Vanya." So you'll soon have a chance to appraise her for yourself.

On the distaff side, Glynis Johns fell hard for Allen Reisner, when he directed her in "The Day They Gave Babies Away" at RKO. When Glynis left Hollywood to appear in the all-star revival (Charles Laughton, Eli Wallach, Burgess Meredith, Cornelia Otis Skinner) of "Major Barbara" on Broadway, Allen flew east for the opening. When I saw them together at the gay after-theatre celebration later, I asked Glynis if they had set a wedding date yet. "No, it depends upon how long the play runs," Glynis replied. Well, "Major Barbara" is still running, but the wedding date has been tentatively set for June.

Paulette Goddard, who also trails romance wherever she goes, is back inside U.S.A., now, after her around-the-world travels these past five years. By a happy coincidence, her best beau, novelist Erich Remarque, is back, too. But Paulette is being noncommittal about whether or not they are secretly married.

Another welcome face in our wonderful town again is Merle Oberon. But her visit is just a temporary one before she heads back to London, where her new TV series, "Foreign Legion" (produced by Deborah Kerr's husband, Tony Bartley) is the number one show on England's commercial TV. Over a luncheon gabfest at 21, Merle, one of the loveliest women I know, told me, "I hate to have to sell or even lease my lovely home in Bel Air. But now that TV is keeping me in London, I can't afford the luxury of maintaining a large, unoccupied home over here." "Where does romance enter your scheme of things?" I asked, remembering Lord Eric Dudley, who was with Merle when we were in Monte Carlo together last summer. "Everyone is still trying to marry me off to Eric, and they can't understand why I don't jump at the chance to annex a title," Merle laughed in reply. "They seem to forget that I was a 'Lady' once, when I was married to Alex Korda—and I hope I've been a 'lady' before and since, too. Besides, being a film star gives one as much social prestige as a title, anywhere in the world."

Cliff Talks Back: Cliff Robertson wants Cal York to know that it's not true (as Cal said in February PHOTOPLAY) that he, Cliff, "pretends that success doesn't matter." "Of course success matters," Cliff told me over a luncheon session at Sardi's. "It matters very deeply to me, because I worked hard to attain my goal. I batted around for ten years, taking every kind of job from waiter in Schrafft's to longshoreman, in order to survive until success came my way. I had no family to help me. I'm an orphan, and I was bolstered by only one thing—faith in myself and what I hoped to achieve. But success means many things to many people. To me, it means achievement in my career, to be able to study at the Actors Studio, to have the chance of working in the theatre with a great actress like Helen Hayes and a great director like Josh Logan, to have started my Hollywood phase with a wonderful guy like Bill Holden, and then to be jumped from the small role in 'Picnic' to play opposite Joan Crawford. What topped it off, of course, was having my performance in 'Autumn Leaves' get such good notices everywhere. And now I think it's a wonderful break to play an entirely different part, a song and dance man with Jane Powell in 'The Girl Most Likely' for RKO. All this is what success means to me in my professional life."

"If it means the accoutrements that go with success—living in a swank apart-

ment, having a large wardrobe, sporting an expensive car, being seen in the right places with the right people—then Cal York was right. That kind of success doesn't matter to me. I live in a small apartment in Hollywood, the one Jimmy Dean had when he first came out. I still keep my cold-water flat in New York, because this was 'home' to me in my struggling days, and everyone in the neighborhood was my friend when the going was tough. I don't see why I should move away now. I don't pose for publicity shots with a lot of starlets because someday I hope to get married, and I don't want my wife to think my bachelor days were a succession of bathing beauties."

Incidentally, that wife may wind up being a bathing beauty herself, because the girl could be Lee Meriweather, Miss America of 1955. Cliff makes no secret of his admiration for Lee, and personally I think she'd be a very lucky gal to get such a clear-thinking, high-principled guy with a sane sense of values. I hope he's won you over, too, Cal!

Sir Laurence's Lady: Welcome news to me is that Vivien Leigh has been signed to co-star with Larry Olivier in "Separate Tables," marking her first return to an American film since "A Streetcar Named Desire." However, she won't be filming in Hollywood, but on the French Riviera this summer. Vivien's beauty is currently adding to the Hollywood decor, while Larry is filming a sequence in "The Devil's Disciple" at Paramount. During Vivien's five-year absence from American films, she has been very active at home in England. She appeared with Sir Laurence at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in Stratford-on-Avon, made a film version of "The Deep Blue Sea," sang and danced at the Palladium for the Actors' Orphanage's "Night of 100 Stars," and starred in Noel Coward's "South Sea Bubble."

Happily, I was in London to see her in these two last theatrical events. I was also there when she and Larry suffered the tragic loss of their expected baby. But there is no better medicine for grief than work, and that's why I'm so pleased that Vivien and Larry will soon be together again in "Separate Tables." Larry will be directing this Hecht-Lancaster film, a screen version of Terence Rattigan's play that ran for two years in London and is now repeating its success on Broadway with the original co-stars, Margaret Leighton and Eric Portman. To give you a rough idea of what the producers think of this property, in addition to Vivien and Larry, they're also hoping to snare Deborah Kerr and Shirley Booth. Wow!

More Doings Abroad: The story is that Ava Gardner will turn Catholic if she marries Walter Chiari. Anyway, Walter wants her to. Since her other marriages were civil ones, she would be eligible to become Catholic and to be married in a Catholic church. Walter wants them to be married in the Sanctuary of the Madonna del Sasso, in the Swiss Alps. . . . The French customs—and the plane company—will remember Etchika Choureaux's arrival home in Paris from Hollywood, as she paid a tremendous amount of money in customs and excess baggage. Warners' newest French star brought home six radios of all sizes and types, a typewriter, a portable vacuum cleaner, can openers and a selection of other gadgets, all as gifts for her friends. . . . There is talk that Mike Todd is going to pull an Onassis and anchor his new yacht in the waters of Monte Carlo, from where he will look after his European interests. If so, since he married Elizabeth Taylor, Liz will be one of Grace's "subjects." THE END



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Ava Gardner's Dry Tears

(Continued from page 60)

because she doesn't get her mail there. She gets it at another address and this is secret, so to reach her you have to go through a friend of a friend of a friend.

Why all this secrecy? I don't know. I doubt if Ava knows either.

But on this particular rainy day, when the Spanish papers had picked up a yarn published the day before in America to the effect that she and Frank were reconciling, it didn't surprise me to get her message.

So there I was, in the Hilton bar, in response to her summons; and there she sat with a handsome gentleman on either side of her and another across the tiny cocktail table from her and all drinking martinis.

She never looked more ravishingly beautiful. Her dark hair was pulled straight back from her lovely face and fastened in a small bun. She had no makeup on except lavish, deep red lipstick, and wore no jewelry.

Heaven only knows how she maintains that beauty. By her own admission, she lives entirely on Spanish food, which is just about the most fattening in the world. She's always been a heavy drinker. She goes night after night without sleep. Yet not one wrinkle mars her exquisite face. There are no circles under her eyes and not one line of her flawless figure has coarsened. Last summer, she was wearing her hair pulled back tight and fastened atop her head in a little bun. This wasn't the studied simplicity of an Audrey Hepburn. Ava's hairdo was like a farmer's wife who had yanked her hair back for coolness on a hot day and nailed it down, atop her head, with very visible hairpins.

This deliberate artlessness, this defiant naturalness, is part of Ava's general attitude in Spain. In a country so formal that housemaids wear gloves to market, Ava often goes barefoot.

But at the moment I looked at her, across the carefully shadowed room, I saw that I was already too late. Ava was already hostile, a mood I know too well from the past. It is not a personal hostility, but one which Ava holds against the world in general. From the day Ava first landed in Hollywood, she's always had it, and now it's getting worse. Why does Ava who has everything—beauty, youth, fame, fortune, freedom—hate everything?

When Ava called and made this date for us to talk, she had been merely angry. She had said, her voice shaking with fury, "Well, here I am getting the worst of it in the papers again. This time, believe me, I want to tell my side of it."

The rumor that Frankie and Ava were reconciling was spread while Frank was in Spain making "The Pride and the Passion."

Now, if Frank and Ava were two sensible people that untrue bit of news wouldn't have got their backs up. If it had been true it would have been charming. But since it was false how could it hurt them? Actually, at that time they had seen each other only once, and then by accident, at Madrid's fashionable Restaurant Comodore. Frank was in one party. Ava was in another. There were some beautiful young ladies in Frank's party and some handsome young men in Ava's. In other words, it was a stalemate for these once-great lovers who are now a not-quite-divorced husband and wife.

In 1950 Ava and Frank had defied society and tagged after each other all around the world, even though Frank was still very much married to Nancy. They had even been in Spain together in 1950, while headlines thundered and Nancy Sinatra's heart

broke. They had married each other in 1951. But last summer there was the daily irony that, in order to get to the location for "The Pride and the Passion," Frank had to drive by Ava's magnificent, modernistic, red-brick house morning and evening. But never once had he stopped to see its fabulous interior, its lavish gardens, or Ava.

Frank and Ava, of course, are not sensible people. Sensibleness is not the stuff of which such stars are made. Thus, last summer Frank not only sent out a thunderous denial of the reconciliation report, but he threatened to sue the next person, publication or news source that repeated it. In fact, he worked himself up into such a state of nerves that he had to retire from playing in "The Pride" for a whole week, which cost that production untold sums of money.

Madrid's Ava Gardner, glancing at the gentlemen sitting on either side of her in the Hilton bar, said, "You know these two and I do wish I could introduce you to the character standing beside you, but I can't pronounce his name. I call him 'Little Flower.' It really sounds something like that. I'm embarrassed to admit that after

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In May PHOTOPLAY

two years in Spain I still can't pronounce Spanish properly. I can't really hold a conversation in the language. Isn't that awful?"

"Little Flower" threw her a mocking glance, even while he gallantly kissed my hand. They made room for me at the table.

Looking at her that Spanish midsummer night, I wondered what had happened to the girl I had met, by the sheerest accident, on her first night in Hollywood sixteen years ago.

Ava Gardner was nobody then. A young agent who had met her in New York and had brought her out to Hollywood to show her off, called me up and asked if he might bring her to a party I was giving.

Naturally, the moment Ava walked in the party was ruined. The men present were knocked speechless. They had never seen so much young beauty before in their lives, and I doubt if they ever will again. The women were kayoed, too, not only by Ava, but by the men's reaction to her. The conversation died, so that we were all relieved when she and the agent left. Everybody else left right after them. There was no putting that party together again.

A few weeks later I heard that Ava Gardner had an M-G-M contract. That was a very big break in 1940. Then early

in 1942 the whole world learned that the shy girl from Smithfield, North Carolina, had married one of the biggest stars on the screen, Mickey Rooney.

Right then, if those of us around Hollywood had only been smarter, we would have seen that a pattern was being set.

For Ava had met Mickey the first day she went to M-G-M. Mickey, the king of the box office, and many inches shorter than Ava (interestingly enough, so is Frankie shorter than she, and Mario Cabre as well) was then making "Babes in Arms." Mickey took one look and was doomed. The publicity man who had introduced them to each other said to Ava, "Now that you have met Mickey Rooney I hope you're happy."

Talking about it later, Ava said, "That remark hurt me so I almost burst into tears. I wasn't star-struck."

That, you see, was the beginning of the pattern. That was the mood that still drives Ava. She was being abused. She was being misunderstood. She must have liked meeting Mickey. Who wouldn't? He was then the most important guy in town. You can only presume she later fell in love with him. Certainly, she married him—and very, very soon divorced him. She was in pictures with him. Besides, underneath all his flamboyance and his great talent, Mickey was an appealing guy. Nevertheless, the first time anybody made a remark to Ava about Mickey, she got "hurt."

Also, with Mickey, she began another pattern. After she got her divorce from him, she and Mick "stayed friends." Ava remained "friends" with Artie Shaw, too, after they were divorced, following their marriage of less than a year. And right there is one of the things I think ails Ava now. She wants to "stay friends" with Frankie. Only Frankie isn't playing.

The saga of her Sinatra romance was fabulous. It began late in 1949. Frank was still married to Nancy, his childhood sweetheart, and they had three children. But that hadn't stopped a lot of other girls, and it didn't stop Ava either. The difference was that the other girls were dropped by Frank after various casual intervals, but Ava stuck.

All the evidence seems to prove that Frankie must have been madly in love with her. Certainly he went through enough to get her. He paid a colossal settlement to Nancy, he gave up his home and he gave up his children. He was and is a very good father, so this must have hurt him. Then, after he and Ava finally were married, he tried hard to hold on to her.

Yet within a year after their marriage the divorce rumors were flying. So were Ava and Frank. She went to Spain and he flew after her. She went to Rome and he flew after her. She went to London, ditto. Once he chartered a plane all the way from New York to Madrid and when he arrived Ava wouldn't see him. But other times she did, and those times they fought and made up and made up and fought. Finally, in the fall of 1953 Ava went to Nevada for her decree. When anybody asked her what the grounds would be, she airily said: "The usual." In other words, mental cruelty, which is sufficient grounds in Nevada.

Only Ava never did pick up those divorce papers, which means that technically she is still Frank's wife. If she's really through with Frank why is she so interested in him? Why, for instance, did she have a print of "Man With the Golden Arm" shown just for her in Madrid—and in the middle of the night, so that nobody would know about it? And if she didn't

want anyone to know, why did she cable Frank how good she thought his performance was?

In 1955, in London, Ava started telling me these things about Frank and herself, and in particular her resentment that his turning down "Saint Louis Woman" left her stuck with that extra year on her M-G-M deal. Then, just as she was blasting away at Frank, calling him every name in the book and quite a few which are never printed, she suddenly stopped. So help me, she went over to the record player in her elaborate London flat, put a Sinatra disk on it, listened, drew a deep sigh and murmured: "Isn't he the greatest? Isn't he the living end?"

Thus, seeing her in the Hilton bar, I had a hunch she was going to be just as outraged, if not more so. Ava's outrage is constant, like her beauty, which is still the same breathtaking, dark, sultry beauty as always, only more lush, more dark, more compelling.

Frankie isn't everything that ails her, but he's a good strong symbol of it. Ava is also in conflict about her work. Even when she was married to Mickey she talked about retiring. When she was married to Artie and was going to college at UCLA she went on and on about giving it all up and just having babies. And she said she'd adore having children when she was first married to Frankie.

Then, there's been resentment against her producers. When I talked to her in London a year ago, and again when we talked in Spain, she did nothing but blast M-G-M, to whom she has always been under contract, and who has given her nothing but fine pictures and an astronomical salary. "The Little Hut" was already prepared for her when I talked to her. I asked Ava if the idea of forty Dior outfits to wear in it excited her. She said no. I asked her if the picture itself excited her. She retorted that her part in the picture was lousy and David Niven and Stewart Granger had the really good roles.

Before I could think of an answer to that Ava switched subjects and began talking about flamencos. Flamencos, as you probably know, are a kind of jam session of Spanish dancing. A flamenco may take one guitarist or ten to begin with, one dancer or two dozen to respond to their rhythm. They seldom start before midnight, seldom end before dawn. Ava's flamencos, which go on virtually every night at her house, are the talk of Madrid. Often they go on until noon of the next day. Then she sleeps a whole day afterwards.

The sleeping all day is nothing new for her. She slept all day long in London, too, while she was doing "Bhowani Junction," except when she was actually working.

In London, there was young Lord Jimmy Grenville, rich, titled, handsome, an ideal husband. He tagged around after Ava with the utmost devotion and she barely gave him the time of day.

Maybe she wants only what she can't get and doesn't want what she can.

Like bullfighters. In Spain they talk about Ava and the bullfighters, specifically a matador named Cesar Ginon and a novillero called Chamanco. Ginon is very old for a matador, being nearly thirty, but Chamanco, the novillero (which just means that he has never fought bulls in Madrid) is barely twenty. They do say, in Spain, that he ruined his career because of Ava—but she just clams up on the whole subject.

While in Spain it's bullfighters, in Italy it's Walter Chiari, the handsome young Italian comedian. Ava is deeply attracted to Walter and he to her. He has said on more than one occasion that he's going to marry her. Ava enjoys being pursued and

admires persistence and it is altogether possible that she will one day say "yes" to Chiari. Her proposed trip to America, ostensibly to get her divorce from Sinatra, may be the tipoff to future plans. But in the meantime when, oh when, will Ava stop to think how magnificent life has been to her, giving her beauty, talent, wealth and opportunities? She seems to think that life, reporters and M-G-M are all trying to put something over on her, as, for instance, when the studio tried to talk her into making "Love Me or Leave Me." She said they weren't going to stick her with that one. You know what a hit that turned out to be—for Doris Day.

It's all such a shame. Ava has such warmth, when she wants to turn it on.

There that night in the Hilton bar she was like a frightened child, acting full of courage, making believe nothing mattered to her, full of wild defiance. There I was, at her own request, ready and wanting to hear "her side of it." But her mood had changed before I got there. Her almost morbid sense of personal privacy had taken over—and in a noisy, crowded, public bar, of all places.

I thought, maybe, if I told her how beautiful she was in "Bhowani Junction" she might relax. She was very beautiful. But all she said was that she didn't know why they didn't take those startlingly lovely closeups of her at the beginning of the filming when she was fresh instead of at the end when she was tired. I tried again. I asked if it was true that when she found her house in Madrid she lay down on the living-room floor and said: "This is my home." She laughed. She said she had bought the house because it was a shrewd buy.

Then, without warning, her mood changed and she began to tell a story on herself. She had, she said, gone to her doctor's the previous day. Her eyes and her ears had been troubling her, and a certain physician had been highly recommended. She looked him up in the phone book and started for his office.

The only address she had was "Santa Barbara," and in Madrid that could mean a plaza, a square or a street. So she headed for Santa Barbara street first, but that was incorrect. She went to the square next, or maybe it was the plaza. Either way, that wasn't the right one either. However, a bunch of urchins came by and recognized her, greeting her with loud cries of "Ava, Ava," giving it a very broad "a". She explained her predicament, whereupon the kids ran in front, on the sides and behind her car, all the way to the right address.

"That's what I adore about Spain, people being that kind," she said.

"People are that kind in America," I said. "Why don't you come home? Aren't you lonely here, particularly, if you don't speak the language?"

"I'm studying more important things," she said loftily.

"Socrates," said one of her Spanish friends. "She's studying Socrates."

I looked at Ava in amazement, but she nodded her agreement. Then she said: "One more year on my M-G-M contract and I'm free. Free to do exactly what I please, when I please and nothing else but." She stood up, held out her hand. "Goodbye," she said. "I hope you got a good story."

I did, but not what Ava thought I had. I'm sure. For I don't know whether or not this beautiful, famous, rich girl cares that in the battle between her and Frank, I think he's won another round.

For Frankie, at least, does know where he's going.

THE END

WATCH FOR: Ava Gardner in M-G-M's "The Little Hut."



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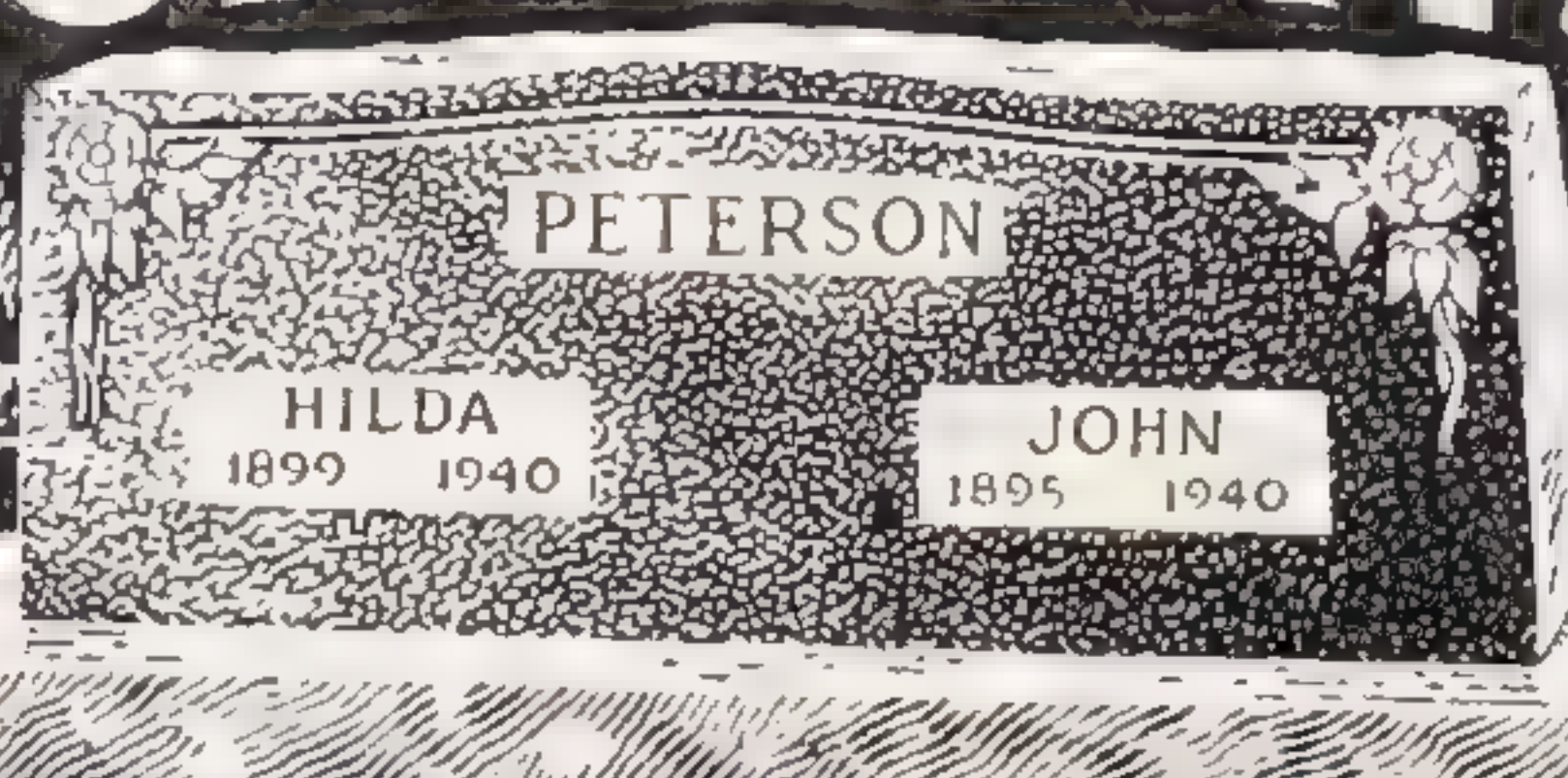
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(Continued from page 83)
Ben's old friends. He kept saying, "Cheer up. It won't be forever."

However, by the time Ben's family phoned him long-distance from New York, the gloom that had settled around his friends even began to affect Ben. He managed to sound breezy when he heard the catch in his mother's voice. "Look," he said. "I'm only going in the Army!" But when Ben hung up, a wave of nostalgia swept through him and he suddenly wished he could be with his parents and his sister Bunny. You might even say that he felt sorry for himself. But after about a minute and a half Ben started to laugh.

It was wonderful to know he was going to be missed but, after all, it wasn't "over the top at dawn." He'd simply been told to report for his physical. Ben has always been in perfect health. However, his doctor had warned him that a back injury received while making "Johnny Guitar" might make him ineligible for military duty.

Ben was torn between two desires. On the one hand, he was eager to meet the challenge of Army life and to do his part. But he was honest. He would regret leaving Hollywood. Life these past few years had been great. His career was coming along steadily. He enjoyed his apartment. He had loads of friends, and he never lacked for company with some of the prettiest girls in town. What guy in his right mind would want to change all that for a uniform?

Maybe by the time he came back from the Army his best girls would be married and Hollywood producers would say, "Ben-who?" when his agent walked into their offices. It wouldn't be the first time an actor's career went down the drain because he was off the screen too long.

At twenty-three, Ben is a show-business veteran, with over three thousand radio shows, three hundred and fifty television shows and seventeen movies to his credit, besides three years on Broadway. But in Hollywood there's a saying that an actor is only as good as his last picture. And two years is a long time for the public to remember.

There was something else Ben had been giving a lot of thought to lately. Ever since he was eight years old, he'd been earning his living as an actor. He loved people and had loads of friends—but almost all of them were in show business. How would he get along with the fellows from other walks of life, he wondered.

Then there was his very special reason for not wanting to leave Hollywood right then. He and Lori had just finished writing a Western movie script and Bel-Air Productions had promised to star them in it. But if Ben was accepted for the Army the next day—well, that would be the end of that. And there would be a long separation from Lori, too.

Ben didn't go to bed at all Christmas night. He had dinner at Jack Haley's house, where he gave Jack, Jr., last minute instructions on what to do with his personal belongings if he didn't come home the next night. Generally, a fellow has a few weeks to get his affairs in order once he's passed his physical and been accepted for the draft. But because Ben's papers were transferred from New York, he'd been told that if he was accepted he'd be sworn in and shipped off to camp the same day.

When he left Jack's house, he stopped by Loretta Young's to say goodbye to Loretta's daughter, Judy Lewis. Then he got on the telephone to kiss the girls

goodbye and to tell them that after tomorrow he probably wouldn't have a private line.

After that he started to do some quick packing before turning in. But neighbors Jan and Reist Myers and Yvette Vickers and Johnny Anderson dropped by. "I felt as if I was at a wake," Ben said later. "But we had a lot of laughs and after they left I stayed up the rest of the night packing."

The next morning at the induction center, after he had taken his physical, Ben was kept waiting around while the doctors checked his back X-rays. Finally, they decided to send the X-rays to the orthopedic experts at the Naval hospital in San Pedro. That meant Ben was free to go home for the night.

"It was the biggest anticlimax of my career," Ben says. "I was all set to be either in the Army or out, and here I was returning home, neither fish nor fowl. To go out to dinner that night I had to take my suit out of moth balls. I drowned myself in shaving lotion, but for an hour the moth balls had the upper hand."

Ben hit the sack at five that morning and at six o'clock the alarm went off. Sleepily, he started the long drive to San Pedro. There Ben was given another physical examination. The doctors were noncommittal, telling him to report back to the Los Angeles induction station. So back he went for more waiting around while the reports were studied.

At this point, Ben says, he was beginning to feel like the central character in one of the hundreds of radio soap operas he's played in:

"Will the doctors finish their examination? Will Ben Cooper be inducted into the United States Army? Will he be rejected? Tune in tomorrow."

Then suddenly the answer came. He was in! He had twenty-four hours to make his final farewells.

So he went back home once again, this time to call all his friends and invite them to his favorite night club, The Four Jokers, where the "jokers," Bill, Ricky, Joe and Buddy, are old pals of Ben's. By the time the rest of the gang showed up the place was really jumping. Ben bade goodbye to civilian life with a bang.

The next day, after packing once more with Lori Nelson's help and being sworn in at the induction center, Ben was flown up to Fort Ord with sixteen others. They arrived New Year's Eve and were in bed at nine-thirty. As a treat they were allowed to sleep late the next morning—until five! It was certainly a different New Year's than Ben had ever experienced, but being with a group of "fellow sufferers" took the edge off.

By the time that Ben had gone through the routine immunization shots, been issued the rest of his GI equipment, and taught how to make a bed properly, an easy camaraderie had grown up between him and his fellow barracks mates. And when they found out that he could recite "The Cremation of Sam McGee" with a full accompaniment of dramatic gestures, Ben was in demand for "recitations and bedtime stories."

The worries he'd had about "fitting in" are over.

Ben now looks upon his new life in the Army as a challenging new role to play. What he hopes for most at the moment is that he'll do well enough in it to warrant a good review. And that his fans won't forget him while he's gone. **THE END**

BE SURE TO SEE: Ben Cooper in his latest release "His Father's Gun."

Know Not the Face of Fear

(Continued from page 50)

more of herself, as a person, to her home and family; four lives have been altered by her love and her devotion. The career suffered, as it had to, by the cancellation of several important pictures so that she could take care of her husband during his illness. But this was unimportant.

That Bogie would not recover was a fact Lauren was prepared for, although the fact was no easier to accept. Death is always a tragedy. It has momentarily obscured Lauren's interest in her profession—an interest which began for her when she was still in high school, and which everybody hopes will continue when the wounds have begun to heal and she is ready to pick up the loose threads of her life.

Back in 1942, Lauren was unknown—just sixteen and a hostess at the Stage Door Canteen. Her nightly trips to the Canteen were a contribution to the war effort, no doubt of that. But she didn't let the fact escape her that while she was giving a serviceman a whirl around the floor, she could also "accidentally" bump into some of the hosts on duty. They happened to be important stage producers, like Vinton Freedley, Gilbert Miller and Kermit Bloomgarden. Of course, they should have taken one look at her and said, "Where have you been all our lives?" Only, as Lauren discovered, they didn't. They were too busy talking to actresses like Lynn Fontanne, Helen Hayes and Shirley Booth.

But if you think that discouraged Lauren, you have forgotten the confidence of youth. At sixteen, in her determination to be an actress, no doubts assailed her. This in spite of the fact that she had no personal contacts to give her any letters of introduction. She didn't even have an agent. Nor had she an independent income to tide her over, while trudging from one theatrical office to another during the next few years. But Lauren had other advantages. She was blessed with beautiful tawny hair, sultry green eyes, a wide, generous mouth, a streamlined figure, a flair for wearing clothes. And, just as important, she had relentless ambition.

Lauren's mother recognized her only child's potentials fairly early in the game. One evening, when Lauren was about ten and living in Brooklyn, her four uncles (all of whom were the father she never knew) took mother and daughter to dine in a New York restaurant. Lauren asked everyone to write something on the menu

for her to save as a souvenir. Her mother wrote prophetically, "To a future Hollywood star."

So it began. And so it continued when Lauren, after graduating from Julia Richman High School, where she was a prize pupil, enrolled at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Among her classmates was Eddie Cantor's daughter, Marilyn. While Marilyn was being supported by her father in the style to which she was accustomed, Lauren had to earn her keep as an usherette at the St. James Theatre.

After classes, Marilyn would often invite Lauren to dinner at the elegant Essex House where she lived with her family. Lauren didn't know which she enjoyed more—the Cantor jokes or the Cantor larder. One night after she left, Eddie exclaimed to Marilyn, "Don't look now, but I think that girl has a tapeworm. She doesn't want to be an actress too, does she?"

Sharing classes with Lauren and Marilyn was another young hopeful, who doubled in brass as a soda jerk at Schrafft's. His name was Kirk Douglas. He and Lauren took a great shine to each other, and when she found herself low in funds, Lauren had dinner at the Schrafft's counter. Kirk would serve her extra helpings and refuse to take a tip. Then, when Lauren's friends or relatives invited her out, she'd always steer them to Schrafft's and see that they left an extra-large something for Kirk.

Two years later when Lauren went to Hollywood, it was she who suggested to Hal Wallis that he not overlook the young soda jerk when searching for new talent in New York. Today Lauren and Kirk are close neighbors in Holmby Hills. But they move in different circles and their paths cross only at big parties.

In her high school days Lauren's big female crush was Bette Davis. By a happy coincidence, Bette's great friend Robin Byron Brown was also a friend of Lauren's Uncle Jacques. Aware of his niece's admiration for the First Lady of Hollywood, Uncle Jacques arranged for the two girls to meet. Bette received her young admirer cordially, along with an equally stage-struck classmate. Although awed at being in The Presence, Lauren held up her end of the conversation with her customary poise. But the talk did not last very long. The classmate was so overcome by meeting Bette in person that she fainted dead away. Lauren and her hostess spent the rest of the visit reviving her.



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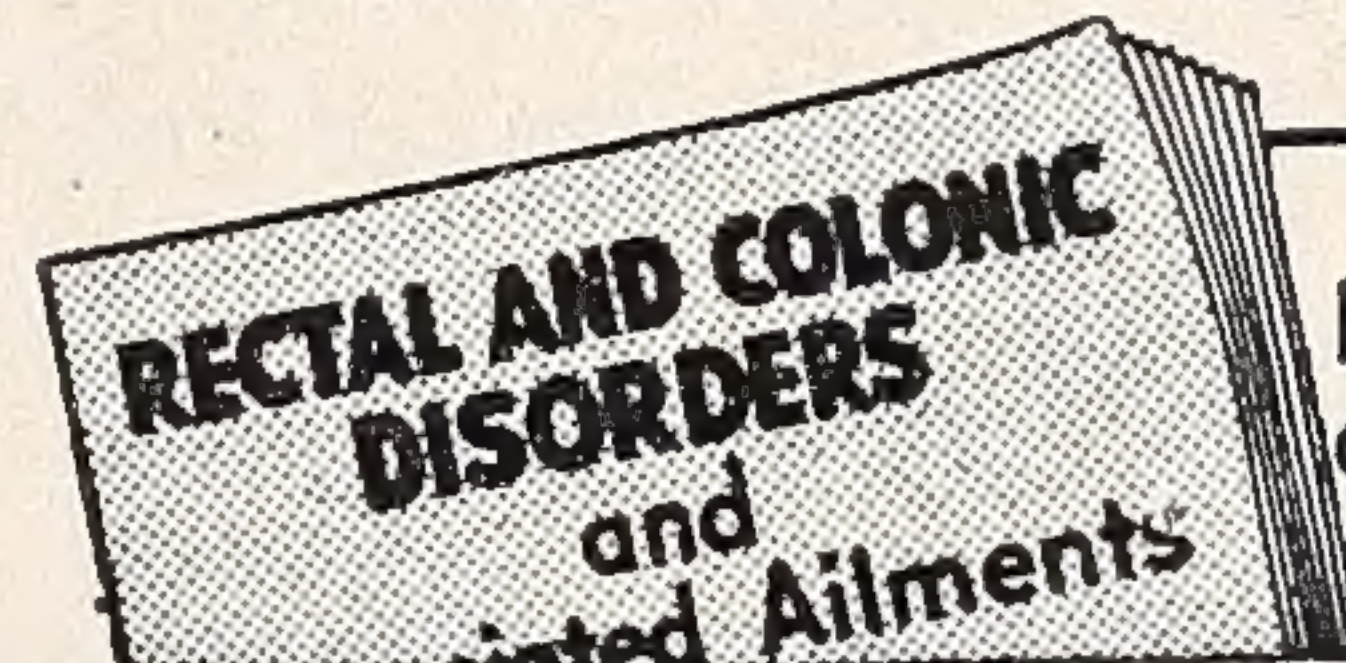
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Coincidentally, when Lauren made her first picture at Warners, on the next sound stage was Bette Davis. And when Lauren came back to New York after her overnight success in "To Have or Have Not," she asked the studio to reserve for her the same suite at the Hotel Gotham which Bette Davis had occupied on her last visit. It was in this suite that Warners' newest star, Lauren Bacall, received her fans and the press.

When Lauren first met Paul Lukas, she was still an unknown, modeling for a living and selling copies of *Show Business* for extra cash. But all of her spare hours were spent studying and seeing Broadway plays. At the time Lukas was starring in "Watch on the Rhine," and one Saturday afternoon Lauren knocked at his dressing-room door. "You are the greatest actor I have ever seen," she announced. "I would like to discuss the theatre with you." Paul was so overcome by the direct approach of this serious fan that he proceeded to discuss the theatre—not only then, but at many matinees afterward.

This picture of what amounts to a great deal of pluck and determination on the part of a struggling young actress is often pooh-poohed by Lauren. She tends to interpret her life as the result of pure good fortune. "I got an awfully good start, you know. I had security—not financial, but the security of being loved by a wonderful mother and a great family."

Lauren also had the good luck to have found that same security in her marriage to Humphrey Bogart. They met when she made her screen debut as his leading lady. She took one look at him and said, "Ooh, Daddy, buy me that!" As the picture progressed, Bogie took more than one look, but didn't say much. He did some serious thinking, though. Soon well-meaning friends began to volunteer advice. Bogie just couldn't marry a girl nearly thirty years younger than he!

Friends talked to Lauren. They reminded her of Bogie's three previous marriages—to Helen Menken, Mary Phillips and Mayo Methot. All of these mergers had ended unhappily.

"Well," Lauren answered, "at least he married the women he loved!"

She was well aware that three marital flops should be counted against a man, but she also knew that Bogie was neither promiscuous nor a playboy. She knew that essentially he was a home-loving guy. And if she, Lauren, could make a home for him that he would never want to leave, and give him the family he never had, she might succeed where others had failed.

So, secure in their love for each other, Lauren and Bogie ignored all the danger

signals, and on May 16, 1945, they were married. Everyone forecast that it wouldn't last a year.

Although Lauren was Bogie's junior by so many years, amazingly enough it was Lauren's influence which had dominated their marriage and kept it unfalteringly happy. Bogie, although one of the highest-priced stars in Hollywood, never had delusions of grandeur. He always lived simply, in a small house with a small staff to run it for him. Left to himself, he would have been perfectly content to stay home every night reading or jawing with one or two close pals. Bogie was an omnivorous reader, ranging from fiction, history and biography to all the current magazines. Weekends he reserved for his one pet extravagance—a boat, the *Santana*.

Lauren, on the other hand, is a gregarious soul. She loves people—not just indiscriminately, but people of talent and knowledge. After their marriage, Bogie changed somewhat in this respect. The Bogart house on Mapleton Drive became a meeting place for visiting celebrities from all over the world. Bids to the Bogart-Bacall parties were eagerly sought, but only given to the interesting people whom Lauren and Bogie wanted in their home as friends—not just as good contacts.

Recently, when Noel Coward visited Hollywood after his Las Vegas debut, the Bogarts hosted a party in his honor. Extending a verbal invitation to one favored reporter, Bogie said, in his typical straightforward manner, "Look, get this straight. You are being invited to this brawl because you are a friend of ours and of Noel's. Not because you have anything to do with the press. You will find that out when you arrive. There won't be another photographer or columnist in sight!"

He wasn't kidding. The press, as such, had been ignored. But ah—the guests! Noel Coward, Judy Garland, Frank Sinatra, Jennifer Jones, David O. Selznick, Leonard Bernstein, Joan Collins, David Niven and some dozen other grade-A names, all enjoying a buffet supper around the pool, flooded with moonlight.

One reason for Lauren's popularity may be that she is never on guard with other people. Perhaps this is because she has a great sense of security within herself. She is, however, extreme in her likes and dislikes, and if she is on your side, you are the salt of the earth. If she isn't, you are on her "don't bother" list. But you always know where you stand. She will never pat you on the back to put a knife in it.

One of Lauren's particular enthusiasms in the past few years has been Adlai Stevenson. When he ran for office she endlessly bombarded such people as Robert

Sherwood, Quentin Reynolds, Louis Bromfield, and anyone else who knew the political scene with questions about Adlai. Classical music has also been a strong, if recent interest. She has attended all of Leonard Bernstein's concerts at the Hollywood Bowl. If Lauren has any serious frustrations, they have to do with music. She would like to sing, but doesn't do it well enough to satisfy herself. Her idea of a perfect evening is one with Bernstein, Harold Arlen or Johnny Green at the piano and herself on the stool beside the player. She will sing away happily, sounding like a reasonable facsimile of Tallulah Bankhead, until one or both of her neighbors arrive. Then she will retire gracefully, permitting them to take over. After all, she can't presume to compete with Judy Garland or Frank Sinatra, or both!

It was soon after the birth of their second child, a daughter named Leslie in honor of the late English actor Leslie Howard, that the Bogarts moved to their beautiful estate in Holmby Hills. This, too, was Lauren's doing. She convinced Bogie that, with another child to consider, they needed more nursery space. As Bogie remarked later to John Huston, "Some women want pickles when they're pregnant. My wife wants a mansion!"

Lauren runs her mansion with smooth efficiency. She has the same cook who worked for Bogie when he was married to Mayo Methot, but Lauren plans the menus herself and does all the marketing.

In the nursery, there is a governess for eight-year-old Stephen and four-year-old Leslie. To Bogie, being a daddy was something of joyous bewilderment. He got a great kick out of taking Stephen to lunch at Romanoff's or 21 and talking "man to man" with him.

But neither Bogie nor Lauren have ever been overindulgent parents. On birthdays and at Christmas, when the children are swamped with gifts, Lauren stores most of the toys away and distributes only a few at a time. She has seen too many spoiled brats of self-made Hollywood parents, and is determined that her children will be well-disciplined and unaware of any special limelight.

The Bogarts had a business manager, and they lived on the budget he gave them. If Lauren received \$20,000 a year to spend on clothes, she would blow the works. But if she received only \$2,000, she could manage on that, too. She still goes to Brooklyn, when she comes to New York, to pick up some reduced models from a discount clothing house. But then the next day she will splurge on a Traina-Norell or a Dior. Lauren loves clothes. When she got her first mink coat, after she was married a few years, she was so childishly ecstatic that she spread it on the floor and walked over it barefoot.

Lauren retired temporarily from the screen for three years, but resumed her career a month after her daughter Leslie was born. She had too much restless energy and too much love of acting to content herself with afternoons at Elizabeth Arden's salon or bridge with the girls. But when the seriousness of Bogie's throat illness—cancer—became apparent, Lauren stopped working and devoted herself entirely to taking care of her husband.

For the past twelve years, Lauren Bacall has managed marriage, motherhood and career with enviable success. It proves, for one thing, that the skeptics were wrong—very wrong—and that no two people could have been more sincere than Lauren and Bogie that May day in 1945. "Till death us do part," they vowed. They did not break this vow. THE END

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